



*LOVE*  
*IN*  
*LITERATURE*  
*AND*  
*ART*

1600

75









# Love in Literature and Art









*Rubens.*

GARDEN OF LOVE

*Frontispiece.*



# Love in Literature and Art

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

ESTHER SINGLETON

*Author of "Turrets, Towers and Temples,"  
"Great Pictures," "Wonders of Nature,"  
"Romantic Castles and Palaces," "A  
Guide to the Opera," and Transla-  
tor of "The Music Dramas  
of Richard Wagner"*

New York  
Dodd, Mead and Company

1901

Copyright, 1901

by

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

---

*First Edition published October, 1901*

---

## Preface

---

IN the present compilation, I have endeavoured to include as great a variety as possible of mood and expression in love. At the same time, the method of treatment adopted by the great writers has also guided the selection. I therefore hope that the contents of this volume may be of interest to the student of literature as well as to the casual reader who merely takes pleasure in fictitious emotional crises, or the entertaining situations of love's lighter vein. The literary treatment of the great passion by the great masters of romance, as revealed even in the limited space at my command, alone forms a most instructive study. Moreover, the chronological arrangement of the excerpts enables the reader to comprehend the varied notions of ideal propriety in the female at different periods. The correct attitude of reserve maintained by the heroine under the ordeal of a proposal of marriage during the Eighteenth Century, and the initiative she might assume under the strong impulse of love at other periods, are shown in the following pages by many examples. Most striking is the lead taken by the woman in the old *Romans*;—two instances of which are given in *Blonde of Oxford* and *Nicolete*. Don Quixote's mad pranks in Love's service are included as being only slight exaggerations of what was expected of the true lover in the ancient days when the Courts of Love were sitting.

The moods of love being innumerable, we have here

instances of love at first sight, ferocious and tenacious pursuit of the unloving, quarrels, reconciliations, misunderstandings, pardons, concealed love that fears to speak, timid appeals, stratagems to trick hated guardians, woman's wiles and man's contrivances, the devotion of the disguised page, old love that re-awakens, love that lingers even behind cloister bars, love that faces death unflinchingly, and the despair of love forsaken. I hope that the sprinkling of comedy may serve as a welcome relief to some of the more tragic pathos in these pages.

Some of the famous lovers who do not appear in the text will be found represented in the pictures, as for example Rinaldo and Armida, Ulysses and Penelope, Paolo and Francesca, Paris and Helen, Bradamante and Fiordispina, and Cupid and Psyche. There will also be found among the illustrations several Gardens of Love, in which gay couples "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." And these are interesting to compare with such serious themes as *The Marriage Contract* by Jan Steen and Rembrandt's *Fiancée*. A great number of schools of art are represented in this small gallery of pictures: early Italian, Flemish, German, French and English painters of note, covering a period from Botticelli to Burne-Jones and Rossetti, have been drawn upon to show how differently the theme of love has inspired them. The extracts from *The Courtship of Miles Standish* and *The Marble Faun* are included by permission of and by special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

E. S.

*New York, September, 1901.*



---

## Table of Contents

---

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE SCORNE SHEPHERD . . . . .<br><i>Theocritus</i>                               | I    |
| A DIRGE OF LOVE . . . . .<br><i>Bion</i>   | 4    |
| THE PARTING OF SIR LAUNCELOT AND GUINEVERE . . . . .<br><i>Sir Thomas Malory</i> | 8    |
| A FAIR, BRAVE SWEETHEART . . . . .<br><i>(Anonymous)</i>                         | 11   |
| A LOVE-TRYST . . . . .<br><i>Philippe de Reimes</i>                              | 16   |
| AZIZ AND AZIZAH . . . . .<br><i>(Anonymous)</i>                                  | 19   |
| A VICTIM OF LOVE . . . . .<br><i>(Anonymous)</i>                                 | 25   |
| A LOVE LETTER . . . . .<br><i>John Lyly</i>                                      | 27   |
| A ROUNDELAY OF LOVE . . . . .<br><i>George Peele</i>                             | 30   |
| BRITOMART AND ARTEGALL . . . . .<br><i>Edmund Spenser</i>                        | 33   |
| ROMEO AND JULIET . . . . .<br><i>William Shakespeare</i>                         | 37   |
| DIDO AND ÆNEAS . . . . .<br><i>Christopher Marlowe</i>                           | 43   |
| CONCEALED LOVE . . . . .<br><i>William Shakespeare</i>                           | 50   |

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE PROUD, DISDAINFUL SHEPHERDESS . . . . .  | 53   |
| <i>William Shakespeare</i>                   |      |
| LOVE'S PENANCE . . . . .                     | 58   |
| <i>Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra</i>          |      |
| UNREQUITED LOVE . . . . .                    | 65   |
| <i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i>                 |      |
| PERIGOT AND AMORET . . . . .                 | 68   |
| <i>John Fletcher</i>                         |      |
| THE BEREAVED LOVER . . . . .                 | 73   |
| <i>Ben Jonson</i>                            |      |
| A LADY'S STRATAGEM . . . . .                 | 76   |
| <i>Jean Baptiste Molière</i>                 |      |
| A LOVERS' QUARREL . . . . .                  | 85   |
| <i>Jean Baptiste Molière</i>                 |      |
| THE PERVERSE WIDOW . . . . .                 | 92   |
| <i>Sir Richard Steele</i>                    |      |
| MERCY AND NOT JUSTICE . . . . .              | 97   |
| <i>Henry Fielding</i>                        |      |
| EXQUISITE PROPRIETY . . . . .                | 102  |
| <i>Samuel Richardson</i>                     |      |
| MY UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN . . . . . | 107  |
| <i>Laurence Sterne</i>                       |      |
| A LUCKY MISTAKE . . . . .                    | 109  |
| <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>                      |      |
| A SENTIMENTAL LOVER . . . . .                | 114  |
| <i>Johann Wolfgang von Goethe</i>            |      |
| A PERVERSE LADY . . . . .                    | 119  |
| <i>Richard Brinsley Sheridan</i>             |      |
| WAS SHE TO BLAME? . . . . .                  | 124  |
| <i>Frances Burney</i>                        |      |
| THROUGH LOVE, A SOUL . . . . .               | 129  |
| <i>Friedrich Baron de la Motte Fouqué</i>    |      |

---

# Table of Contents

---

ix

|                                    | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|
| LOVE'S BEGINNINGS . . . . .        | 133  |
| <i>Jane Austen</i>                 |      |
| EXPLANATIONS . . . . .             | 136  |
| <i>Jane Austen</i>                 |      |
| LOVE AND FATE . . . . .            | 142  |
| <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>            |      |
| LOVE UNTO DEATH . . . . .          | 149  |
| <i>Lord Byron</i>                  |      |
| ORIENTAL CRAFT . . . . .           | 157  |
| <i>James Morier</i>                |      |
| LOVE AND DECORUM . . . . .         | 162  |
| <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>            |      |
| A TRAGIC MEETING . . . . .         | 170  |
| <i>Honoré de Balzac</i>            |      |
| LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT . . . . .      | 176  |
| <i>Théophile Gautier</i>           |      |
| HIS FIRST LOVE . . . . .           | 181  |
| <i>Charles Dickens</i>             |      |
| FIDELITY IN LOVE . . . . .         | 189  |
| <i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i> |      |
| A SPIRIT SPELL . . . . .           | 192  |
| <i>L. Becquer</i>                  |      |
| A TIMID WOOPER . . . . .           | 199  |
| <i>Cuthbert Bede</i>               |      |
| A GENEROUS LOVER . . . . .         | 208  |
| <i>Charles Dickens</i>             |      |
| A LOVERS' JOURNEY . . . . .        | 215  |
| <i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i> |      |
| THE TORMENTS OF DESIRE . . . . .   | 219  |
| <i>Théophile Gautier</i>           |      |
| AN UNWELCOME SUITOR . . . . .      | 224  |
| <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>  |      |

---

*Table of Contents*


---

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| A LOVE IDYLL . . . . .<br><i>George Meredith</i>                      | 229  |
| THE LOVE OF A GAY SPIRIT . . . . .<br><i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>      | 233  |
| FRANK CONFESSIONS . . . . .<br><i>George Eliot</i>                    | 238  |
| IN THE GOLD OF AUGUST . . . . .<br><i>Richard Doddridge Blackmore</i> | 244  |
| PYGMALION AND GALATEA . . . . .<br><i>William S. Gilbert</i>          | 252  |
| MAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S LOVE . . . . .<br><i>William S. Gilbert</i>    | 259  |
| TU QUOQUE . . . . .<br><i>Austin Dobson</i>                           | 266  |
| THE LANG COORTIN' . . . . .<br><i>Lewis Carroll</i>                   | 268  |
| A SOLDIER'S WOOING . . . . .<br><i>Rudyard Kipling</i>                | 273  |
| A HAPPY ENDING . . . . .<br><i>James Matthew Barrie</i>               | 279  |
| TENDER MEMORIES . . . . .<br><i>Anthony Hope</i>                      | 284  |



---

## *Illustrations*

---

|                                |   |                     |
|--------------------------------|---|---------------------|
| RUBENS . . . . .               | <i>Garden of Love</i> . . .               | <i>Frontispiece</i> |
| RUBENS . . . . .               | <i>Venus and Adonis</i> . . . . .         | 5                   |
| ROSSETTI . . . . .             | <i>King René's Honeymoon</i> . . . . .    | 14                  |
| STRUDWICK . . . . .            | <i>Elaine</i> . . . . .                   | 25                  |
| DOMENICHINO . . . . .          | <i>Rinaldo and Armida</i> . . . . .       | 35                  |
| DICKSEE . . . . .              | <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> . . . . .         | 41                  |
| ANGELICA KAUFMANN . . . . .    | <i>Ariadne Forsaken</i> . . . . .         | 48                  |
| MACLISE . . . . .              | <i>Malvolio and Olivia</i> . . . . .      | 58                  |
| GREIFFENHAGEN . . . . .        | <i>An Idyll</i> . . . . .                 | 72                  |
| WATTEAU . . . . .              | <i>The Garden of Love</i> . . . . .       | 82                  |
| TERBOCH . . . . .              | <i>The Lovers</i> . . . . .               | 92                  |
| FRAGONARD . . . . .            | <i>Declaration of Love</i> . . . . .      | 102                 |
| LESLIE . . . . .               | <i>Uncle Toby and the Widow</i> . . . . . | 107                 |
| KAULBACH . . . . .             | <i>Werther and Charlotte</i> . . . . .    | 115                 |
| MACLISE . . . . .              | <i>Undine</i> . . . . .                   | 129                 |
| HENLEY . . . . .               | <i>Suspense</i> . . . . .                 | 139                 |
| PALMA VECCHIO . . . . .        | <i>Jacob and Rachel</i> . . . . .         | 149                 |
| DAVID . . . . .                | <i>Paris and Helen</i> . . . . .          | 158                 |
| GIORGIONE, SCHOOL OF . . . . . | <i>The Garden of Love</i> . . . . .       | 169                 |
| PINTURICCHIO . . . . .         | <i>Ulysses and Penelope</i> . . . . .     | 180                 |
| FRAGONARD . . . . .            | <i>L'Heure du Berger</i> . . . . .        | 190                 |
| BURNE-JONES . . . . .          | <i>Chant d'Amour</i> . . . . .            | 200                 |
| COYPEL . . . . .               | <i>Flore et Zephir</i> . . . . .          | 208                 |
| REMBRANDT . . . . .            | <i>La Fiancée</i> . . . . .               | 216                 |
| CLAUDE LORRAINE . . . . .      | <i>Acis and Galatea</i> . . . . .         | 224                 |
| GUIDO RENI . . . . .           | <i>Bradamante e Fiordispina</i> . . . . . | 232                 |
| ROSSETTI . . . . .             | <i>Paolo and Francesca</i> . . . . .      | 241                 |

---

|                   |   |     |
|-------------------|---|-----|
| BOTTICELLI . . .  | <i>Mars and Venus</i> . . . . .             | 248 |
| JAN STEEN . . .   | <i>The Marriage Contract</i> . . . . .      | 257 |
| BURNE-JONES . . . | <i>Cupid and Psyche</i> . . . . .           | 268 |
| MORLON . . . .    | <i>Louis XIV. and Mlle. de la Vallière,</i> | 279 |
| ALMA-TADEMA . . . | <i>Promise of Spring</i> . . . . .          | 288 |

---

---

*Love in*    ❁    ❁    ❁  
*Literature and Art*

---

---

THE SCORNED SHEPHERD

THEOCRITUS

A goatherd, leaving his goats to feed on the hillside, in the charge of Tityrus, approaches the cavern of Amaryllis, with its veil of ferns and ivy, and attempts to win back the heart of the girl by song. He mingles promises with harmless threats, and repeats, in exquisite verses, the names of the famous lovers of old days, Milanion and Endymion. Failing to move Amaryllis, the goatherd threatens to die where he has thrown himself down, beneath the trees.

**C**COURTING Amaryllis with song I go, while my she-goats feed on the hill, and Tityrus herds them. Ah, Tityrus, my dearly beloved, feed thou the goats, and to the well-side lead them, Tityrus, and 'ware the yellow Libyan he-goat, lest he butt thee with his horns.

Ah, lovely Amaryllis, why no more, as of old, dost thou glance through this cavern after me, nor callest me, thy sweetheart, to thy side? Can it be that thou hatest me? Do I seem snub-nosed, now that thou hast seen me near, maiden, and under-hung? Thou wilt make me strangle myself!

Lo! ten apples I bring thee, plucked from that very place where thou didst bid me pluck them, and others to-morrow I will bring thee.

Ah, regard my heart's deep sorrow! Ah, would I were that humming bee, and to thy cave might come dipping beneath the fern that hides thee, and the ivy leaves!

Now know I Love, and a cruel God is he. Surely he sucked the lioness's dug, and in the wild wood his mother

reared him, whose fire is scorching me, and bites even to the bone.

Ah, lovely as thou art to look upon, ah heart of stone, ah dark-browed maiden, embrace me, thy true goatherd, that I may kiss thee, and even in empty kisses there is a sweet delight.

Soon wilt thou make me rend the wreath in pieces small, the wreath of ivy, dear Amaryllis, that I keep for thee, with rose-buds twined, and fragrant parsley. Ah me, what anguish! Wretched that I am, whither shall I turn! Thou dost not hear my prayer!

I will cast off my coat of skins, and into yonder waves will I spring, where the fisher Olpis watches for the tunny shoals, and even if I die not, surely thy pleasure will have been done.

I learned the truth of old, when, amid thoughts of thee, I asked, "Loves she, loves she not?" and the poppy petal clung not, and gave no crackling sound, but withered on my smooth forearm, even so.

And she too spoke sooth, even Agræo, she that divineth with a sieve, and of late was binding sheaves beneath the reapers, who said that I had set all my heart on thee, but that thou didst nothing regard me.

Truly I keep for thee the white goat with the twin kids that Mermnon's daughter too, the brown-skinned Erithacis, prays me to give her; and give her them I will, since thou dost flout me.

My right eyelid throbs, is it a sign that I am to see her? Here will I lean me against this pine tree, and sing, and then perchance she will regard me, for she is not all of adamant.

Lo! Hippomenes, when he was eager to marry the famous maiden, took apples in his hand, and so accomplished his course; and Atalanta saw, and madly longed, and leaped into the deep waters of desire. Melampus too, the sooth-sayer, brought the herd of oxen from Othrys to Pylos, and thus in the arms of Bias was laid the lovely mother of wise Alpheisibœa.

And was it not thus that Adonis, as he pastured his sheep upon the hills, led beautiful Cytherea to such heights of



rapture, that not even in his death doth she unclasp him from her bosom? Blessed, methinks, is the lot of him that sleeps, and tosses not, nor turns, even Endymion; and, dearest maiden, blessed I call Iason, whom such things befell, as ye that be profane shall never come to know.

My head aches, but thou carest not. I will sing no more, but dead will I lie where I fall, and here may the wolves devour me.

Sweet as honey in the mouth may my death be to thee!

*(Written in the Third Century, B. C.)*

## A DIRGE OF LOVE

BION

WOE, woe for Adonis, he hath perished, the beauteous Adonis, dead is the beauteous Adonis, the Loves join in the lament. No more in thy purple raiment, Cypris, do thou sleep; arise, thou wretched one, sable-stoled, and beat thy breasts, and say to all, "He hath perished, the lovely Adonis!"

*Woe, woe for Adonis, the Loves join in the lament!*

Low on the hills is lying the lovely Adonis, and his thigh with the boar's tusk, his white thigh with the boar's tusk is wounded, and sorrow on Cypris he brings, as softly he breathes his life away.

His dark blood drips down his skin of snow, beneath his brows his eyes wax heavy and dim, and the rose flees from his lip, and thereon the very kiss is dying, the kiss that Cypris will never forego.

To Cypris his kiss is dear, though he lives no longer, but Adonis knew not that she kissed him as he died.

*Woe, woe for Adonis, the Loves join in the lament.*

A cruel, cruel wound on his thigh hath Adonis, but a deeper wound in her heart doth Cytherea bear. About him his dear hounds are loudly baying, and the nymphs of the wild wood wail him; but Aphrodite with unbound locks through the glades goes wandering,—wretched, with hair unbraided, with feet unsandaled, and the thorns as she passes wound her and pluck the blossom of her sacred blood. Shrill she wails as down the long woodlands she is borne, lamenting her Assyrian lord, and again calling him, and again. But round his navel the dark blood leapt forth, with blood from his thighs his chest was scarlet, and beneath Adonis's breast, the spaces that afore were snow-white were purple with blood.





Rubens,

VENUS AND ADONIS



*Woe, woe for Cytherea, the Loves join in the lament!*

She hath lost her lovely lord, with him she hath lost her sacred beauty. Fair was the form of Cypris, while Adonis was living, but her beauty has died with Adonis! *Woe, woe for Cypris*, the mountains are all saying, and the oak-trees answer, *Woe for Adonis*. And the rivers bewail the sorrows of Aphrodite, and the wells are weeping Adonis on the mountains. The flowers flush red for anguish, and Cytherea through all the mountain-knees, through every dell, doth shrill the piteous dirge.

*Woe, woe for Cytherea, he hath perished, the lovely Adonis!*

And Echo cried in answer, *He hath perished, the lovely Adonis*. Nay, who but would have lamented the grievous love of Cypris? When she saw, when she marked the un-staunched wound of Adonis, when she saw the bright red blood about his languid thigh, she cast her arms abroad and moaned, "Abide with me, Adonis, hapless Adonis abide, that this last time of all I may possess thee, that I may cast myself about thee, and lips with lips may mingle. Awake, Adonis, for a little while, and kiss me yet again, the latest kiss! Nay kiss me but a moment, but the lifetime of a kiss, till from thine inmost soul into my lips, into my heart, thy life-breath ebb, and till I drain thy sweet love-philtre, and drink down all thy love. This kiss will I treasure, even as thyself Adonis, since, ah ill-fated, thou art fleeing me, thou art fleeing far, Adonis, and art faring to Acheron, to that hateful king and cruel, while wretched I yet live, being a goddess, and may not follow thee! Persephone, take thou my lover, my lord, for thyself art stronger than I, and all lovely things drift down to thee. But I am all ill-fated, inconsolable is my anguish, and I lament mine Adonis, dead to me, and I have no rest for sorrow.

"Thou diest, O thrice-desired, and my desire hath flown away as a dream. Nay, widowed is Cytherea, and idle are the Loves along the halls. With thee has the girdle of my beauty perished. For why, ah overbold, didst thou follow the chase, and being so fair, why wert thou thus overhardy to fight with beasts?"

---

## 6 *Love in Literature and Art*

---

So Cypris bewailed her, the Loves join in the lament :

*Woe, woe for Cytherea, he hath perished, the lovely Adonis !*

A tear the Paphian sheds for each blood-drop of Adonis, and tears and blood on the earth are turned to flowers. The blood brings forth the rose; the tears, the wind-flower.

*Woe, woe for Adonis, he hath perished, the lovely Adonis !*

No more in the oak-woods, Cypris, lament thy lord. It is no fair couch for Adonis, the lonely bed of leaves ! Thine own bed, Cytherea, let him now possess,—the dead Adonis. Ah, even in death he is beautiful, beautiful in death, as one that hath fallen on sleep. Now lay him down to sleep in his own soft coverlets, wherein with thee through the night he shared the holy slumber in a couch all of gold, that yearns for Adonis, though sad is he to look upon. Cast on him garlands and blossoms : all things have perished in his death, yea all the flowers are faded. Sprinkle him with ointments of Syria, sprinkle him with unguents of myrrh. Nay, perish all perfumes, for Adonis, who was thy perfume, hath perished.

He reclines, the delicate Adonis, in his raiment of purple, and around him the Loves are weeping, and groaning aloud, clipping their locks for Adonis. And one upon his shafts, another upon his bow is treading, and one hath loosed the sandal of Adonis, and another hath broken his own feathered quiver, and one in a golden vessel bears water, and another laves the wound, and another from behind him with his wings is fanning Adonis.

*Woe, woe for Cytherea, the Loves join in the lament.*

Every torch on the lintels of the door has Hymenæus quenched, and hath torn to shreds the bridal crown, and *Hymen* no more, *Hymen* no more is the song, but a new song is sung of wailing.

“*Woe, woe for Adonis,*” rather than the nuptial song the Graces are shrilling, lamenting the son of Cinyras, and one to the other declaring, *He hath perished, the lovely Adonis.*

And *woe, woe for Adonis,* shrilly cry the Muses, neglecting Pæon, and they lament Adonis aloud, and songs

---

*A Dirge of Love*

---

7

they chant to him, but he does not heed them, not that he is loth to hear, but that the Maiden of Hades doth not let him go.

Cease Cytherea, from thy lamentations, to-day refrain from thy dirges. Thou must again bewail him, again must weep for him another year.

*(Written in the Third Century, B. C.)*

THE PARTING OF SIR LAUNCELOT AND  
GUINEVERE

SIR THOMAS MALORY

**T**HEN on the third day sir Launcelot called unto him the kings, dukes, earles, barrons, and knights, and thus hee said: "My faire lords, I thanke you all of your comming hither into this countrey with me; but wee come to late, and that shall repent me while I live, but against death there may no man rebell. But sith it is so," said sir Launcelot, "I will my selfe ride and seeke my lady queene Guenever, for as I heare say shee hath had much paine and great disease, and I have heard say that shee is fled into the west countrey; therefore yee all shall abide mee heere, and but if I come againe within fifteene dayes, then take your ships and depart into your countries, for I will doe as I have said to you."

Then came sir Bors de Ganis, and said: "My lord sir Launcelot, what thinke yee to doe, now to ride in this realme? wit yee well yee shall finde few friends."

"Bee as it may," said sir Launcelot, "keepe you still heere, for I will forth on my journey, and neither man nor child shall goe with mee." So it was no boote to strive, but hee departed and rode westward, and there hee sought seven or eight dayes, and at the last hee came unto a nunry. And then was queene Guenever ware of sir Launcelot as hee walked in the cloyster; and when shee saw him there, shee sowned three times, that all the ladies and gentlewomen had worke enough for to hold the queene up. So when shee might speake, shee called ladies and gentlewomen unto her, and said, "Yee mervaille, faire ladies, why I make this cheere. Truly," said shee, "it is for the sight of yonder knight which yonder standeth; wherefore I pray you all to call him unto mee." And when sir Launcelot was brought unto her, then shee said, "Through this knight and mee all these warres were wrought, and the death of



the most noble knights of the world ; for through our love that wee have loved together is my most noble lord slaine. Therefore wit thou well, sir Launcelot, I am set in such a plight to get my soule's health ; and yet I trust, through God's grace, that after my death for to have the sight of the blessed face of Jesu Christ, and at the dreadfull day of dome to sit on his right side. For as sinfull creatures as ever was I are saints in heaven.

“Therefore, sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartely, for all the love that ever was betweene us two, that thou never looke mee more in the visage. And furthermore I command thee on God's behalfe right straightly, that thou forsake my company, and that unto thy kingdome shortly thou returne againe, and keepe well thy realme from warre and wracke. For as well as I have loved thee, sir Launcelot, now mine heart will not once serve mee to see thee ; for through mee and thee is the floure of kings and knights destroyed. Therefore, sir Launcelot, goe thou unto thy realme, and there take thee a wife, and live with her in joy and blisse. And I beseech thee heartely, pray for mee unto our Lord God, that I may amend my misse living.”

“Now, sweete madame,” said sir Launcelot, “would yee that I should now returne againe into my cuntry, and there to wed a lady ? Nay, madame, wit yee well that I will never while I live ; for I shall never bee so false to you, of that I have promised, but the same desteny that yee have taken you unto, I will take mee unto, for to please God, and speciall to pray for you.”

“If thou wilt doe so,” said the queene, “hold thy promise ; but I may not beleeve but that thou wilt returne to the world againe.” “Yee say well,” said hee, “yet wist yee mee never false of my promise, and God defend but that I should forsake the world like as yee have done. For in the quest of the sancgreall I had forsaken the vanities of the world, had not your lord beene. And if I had don so at that time, with my heart, will, and thought, I had passed all the nights that were in quest of the sancgreall, except sir Galahad my sonne. And therefore, my lady dame Guenever, sithence yee have taken you

unto perfection, I must needs take me unto perfection of right.

“For I take record of God in you have I had mine earthly joy. And if I had found you so disposed now, I had cast mee for to have had you in mine owne realme and countrey.

“But sithence I finde you thus disposed, I ensure you faithfully that I will take mee to pennance, and pray while my life lasteth, if I may finde any good hermite, either gray or white, that will receive mee. Wherefore, madame, I pray you kisse mee once and never more.” “Nay,” said the queene, “that I shall never doe, but abstaine you from such things.” And so they departed. But there was never so hard a hearted man but hee would have wept to see the sorrow that they made; for there was a lamentation as though they had beene stungen with speares, and many times they sowned, and the ladies beare the queene to her chamber; and sir Launcelot awoke, and went and tooke his horse and rode all that day and all that night in a forrest weeping. And at the last hee was ware of an hermitage and a chappell that stood betweene two cliffes, and then hee heard a little bell ring to masse, and thither he rode and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard masse; and he that sung the masse was the bishop of Canterbury. Both the bishop and sir Bedivere knew sir Launcelot, and they spake together after masse; but when sir Bedivere had told him his tale all whole sir Launcelot’s heart almost brast for sorrow; and sir Launcelot threw abroad his armour, and said, “Alas! who may trust this world?”

And then hee kneeled downe on his knees, and prayed the bishoppe for to shrive him and assoile him; and then hee besought the bishop that hee might bee his brother. Then the bishoppe said, “I will gladly.” And then hee put an habite upon sir Launcelot, and there hee served God day and night with prayers and fastings.

*(The History of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table, 1485.)*

A FAIR, BRAVE SWEETHEART

(ANONYMOUS)

'TIS of Aucassin and Nicolette

Who would list to the good lay  
Gladness of the captive grey?  
'Tis how two young lovers met,  
Aucassin and Nicolette,  
Of the pains the lover bore  
And the sorrow he outwore,  
For the goodness and the grace,  
Of his love so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet,  
There is no man hearkens it,  
No man living 'neath the sun,  
So outwearied so foredone,  
Sick and woful, worn and sad,  
But is healèd, but is glad  
'Tis so sweet.

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale.

Here one singeth :

When the Count Garin doth know  
That his child would ne'er forego  
Love of her that loved him so,  
Nicolette, the bright of brow,  
In a dungeon deep below  
Childe Aucassin did he throw,  
Even there the Childe must dwell  
In a dun-walled marble cell.  
There he wailleth in his woe  
Crying thus as ye shall know,

“Nicolete, thou lily white,  
My sweet lady, bright of brow,  
Sweeter than the grape art thou,  
Sweeter than sack posset good  
In a cup of maple wood!  
Was it not but yesterday?  
That a palmer came this way,  
Out of Limousin came he,  
And at ease he might not be,  
For a passion him possessed  
That upon his bed he lay,  
Lay and tossed, and knew no rest  
In his pain discomforted.  
But thou camest by the bed,  
Where he tossed amid his pain,  
Holding high thy sweeping train,  
And thy kirtle of ermine,  
And thy smock of linen fine,  
Then these fair white limbs of thine  
Did he look on, and it fell  
That the palmer straight was well,  
Straight was hale—and comforted,  
And he rose up from the bed,  
And went back to his own place,  
Sound and strong, and full of face.  
My sweet lady, lily white,  
Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,  
And the mirth of thy replies.  
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,  
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,  
And the touch of thine embrace.  
Who but doth in thee delight?  
I for love of thee am bound  
In this dungeon underground,  
All for loving thee must lie  
Here where loud on thee I cry,  
Here for loving thee must die  
For thee, my love.”

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale:



Aucassin was cast into prison as ye have heard tell, and Nicolete, of her part, was in the chamber. Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm, and long, and clear, and the night still and serene. Nicolete lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine clear through a window, yea, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, so she minded her of Aucassin her lover whom she loved so well. Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin de Biaucaire, that hated her to the death; therefore deemed she that there she would no longer abide, for that, if she were told of, and the Count knew whereas she lay, an ill death would he make her die. Now she knew that the old woman slept who held her company. Then she arose, and clad her in a mantle of silk she had by her, very goodly, and took napkins, and sheets of the bed, and knotted one to the other, and made therewith a cord as long as she might, so knitted it to a pillar in the window, and let herself slip down into the garden, then caught up her raiment in both hands, behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of the dew that she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden.

Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes blue and smiling, her face featly fashioned, the nose high and fairly set, the lips more red than cherry or rose in time of summer, her teeth white and small; her breasts so firm that they bore up the folds of her bodice as they had been two apples; so slim was she in the waist that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tip-toe, and that bent above her in-step, seemed black against her feet, so white was the maiden. She came to the postern gate, and unbarred it, and went out through the streets of Biaucaire, keeping always on the shadowy side, for the moon was shining right clear, and so wandered till she came to the tower where her lover lay. The tower was flanked with buttresses, and she cowered under one of them, wrapped in her mantle. Then thrust she her head through a crevice of the tower that was old and worn, and so heard she Aucassin wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well. And when she had listened to him she began to say :

Here one singeth :

Nicolete the bright of brow  
On a pillar leanest thou,  
All Aucassin's wail doth hear  
For his love that is so dear,  
Then thou spakest, shrill and clear,  
"Gentle knight withouten fear  
Little good befalleth thee,  
Little help of sigh or tear,  
Ne'er shalt thou have joy of me.  
Never shalt thou win me; still  
Am I held in evil will  
Of thy father and thy kin,  
Therefore must I cross the sea,  
And another land must win."  
Then she cut her curls of gold,  
Cast them in the dungeon hold,  
Aucassin doth clasp them there,  
Kissed the curls that were so fair,  
Them doth in the bosom bear,  
Then he wept, even as of old,  
All for his love!

Then say they, speak they, tell they the Tale :

When Aucassin heard Nicolete say that she would pass into a far country, he was all in wrath.

"Fair sweet friend," quoth he, "thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death."

"Aucassin," she said, "I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me."

"Ah, fair sweet friend," said Aucassin, "it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man loves woman, for woman's love lies in the glance of her eye, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tip-toe, but the love of a man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away."

Now while Aucassin and Nicolete held this parley together, the town's guards came down a street, with swords



*Rossetti.*

KING RENÉ'S HONEYMOON





drawn beneath their cloaks, for the Count Garin had charged them that if they could not take her they should slay her. But the sentinel that was on the tower saw them coming, and heard them speaking of Nicolete as they went, and threatening to slay her.

“God!” quoth he, “this were a great pity to slay so fair a maid! Right great charity it were if I could say aught to her, and they perceive it not, and she should be on her guard against them, for if they slay her, then were Aucassin, my damoiseau, dead, and that were great pity.”

Here one singeth :

Valiant was the sentinel  
Courteous, kind and practised well,  
So a song did sing and tell  
Of the peril that befell.  
“Maiden fair that lingerest here,  
Gentle maid of merry cheer,  
Hair of gold, and eyes as clear  
As the water in a mere,  
Thou meseems, has spoken word  
To thy lover and thy lord,  
That would die for thee, his dear ;  
Now beware the ill accord,  
Of the cloaked men of the sword,  
These have sworn and keep their word,  
They will put thee to the sword,  
Save thou take heed !”

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale :

“Ha!” quoth Nicolete, “be the soul of thy father and the soul of thy mother in the rest of Paradise, so fairly and so courteously hast thou spoken me! Please God, I will be right ware of them, God keep me out of their hands.”

So she shrank under her mantle into the shadow of the pillar till they had passed by, and then took she farewell of Aucassin, and so fared till she came unto the castle wall.

*(Aucassin and Nicolete. Twelfth Century; translated by Andrew Lang, London, 1887.)*

A LOVE-TRYST

PHILIPPE DE REIMES

UNLESS John stays till night, Blonde cannot foresee the hour that she can talk with him alone. When day had gone and night come, there were only he and she that did not go to sleep. John and Blonde had no desire for sleep; so it seemed to them that the others in the castle were very slow in getting to bed. Five times they arose from their beds to listen whether everybody was yet asleep. When they heard that all were sleeping, they both got up without making any fuss or noise. John came to his lady who was perfectly acquainted with all the ways. They did not want to stay where they were lest any one should hear them weeping; so they went down into an orchard where there were many beautiful pear trees. It was a lovely summer night, bright, for the clear moon shone upon them and they could see without any trouble.

Under the most beautiful pear tree in the world John and Blonde have halted. They have sat down, both weeping, for their hearts are very full of anguish. Side by side they are clasped in each other's arms, mouth to mouth. Before they can speak, they seal their love with five hundred sweet kisses; loving ways seem very sweet to them. The eyes and face of either was traced all over by lips; but the tears that fell had watered their sweet faces. At last to Blonde spoke John thus:

"Sweet lady! from whom comes the life that sustains my heart; without whom I do not wish to live (I do not want to and I will not bear it); whose graciousness has restored me to health, great solace and great joy, what can I do or say regarding the great grief and martyrdom caused me by this departure? Were you glad to hear the news that I must go to my own country? Alas! I am so upset that I know not what to do. You must give counsel, or I am dead and foredone. Everything is lost to me at one

stroke if you do not please to find a way by which I may gain comfort. It is dangerous for me to stay, and too cruel to me to go away: whether I go or stay, my heart is no longer in my own possession. If counsel does not come to me from you, my heart receives its death wound."

"Beautiful, sweet friend," Blonde replies, "may God guard me, for the news of this departure is as cruel to me as to you, for I have given you my heart for as long as I live, at all costs; otherwise, I shall never be happy. This parting that I see we must bear is hard for me, nothing could show the great grief I feel. If you are in great dismay for me, so am I for you. For also, God hear me! if you have placed your heart in me, you will remain my true love; and all that I have said and done to you in word and deed I will do,—and more still. I will leave all for your love. When you are able to put an end to this bitterness of heart, for your sake I will pass the sea. I see well that there can be no other culmination of our love. For if you remained longer, you and I would be shamed. Now I will tell you what I have thought by which our grief will be healed: You will go hence to your own land, your possessions to demand and gain. But I will give you a period, during which I will shed many tears for him who will seem so far away from me; but I know not what will happen to you. If all goes well with you, spare no effort to come here at nightfall one year from to-day. And if you have only managed to obtain a palfrey, that will not neigh with fear, take me up on your saddle behind to gallop away. And if you will remember when you must come to me, we will quickly take our journey to the sea and stay for nothing on the strand. For we should soon have trouble if we were followed thither. And know that you will find me right under this pear tree at the fall of eve. But come from outside, so that nobody may see the plan, at the bottom of the garden by a door that shall be open if I can manage it. By that way you may enter and then we must not tarry: I will go with you to France, nevermore to part from you. But now you will think of keeping the appointment on that day when you can come, for until that day I shall have no certainty of this plan. Still I fear the

end is so far away. My heart also wonders if you will want to marry me; I love you so much, with my whole heart, that till the day that I have set none shall take possession of me. But now think of working towards this end, if you desire to manage our love successfully.

"Lady," said John, "many thanks. I have listened carefully to all you have said. If God please, this I will do; I will not leave any task undone. Your term seems too long to me. If I might be a dove every time I desired, very often with you should I be; but since that cannot be, we must manage otherwise. Just as you have commanded, I will do, without any alteration. To fail would not be happy for me, since it would bring me to great pain; for that will be the day of great comfort; to disobey would bring about my death."

After these words, the two lovers kissed each other full sweetly so that one hundred times seemed only as once to them. They were there so long under the moon that they saw the dawn. Now they cannot stay any longer. They are greatly disturbed when they perceive the daylight.

"Oh God!" cried John, "how unwelcome is the dawn! How short the night has been! We must return to our chambers."

"You have said it, sweet friend, we have seen the last of each other; there is nowhere else to be together." These, who were so devoted, did not refrain from weeping. Their hearts were tender with pity when it came to the point of taking leave, and John said: "Adieu, dearest!"

His beautiful eyes were no longer bright, but dimmed with tears. And Blonde mingled her tears with his; and thus weeping, they returned holding one another's hands till they reached the door by which they had issued. There was no song of farewell to which they kissed each other, but in sorrowful apprehension commended each other to God's keeping.

Both hastening to their beds, they lay down, but had no hope of sleep. They had enough matter for reflection regarding their love.

*(Blonde of Oxford, about 1250.)*



## AZIZ AND AZIZAH

(ANONYMOUS)

**M**Y father was a wealthy merchant and Allah had vouchsafed him no other child than myself, but I had a cousin, Azizah, and we twain were brought up in one house. When I reached man's estate, my father said to my mother: "We will draw up the contract of marriage between Aziz and Azizah." So, for the appointed day, they washed the marble floor and set tapestry about the house and hung the walls with cloth of gold. They made sweetmeats and sugared dishes and my mother sent me to the bath and gave me new clothes of the richest, which, when I donned them, scented the wayside with their fragrance. On my way home for the signing of the contract, the heat oppressed me; so I sat down on a stone bench and was about to wipe my face, when suddenly there fell upon me a white handkerchief, softer to the touch than the morning breeze. Raising my head, my eyes met those of a lady looking out of a lattice of brass, and my tongue faileth to describe her beauty. She made certain signs to me and went her ways; and fire broke out in me. After vainly waiting till sundown, I opened the handkerchief and found a little scroll of tender verses that redoubled my yearning. On reaching home far into the night, I found the daughter of my uncle sitting in tears; but as soon as she saw me she wiped away the drops and came and removed my walking-dress, asking the reason of my absence and telling me how the assemblage of Emirs and merchants had dispersed, despairing of my attendance and of the rage of my father, ending by asking what had befallen. I told her all that had passed, and she took the scroll and read, while tears ran down her cheeks. When I begged her to help me in this my sore calamity, she said: "O son of my uncle, if thou soughtest my eye, I cannot but aid thee to thy desire and aid her also to her desire;

for she is whelmed in passion for thee even as thou for her." And she interpreted the signs the lady had made. So I laid my head in my cousin's lap, whilst she comforted me and said: "Be resolute and of good heart and hope for the best!" After two days, she changed my clothes and perfumed me and sent me forth to the tryst. So I sat on the bench, and presently the wicket opened and the lady appeared and made other signs. When I returned home I found the daughter of my uncle shedding tears, with her head propt in her hand; but, when she saw me, she came and served me as before. When she had interpreted the signs, I wept, and she said: "Be of good cheer and strong heart; of a truth others suffer love for years and endure with constancy the ardour of passion, whilst thou hast but a week to wait; why, then, this impatience?" Thereupon she tried to cheer me with comfortable talk and brought me food, but I could not eat though I tried. I abstained from meat and drink, and estranged myself from the solace of sleep, for I had never known the passion of love before. So I fell sick, and my cousin also sickened on my account; but she would relate to me by way of consolation stories of love every night till I fell asleep; and, whenever I awoke, I found her wakeful for my sake, with tears running down her cheeks. When the time came, she rose and bathed me and sent me forth; but I saw no sign, nor heard one word, nor knew any news. At last I arose and walked home, reeling like a drunken man, and found my cousin Azizah standing with one hand grasping a peg in the wall and the other on her breast; and she was sighing and singing sad couplets of her unrequited love. When she saw me, she turned and wiped away her tears and my tears with her sleeve. Then she smiled in my face and said: "O my cousin, Allah grant thee enjoyment of what He hath given thee! Why didst thou not stay with thy beloved?" When I heard her words, in my cruel rage I struck her and she fell with her brow against the edge of the raised pavement, and the blood spurted; but she was silent and did not utter a single sound. Presently she rose and bandaged the cut, and wiped up the blood from the carpet, and it was as if nothing had been. Then she came up to

me, and smiling in my face, said with gentle voice: "By Allah, O son of my uncle, I spake not these words to mock at thee or her! But I was troubled with an ache in my head and was minded to be blooded, but now thou hast eased my head and lightened my brow; so tell me what hath befallen thee to-day." When she heard my words she wept and said: "O son of my uncle, I rejoice at the good tidings of thy desire being fulfilled. Of a truth this is a sign of acceptance. To-morrow repair to her at the old place, for indeed thy gladness is near and the end of thy sadness is at hand." And she vainly sought to comfort me. She brought me food which I kicked away, and scattered the contents of the saucers. Then Azizah cried: "By Allah, O son of my uncle, these be in very deed the signs of love!" And the tears streamed down her cheeks as she gathered up the fragments. Then she took seat and talked to me while I prayed Allah to hasten the dawn. At last I went to seek her, and lo! the wicket opened and she put out her head laughing. Then she made secret signals and went away, leaving me distracted. My heart was riven with longing, so I returned home heavy-hearted and found the daughter of my uncle sitting with her face to the wall, for her heart was burning with grief and jealousy; albeit her affection forbade her to acquaint me with what she suffered with passion and pining. She had two bandages on her head, one on account of the cut and the other on account of the pain from stress of weeping. When she saw me, she came to me in tender silence to learn how I had fared. Again she interpreted the signals, that promised happiness at nightfall; but I cried: "How long wilt thou promise me and I go to her, but gain not my desire?" But she comforted me and assured me of joy. And when night was come she wept sore and kissed me, and I sought the garden appointed. I found the door open; and seeing a light in the distance, I came to a great pavilion vaulted over with ivory and ebony and a lamp hung from the dome. The floor was spread with silken carpets embroidered in gold and silver, and under the lamp stood a gold candelabrum. In mid-pavilion was a fountain adorned with all manner of figures, and by its side stood a table covered with a silken

napkin, and on it a great porcelain bottle full of wine, with a cup of crystal inlaid with gold. Near these was a large covered silver tray, and when I uncovered it I found therein fruits of every kind disposed amongst an infinite variety of sweet-scented flowers and all sorts of fragrant herbs. I was charmed with the place, albeit I found not there one living soul to watch or ward. So I sat down to await the coming of my heart's beloved, but the first hour of the night passed, and the second, and the third, and still she came not. Then hunger grew sore upon me, for it was long since I had tasted food by reason of the violence of my love; and when I saw that my cousin had rightly interpreted my beloved's signs my mind was set at rest, and I felt the pangs of hunger. So I went to the table and raised the cover and found a china dish containing chickens reddened with roasting and seasoned with spices, round which were saucers containing sweetmeats, conserve of pomegranate seeds, almond-pastry and honey fritters, all part sweet and part sour. So I ate heartily, and presently I waxed too drowsy to keep awake; so I laid my head on a cushion after washing my hands and sleep overcame me. I woke not till the sun's heat scorched me, for I had not slept for days. When I awoke I found on my breast a piece of salt and a bit of charcoal. The place was bare and no one was to be seen. I was perplexed thereat, and mourned, and went home in sorrow. As I entered, my cousin was beating her hands on her bosom and weeping tears like rain-shedding clouds and singing verses of passionate longing. When she saw me, she rose in haste and wiped away her tears, and addressed me with soft speech, saying: "O son of my uncle, verily Allah hath been gracious to thee in thy love, for that she whom thou lovest loveth thee, whilst I pass my time in weeping and bemoaning my severance from thee who blamest me and chidest me; but may Allah not punish thee for my sake!" Thereupon she smiled reproachfully and caressed me. When I had told her all that had passed she said: "Verily, my heart is full of pain; but may he not live who would hurt thy heart. Indeed this woman maketh herself inordinately dear and difficult to thee. The meaning of the salt is that thou wast drowned



in sleep like insipid food, sleep is undue to a lover, and therefore thy love is a lie. However, it is her love for thee that lieth; for she saw thee asleep and roused thee not. As for the charcoal, it means Allah blacken thy face for thou makest a lying pretence of love, and hast no object in life beyond eating and drinking and sleeping! Such is the interpretation of her signs, and may Allah deliver thee from her!" Then I wept sore and cried: "Tell me how to act, and have pity on me, so may Allah have pity on thee! else I shall die." As my cousin loved me with very great love she pressed me to her bosom and, laying me on the bed, chafed my feet till drowsiness overcame me and I was drowned in sleep; then she took a fan, and seated herself at my head and wept till her clothes were wet with tears. When I awoke, she wiped away the drops and brought me some food. I refused it, but she insisted: so I thwarted her not. Then she washed my hands and sprinkled me with rose-water, and I sat with her awhile. When the darkness had closed in, she dressed me and said: "O son of my uncle, watch through the whole night and sleep not; for she will not come to thee this tide till the last of the dark hours, and, Allah willing, thou shalt have thy desire." So I repaired to the pavilion in the garden, and remained awake till I was weary with long watching. Finally I ate and was becoming heavy with sleep when behold! a light approached from afar. Soon she came with ten damsels in whose midst she was like the full moon among the stars. When she saw me, she laughed and said: "How is it that thou art awake? Forasmuch as thou hast watched through the night I know that thou art a true lover." Then she turned and dismissed her women. When I left her after much loving talk and feasting, I went home joyful. When I reached our street I heard sounds of wailing, and asking the cause I was told: "Azizah, we found her dead behind the door." I entered the house, and when my mother saw me she said: "Her death lieth heavy on thy neck, and may Allah not acquit thee of her blood. Verily she told me nought, but kept her secret till she died of her love-longings for thee; but when she died I was with her and she opened her eyes and

said to me: 'O wife of my uncle, may Allah hold thy son guiltless of my blood and punish him not for what he hath done by me! And now Allah transporteth me from the house of the world which is perishable to the house of the other world which is eternal.' As I questioned her of the cause of her illness, she made me no answer; but she smiled and said, 'O wife of my uncle, bid thy son, whenever he would go whither he goeth every day, repeat these two saws at his going away:—Faith is fair; Unfaith is foul! For this is my tender affection for him, that I am solicitous concerning him during my lifetime and after my death.' "

*(From The Thousand Nights and One Night.)*





*Strudwick.*

ELAINE



## A VICTIM OF LOVE

(ANONYMOUS)

A DAUGHTER of the great Barbarosso became passionately attached to Launcelot of the Lake; but so far from returning her love, he bestowed all his affections on the fair Queen Ginevra. To such a degree did her unhappy attachment arise, that she at length fell a victim to it, and died, leaving a bequest, that as soon as her soul had departed, her body should be transported on board a barge fitted up for the purpose, with a rich couch, and adorned with velvet stuffs, and precious stones and ornaments; and thus arrayed in her proudest attire, with a bright golden crown upon her brows, she was to be borne alone to the place of residence of her beloved. Beneath her silver zone was found a letter to the following tenor; but we must first mention what ought to precede the letter itself. Everything was exactly fulfilled as she had appointed, respecting the vessel without a sail or oars, helmsman, or hands to guide her; and so, fraught with its lifeless freight, it was launched upon the open waves. Thus she was borne along by the winds, which conveyed her direct to Camelot, where the barge rested of itself upon the banks.

A rumour immediately spread through the court, and a vast train of barons and cavaliers ran out of the palace, followed soon by King Arthur himself. They stood mute with astonishment, on observing the strange vessel there, without a voice or a hand to stir her out of the dead calm in which she lay. The King was the first to set his foot upon her side, and he there beheld the gentle lady surrounded with the pomp of death. He too first unclasped the zone, and cast his eye over the letter, directed— "To all the Knights of the Round Table, greeting, from the poor lady of Scalot, who invokes long health and fortune for the proudest lances in the world. Do they wish to learn how I am thus fearfully brought before them? let

my last hand witness that it was, at once, for the sake of the noblest and vilest of the cavaliers of the land—for the proud Knight, Launcelot of the Lake. For neither tears nor sighs of mine availed with him, to have compassion on my love. And thus, alas, you behold me dead,—fallen a victim only for loving too true.”

(*Cento Novelle Antiche, Thirteenth Century*; translated by Thomas Roscoe, London, 1836.)

## A LOVE LETTER

JOHN LYLY

**N**O *Philautus*, be not thou the bye word of the common people, rather suffer death by silence, than derision by writing.

I, but it is better to reveale thy love, then conceale it, thou knowest not what bitter poyson lyeth in sweet words, remember *Pfellus*, who by experience hath tryed, that in love one letter is of more force, then a thousand lookes. If they lyke writings they read them often, if dislyke them runne them over once, and this is certeine that she that readeth such toyes, will also aunswere them. Onely this be secret on conveyance, which is the thing they chieflyest desire. Then write *Philautus* write, he that feareth every bush must never goe a birding, he that casteth all doubts, shal never be resolved in any thing. And this assure thy selfe that be thy letter never so rude and barbarous, shee will reade it, and be it never so loving she will not shewe it, which weare a thing contrary to hir honor, and the next way to call hir honestie into question. For thou hast heard, yea and thy selfe knowest, that Ladyes that vaunt of their Lovers, or shewe their letters, are accompted in *Italy* counterfait, and in England they are not thought currant.

Thus *Philautus* determined, hab, nab, to sende his letters, flattering him-selfe with the successe which he to him-selfe faigned: and after long musing, he thus beganne to frame the minister of his love.

## TO THE FAYREST, CAMILLA.

Hard is the choyce fayre Ladye, when one is compelled eyther by silence to dye with griefe, or by writing to live with shame. But so sweete is the desire of lyfe and so sharpe are the passions of love, that I am enforced to preferre an unseemely suite, before an untimely death. Loth

have I bin to speake, and in dispayre to speede, the one proceeding of mine own cowardise, the other of thy crueltie. If thou enquire my name, I am the same *Philautus*, which for thy sake of late came disguised in a Maske, pleading custome for a priviledge, and curtesie for a pardon. The same *Philautus* which then in secret tearmes coloured his love, and now with bitter teares bewrayes it. If thou nothing esteeme the brynish water that falleth from mine eyes, I would thou couldst see the warme bloud that dropeth from my heart. Oftentimes I have beene in thy company, where easily thou mightest have perceived my wanne cheekes, my hollow eies, my scalding sighes, my trembling tongue, to forshew yat then, which I confesse now. Then consider with thy self *Camilla*, the plight I am in by desire, and the perill I am likely to fall into by deniall.

To recount the sorrowes I sustaine, or the service I have vowed, would rather breede in thee an admiration, then a belief: only this I adde for the time, which the ende shall trye for a trueth, that if thy aunswer be sharpe, my life wil be short, so farre love hath wrought in my pyning and almost consumed bodye, that thou onely mayst breath into me a new life, or bereave mee of the olde.

Thou art to weigh, not how long I have loved thee, but how faythfully, neyther to examine the worthynesse of my person, but the extremities of my passions: so preferring my desarts before the length of time, and my disease, before the greatnes of my byrth, thou wilt eyther yeelde with equitie, or deny with reason, of both the which, although the greatest be on my side, yet the least shall not dislike me: for yat I have alwayes found in thee a minde neyther repugnant to right, nor void of reason. If thou wouldst but permit me to talke with thee, or by writing suffer me at large to discourse with thee, I doubt not but yat, both the cause of my love would be beleaved, and the extremitie rewarded, both proceeding of thy beautie and vertue, the one able to allure, the other ready to pittie. Thou must thinke that God hath not bestowed those rare giftes upon thee to kyll those that are caught, but to cure them. Those that are stung with the Scorpion, are healed with the



Scorpion, the fire that burneth, taketh away the heate of the burn, the Spider *Phalangium* that poysoneth, doth with her skinne make a plaster for poyson, and shall thy beautie which is of force to winne all with love, be of the crueltie to wound any with death? No *Camilla*, I take no lesse delight in thy fayre face, then pleasure in thy good conditions, assuring my selfe that for affection without lust, thou wilt not render malyce with-out cause.

I commit my care to thy consideration expecting thy Letter eyther as a Cullise to preserve, or as a sworde to destroy, eyther as *Antidotum* or as *Auconitum*: If thou delude mee, thou shalt not long triumphe over mee lyving, and small will thy glory be when I am dead. And I ende.

*Thine ever, though he be never thine. Philautus.*

This Letter beeing coyned, hee studyed how hee myght conveie it, knowing it to be no lesse perrilous to trust those hee knewe not in so weightye a case, then dyffycult for him-selfe to have opportunitie to delyver it in so suspicious a company: At the last taking out of his closette a fayre Pomegranet, and pullyng all the kernelles out of it, hee wrapped his Letter in it, closing the toppe of it finely, that it could not be perceyved, whether nature agayne hadde knitte it of purpose to further him, or his arte had overcome nature's cunning. This Pomegranet hee tooke, beeing him-selfe both messenger of his Letter, and the mayster, and insinuating him-selfe into the companie of the Gentlewoemen, amonge whom was also *Camilla*, hee was welcommed as well for that he had beene long tyme absent, as for that hee was at all tymes pleasaunt, much good communication there was touching manye matters, which heere to insert were neyther convenient, seeing it doth not concern the Hystorie, nor expedient, seeing it is nothing to the delyverie of *Philautus* Letter.

(*Euphues and his England, London, 1580.*)

## A ROUNDELAY OF LOVE

GEORGE PEELE

*Enter PARIS and CENONE.*

**PAR.** CEnone, while<sup>1</sup> we bin disposed to walk,  
 Tell me what shall be subject of our talk?  
 Thou hast a sort<sup>2</sup> of pretty tales in store,  
 Dare say no nymph in Ida woods hath more:  
 Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,  
 In telling them thou hast a special grace.  
 Then, prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,  
 Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

**CEn.** Paris, my heart's contentment and my choice,  
 Use thou thy pipe and I will use my voice;  
 So shall thy just request not be denied,  
 And time well spent and both be satisfied.

**Par.** Well, gentle nymph, although thou do me wrong,  
 That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,  
 Me list this once, CEnone, for thy sake,  
 This idle task on me to undertake.

*[They sit under a tree together.]*

**CEn.** And whereon, then, shall be my roundelay?  
 For thou hast heard my store long since, doth say;  
 How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho<sup>3</sup>  
 To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below;  
 How mighty men made foul successful war  
 Against the gods and state of Jupiter;  
 How Phorcys' imp that was so trick<sup>4</sup> and fair,  
 That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,  
 Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed,—  
 A pretty fable, Paris, for to read,  
 A piece of cunning, trust me, for the nones,  
 That wealth and beauty alter men to stones;  
 How Salmacis, resembling idleness,  
 Turns men to women all through wantonness;

<sup>1</sup> Until.<sup>2</sup> Collection.<sup>3</sup> Then.<sup>4</sup> Trim.

How Pluto wrought Queen Ceres daughter thence,  
And what did follow of that love-offence ;  
Of Daphne turned into the laurel-tree,  
That shows a mirror of virginity ;  
How fair Narcissus tooting<sup>1</sup> on his shade,  
Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade ;<sup>2</sup>  
How cunning Philomela's needle tells  
What force in love, what wit in sorrow dwells ;  
What pains unhappy souls abide in hell,  
They say because on earth they lived not well,—  
Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,  
Prometheus' torment, and a many mo,  
How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task,  
What toil the toil of Sisyphus doth ask :  
All these are old and known I know, and yet, if thou wilt  
have any,  
Choose some of these, for, trust me, else Ænone hath not  
many.

*Par.* Nay, what thou wilt : but sith my cunning not  
compares with thine,  
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

*Æn.* There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it *Cupid's*  
*Curse*,  
“They that do change old love for new, pray gods they  
change for worse !”

The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will agree,  
Paris, with that same vow of thine upon our poplar-tree.

*Par.* No better thing : begin it, then : Ænone thou shalt  
see  
Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt thee and  
me.

[*They sing ; and while ÆNONE singeth, he pipeth.*  
*Incipit ÆNONE.*

*Æn.* Fair and fair, and twice so fair,  
As fair as any may be ;  
The fairest shepherd on our green,  
A love for any lady.

*Par.* Fair and fair and twice so fair,  
As fair as any may be ;

<sup>1</sup> Poring.

<sup>2</sup> Fade.

Thy love is fair for thee alone,  
And for no other lady.

Æn. My love is fair, my love is gay,  
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,  
And of my love my roundelay,  
My merry merry merry roundelay,  
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—  
They that do change old love for new,  
Pray gods they change for worse.

*Ambo simul.* They that do change, etc.

Æn. Fair and fair, etc.

Par. Fair and fair, etc.

Thy love is fair, etc.

Æn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,  
My love can make a pretty thing,  
And of his lovely praises ring  
My merry merry roundelays,  
Amen to Cupid's curse,—  
They that do change, etc.

Par. They that do change, etc.

*Ambo.* Fair and fair, etc.

[*Finis Camœnæ.*

[*The song being ended, they rise, and CENONE speaks.*

Æn. Sweet shepherd, for CEnone's sake be cunning in  
this song,

And keep thy love, and love thy choice, or else thou dost  
her wrong.

Par. My vow is made and witnessèd, the poplar will  
not start,

Nor shall the nymph CEnone's love forth from my breath-  
ing heart.

I will go bring thee on thy way, my flock are here behind,  
And I will have a lover's fee; they say, unkind's unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

(*The Arraignment of Paris, 1584.*)



## BRITOMART AND ARTEGALL

EDMUND SPENSER

WHEN Britomart with sharp avizefull eye  
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall  
Temp'red with sternness and stout majesty,  
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call  
To be the same which, in her father's hall,  
Long since in that enchanted glass she saw :  
Therewith her wrathful courage gan appal,  
And haughty spirits meekly to adaw,  
That her enchauncèd hand she down can soft withdraw.

Yet she it forced to have again upheld,  
As feigning choler which was turn'd to cold :  
But ever when his visage she beheld,  
Her hand fell down, and would no longer hold  
The wrathful weapon gainst his count'nance bold :  
But, when in vain to fight she oft assay'd,  
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold :  
Nathless her tongue not to her will obey'd,  
But brought forth speches mild when she would have  
missaid.

But Scudamore, now woxen inly glad  
That all his jealous fear he false had found,  
And how that hag his love abusèd had  
With breach of faith and loyalty unsound,  
The which long time his grievèd heart did wound,  
Him thus bespake : " Certes, Sir Artegall,  
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,  
And now become to live a lady's thrall,  
That whylome in your mind wont to despise them all."

Soon as she heard the name of Artegall,  
Her heart did leap, and all her heart strings tremble,  
For sudden joy and secret fear withal;  
And all her vital pow'rs with motion nimble  
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;  
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood  
Right plain appear'd, though she it would dissemble,  
And feignèd still her former angry mood,  
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When Glauçè thus gan wisely all upknit:  
"Ye gentle knights, whom fortune here hath brought  
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,  
Which secret fate hath in this lady wrought  
Against the course of kind, ne marvel nought;  
Ne thenceforth fear the thing that hitherto  
Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,  
Fearing least she your loves away should woo;  
Fearèd in vain, sith means, ye see, there wants thereto.

And you, Sir Artegall, the Savage Knight,  
Henceforth may not disdain that woman's hand  
Hath conquer'd you anew in second fight:  
For whylome they have conquer'd sea and land,  
And heaven itself, that nought may them withstand:  
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,  
That is the crown of knighthood and the band  
Of noble minds derived from above,  
Which, being knit with virtue, never will remove.

And you, fair, lady knight, my dearest dame,  
Relent the rigour of your wrathful will,  
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;  
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,  
Grant him your grace; but so that he fulfil  
The penance which ye shall to him impart:  
For lovers heaven must pass by sorrow's hell."  
Thereat full inly blushèd Britomart;  
But Artegall, close-smiling, joy'd in secret heart.





*Domenichino.*

RINALDO AND ARMIDA



Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,  
Ne think th' affection of her heart to draw  
From one to other so quite contrary :  
Besides, her modest countenance he saw  
So goodly grave, and full of princely awe,  
That it his ranging fancy did refrain,  
And looser thoughts to lawful bounds withdraw ;  
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and fain,  
Like to a stubborn steed whom strong hand would restrain.

\* \* \* \* \*

In all which time Sir Artegall made way  
Unto the love of noble Britomart,  
And with meek service and much suit did lay  
Continual siege unto her gentle heart ;  
Which, being whylome lanced with lovely dart,  
More eath was new impression to receive :  
However she her pain'd with womanish art  
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive :  
Vain is the art that seeks itself for to deceive.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her  
With fair entreaty and sweet blandishment,  
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,  
So as she to his speeches was content  
To lend an ear, and softly to relent.  
At last, through many vows which forth he pour'd,  
And many oaths, she yielded her consent  
To be his love and take him for her lord,  
Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,  
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound  
Upon a hard adventure yet in quest  
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,  
To follow that which he did long propound ;  
And unto her his congé came to take :  
But her therewith full sore displeas'd he found,  
And loth to leave her late betrothèd make ;  
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

Yet he with strong persuasions her assuaged,  
And won her will to suffer him depart ;  
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,  
And thousand vows from bottom of his heart,  
That, all so soon as he by wit or art  
Could that achieve whereto he did aspire,  
He unto her would speedily revert :  
No longer space thereto he did desire,  
But till the hornèd moon three courses did expire.

With which she for the present was appeased,  
And yielded leave, however malcontent  
She inly were and in her mind displeased.  
So, early on the morrow next, he went  
Forth on his way to which he was ybent ;  
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,  
As whylome was the custom ancient  
Mongst knights when on adventures they did ride  
Save that she algates him awhile accompanied.

And by the way she sundry purpose found  
Of this or that, the time for to delay,  
And of the perils whereto he was bound,  
The fear whereof seem'd much her to affray :  
But all she did was but to wear out day.  
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take ;  
And eft again devised somewhat to say,  
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make :  
So loth she was his company for to forsake.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,  
And new occasion fail'd her more to find,  
She left him to his fortunes' government,  
And back returnèd with right heavy mind ;  
To Scudamore, whom she had left behind ;  
With whom she went to seek fair Amoret,  
Her second care, though in another kind :  
For virtue's only sake, which doth beget  
True love and faithful friendship, she by her did set.

(*The Faerie Queene, London, 1590.*)

## ROMEO AND JULIET

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Capulet's Garden. Enter ROMEO.***ROM.** He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—[**JULIET** *appears above at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window 'breaks? "

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she :

Be not her maid, since she is envious ;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—

It is my lady ; O, it is my love !

O, that she knew she were !—

She speaks, yet she says nothing : what of that ?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp ; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.—

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand !

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek !

*Jul.*

Ah me !

*Rom.*

She speaks :—

O, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* [*aside*]. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—  
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.  
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,  
So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.* By a name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee;  
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these  
walls;



For stony limits cannot hold love out :  
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;  
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
 Than twenty of their swords : look thou but sweet,  
 And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight ;  
 And, but thou love me, let them find me here :  
 My life were better ended by their hate  
 Than death prorogued wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

*Rom.* By love, who first did prompt me to inquire ;  
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
 I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far  
 As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,  
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
 What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !  
 Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—*Ay* ;  
 And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,  
 Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,  
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :  
 Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
 So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.  
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;  
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light :  
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,  
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;  
 And not impute this yielding to light love,  
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

*Ful.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by ?

*Ful.* Do not swear at all ;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love,—

*Ful.* Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contráct to-night :  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good-night !  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good-night, good-night ! as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

*Rom.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

*Ful.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for  
mine.

*Ful.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :  
And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose,  
love ?

*Ful.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*NURSE calls within.*

I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !—  
Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.





*Dicksee.*

ROMEO AND JULIET



*Re-enter JULIET above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

*Nurse.* [*within*]. Madam!

*Jul.* I come anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee,—

*Nurse.* [*within*]. Madam!

*Jul.* By and by, I come :—  
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :  
To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—

*Jul.* A thousand times good-night ! [*Exit.*

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—  
Love goes toward love as school-boys from their books;  
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring slowly.*

*Re-enter JULIET above.*

*Jul.* Hist! Romeo, hist!—O for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my soul that calls upon my name :  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My dear?

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* At the hour of nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
breast!—

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

(*Romeo and Juliet*, about 1592.)

## DIDO AND ÆNEAS

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

*Enter DIDO and ANNA*

*DIDO.* O Anna, run unto the water-side !  
They say Æneas' men are going aboard ;  
It may be, he will steal away with them :  
Stay not to answer me ; run, Anna, run !      [*Exit ANNA.*  
O foolish Trojans that would steal from hence,  
And let not Dido understand their drift !  
I would have given Achates store of gold,  
And Ilioneus gum and Libyan spice ;  
And common soldiers rich embroidered coats,  
And silver whistles to control the winds,  
Which Circe sent Sichæus when he lived :  
Unworthy are they of a queen's reward.  
See where they come : how might I do to chide ?

*Re-enter ANNA, with ÆNEAS, ACHATES, CLOANTHUS,  
ILIONEUS, SERGESTUS, and CARTHAGINIAN LORDS.*

*Anna.* 'Twas time to run ; Æneas had been gone ;  
The sails were hoising up, and he aboard.

*Dido.* Is this thy love to me ?

*Æn.* O princely Dido, give me leave to speak !  
I went to take my farewell of Achates.

*Dido.* How haps Achates bid me not farewell ?

*Ach.* Because I feared your grace would keep me here.

*Dido.* To rid thee of that doubt, aboard again :  
I charge thee put to sea, and stay not here.

*Ach.* Then let Æneas go aboard with us.

*Dido.* Get you aboard ; Æneas means to stay.

*Æn.* The sea is rough, the winds blow to the shore.

*Dido.* O false Æneas ! now the sea is rough ;  
But when you were aboard, 'twas calm enough :  
Thou and Achates meant to sail away.

*Æn.* Hath not the Carthage queen mine only son ?  
Thinks Dido I will go and leave him here ?

*Dido.* Æneas, pardon me ; for I forgot  
That young Ascanius lay with me this night ;  
Love made me jealous : but, to make amends,  
Wear the imperial crown of Libya,

[*Giving him her crown and sceptre.*

Sway thou the Punic sceptre in my stead,  
And punish me, Æneas, for this crime.

*Æn.* This kiss shall be fair Dido's punishment.

*Dido.* O, how a crown becomes Æneas' head !  
Stay here, Æneas, and command as king.

*Æn.* How vain am I to wear this diadem,  
And bear this golden sceptre in my hand !  
A burgonet of steel, and not a crown,  
A sword, and not a sceptre, fits Æneas.

*Dido.* O, keep them still, and let me gaze my fill !  
Now looks Æneas like immortal Jove :  
O, where is Ganymede, to hold his cup,  
And Mercury, to fly for what he calls ?  
Ten thousand Cupids hover in the air,  
And fan it in Æneas' lovely face !  
O, that the clouds were here wherein thou fled'st,  
That thou and I unseen might sport ourselves !  
Heaven, envious of our joys, is waxen pale ;  
And when we whisper, then the stars fall down,  
To be partakers of our honey talk.

*Æn.* O Dido, patroness of all our lives,  
When I leave thee, death be my punishment !  
Swell, raging seas ! frown, wayward Destinies !  
Blow, winds ! threaten, ye rocks and sandy shelves !  
This is the harbour that Æneas seeks :  
Let's see what tempests can annoy me now.

*Dido.* Not all the world can take thee from mine arms.

*Re-enter FIRST LORD, with ATTENDANTS carrying tackling, etc.*

*First Lord.* Your nurse is gone with young Ascanius :  
And here's Æneas' tackling, oars, and sails.

*Dido.* Are these the sails that, in despite of me,

Pack'd with the winds to bear Æneas hence ?  
I'll hang ye in the chamber where I lie ;  
Drive, if you can, my house to Italy :  
I'll set the casement open, that the winds  
May enter in, and once again conspire  
Against the life of me, poor Carthage queen:  
But, though ye go, he stays in Carthage still ;  
And let rich Carthage fleet upon the seas,  
So I may have Æneas in mine arms.  
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plains,  
And would be toiling in the watery billows,  
To rob their mistress of her Trojan guest ?  
O cursèd tree, hadst thou but wit or sense,  
To measure how I prize Æneas' love,  
Thou wouldst have leapt from out the sailors' hands,  
And told me that Æneas meant to go !  
And yet I blame thee not ; thou art but wood.  
The water, which our poets term a nymph,  
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,  
And shrunk not back, knowing my love was there ?  
The water is an element, no nymph.  
Why should I blame Æneas for his flight ?  
O Dido, blame not him, but break his oars !  
These were the instruments that launched him forth.  
There's not so much as this base tackling too,  
But dares to heap up sorrow to my heart :  
Was it not you that hoisèd up these sails ?  
Why burst you not, and they fell in the seas ?  
For this will Dido tie ye full of knots,  
And shear ye all asunder with her hands.  
Now serve to chastise shipboys for their faults ;  
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage queen.  
Now, let him hang my favours on his masts,  
And see if those will serve instead of sails ;  
For tackling, let him take the chains of gold,  
Which I bestow'd upon his followers ;  
Instead of oars, let him use his hands,  
And swim to Italy. I'll keep these sure.—  
Come, bear them in.

[*Exeunt.*

\* \* \* \* \*



*Enter DIDO.*

*Dido.* I fear I saw Æneas' little son  
Let by Achates to the Trojan fleet.

If it be so, his father means to fly :—  
But here he is ; now, Dido, try thy wit.—

[*Aside.*

Æneas, wherefore go thy men aboard ?

Why are thy ships new rigged ? or to what end,  
Launched from the haven, lie they in the road ?  
Pardon me, though I ask ; love makes me ask.

*Æn.* O, pardon me, if I resolve thee why !  
Æneas will not feign with his dear love.

I must from hence : this day, swift Mercury,  
When I was laying a platform for these walls,  
Sent from his father Jove, appear'd to me,  
And in his name rebuk'd me bitterly  
For lingering here ; neglecting Italy.

*Dido.* But yet Æneas will not leave his love.

*Æn.* I am commanded by immortal Jove  
To leave this town and pass to Italy ;  
And therefore must of force.

*Dido.* These words proceed not from Æneas' heart.

*Æn.* Not from my heart, for I can hardly go ;  
And yet I may not stay. Dido, farewell.

*Dido.* Farewell ! is this the mends for Dido's love ?  
Do Trojans use to quit their lovers thus ?  
Fare well may Dido, so Æneas stay ;  
I die, if my Æneas say farewell.

*Æn.* Then let me go, and never say farewell :  
Let me go : farewell : I must from hence.

*Dido.* These words are poison to poor Dido's soul ;  
O, speak like my Æneas, like my love !

Why look'st thou towards the sea ? the time hath been  
When Dido's beauty chain'd thine eyes to her.

Am I less fair than when thou saw'st me first ?

O, then, Æneas, 'tis for grief of thee !

Say thou wilt stay in Carthage with thy queen  
And Dido's beauty will return again.

Æneas, say, how canst thou take thy leave ?

Wilt thou kiss Dido ? O, thy lips have sworn  
To stay with Dido ! canst thou take her hand ?

Thy hand and mine have plighted mutual faith ;  
 Therefore, unkind Æneas, must thou say,  
 " Then let me go, and never say farewell ? "

*Æn.* O queen of Catharge, wert thou ugly-black,  
 Æneas could not choose but hold thee dear !  
 Yet must he not gainsay the god's behest.

*Dido.* The gods ! what gods be those that seek my  
 death ?

Wherein have I offended Jupiter,  
 That he should take Æneas from mine arms ?

O no ! the gods weigh not what lovers do :

It is Æneas calls Æneas hence ;

And woful Dido, by these blubber'd cheeks,

By this right hand, and by our spousal rites,

Desires Æneas to remain with her ;

*Si<sup>1</sup> bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam*

*Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis, et istam,*

*Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.*

*Æn.* *Desine<sup>1</sup> meque tuis incendere teque querelis ;*  
*Italiam non sponte sequor.*

*Dido.* Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings

Were up in arms, for making thee my love ?

How Carthage did rebel, Iarbas storm,

And all the world calls me a second Helen,

For being entangled by a stranger's looks ?

So thou wouldst prove as true as Paris did,

Would, as fair Troy was, Carthage might be sack'd,

And I be called a second Helena !

Had I a son by thee, the grief were less,

That I might see Æneas in his face :

Now if thou go'st, what canst thou leave behind,

But rather will augment than ease my woe ?

*Æn.* In vain, my love, thou spend'st thy fainting breath :  
 If words might move me, I were overcome.

*Dido.* And wilt thou not be mov'd with Dido's words ?

Thy mother was no goddess, perjured man,

Nor Dardanus the author of thy stock ;

But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,

And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck.—

<sup>1</sup> Virgil Æn. iv. 317, 365-7.

Ah, foolish Dido, to forbear this long!—  
 Wast thou not wrecked upon this Libyan shore,  
 And cam'st to Dido like a fisher swain?  
 Repaired I not thy ships, made thee a king,  
 And all thy needy followers noblemen?  
 O serpent, that came creeping from the shore,  
 And I for pity harbour'd in my bosom,  
 Wilt thou now slay me with thy venom'd sting,  
 And hiss at Dido for preserving thee?  
 Go, go, and spare not; seek out Italy:  
 I hope that that which love forbids me do,  
 The rocks and sea-gulls will perform at large,  
 And thou shalt perish in the billows' ways  
 To whom poor Dido doth bequeath revenge:  
 Ay, traitor! and the waves shall cast thee up,  
 Where thou and false Achates first set foot;  
 Which if it chance, I'll give thee burial,  
 And weep upon your lifeless carcasses,  
 Though thou nor he will pity me a whit.  
 Why starest thou in my face? If thou wilt stay,  
 Leap in mine arms; mine arms are open wide;  
 If not, turn from me, and I'll turn from thee;  
 For though thou hast the heart to say farewell,  
 I have not power to stay thee. [Exit ÆNEAS.

Is he gone?

Ay, but he'll come again; he cannot go;  
 He loves me too-too well to serve me so:  
 Yet he that in my sight would not relent,  
 Will, being absent, be obdurate still.  
 By this, is he got to the water-side;  
 And, see, the sailors, take him by the hand;  
 But he shrinks back; and now remembering me,  
 Returns amain: welcome, welcome, my love!  
 But where's Æneas? ah, he's gone, he's gone!

*Enter ANNA.*

*Anna.* What means my sister, thus to rave and cry?

*Dido.* O Anna, my Æneas is aboard,  
 And, leaving me, will sail to Italy!  
 Once didst thou go, and he came back again:



*Angelica Kaufmann.*

ARIADNE FORSAKEN







Now bring him back and thou shalt be a queen,  
And I will live a private life with him.

*Anna.* Wicked Æneas!

*Dido.* Call him not wicked, sister: speak him fair,  
And look upon him with a mermaid's eye;  
Tell him, I never vow'd at Aulis gulf  
The desolation of his native Troy,  
Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,  
Nor ever violated faith to him;  
Request him, gently, Anna, to return:  
I crave but this,—he stay a tide or two,  
That I may learn to bear it patiently;  
If he depart thus suddenly, I die.  
Run, Anna, run; stay not to answer me.

*Anna.* I go, fair sister: heavens grant good success!

[*Exit.*

(*The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage, 1594.*)

CONCEALED LOVE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.*

**D**UKE. [*Music.*  
Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,

In the sweet pangs of it remember me :  
For, such as I am, all true lovers are ;  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune ?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is throned.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly :  
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves ;  
Hath it not, boy ?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't ?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith ?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn  
Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are : alas, that they are so ;  
To die even when they to perfection grow !

\* \* \* \* \*

*Duke.* Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty.  
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;  
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems  
That Nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.* 'Sooth, but you must.  
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;  
You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart  
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.  
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—  
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much: make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Ay, but I know,—

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe:  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But did thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,  
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.  
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say  
My love can give no place, bide no delay.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Twelfth Night, 1599.*)

THE PROUD, DISDAINFUL SHEPHERDESS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*The Forest of Arden. Enter CORIN.*

**COR.** Mistress and master you have oft inquired  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will remark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove:  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.  
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*

---

*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:  
Say that you love me not; but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart the accusom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.*

*Phe.* I would not be the executioner:  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:



'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
 That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,  
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—  
 Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!  
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:  
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;  
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:  
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
 The cicatrice and capable impressure  
 Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,  
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;  
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
 That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,  
 If ever,—as that ever may be near,—  
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
 That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But till that time  
 Come not thou near me; and when that time comes  
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
 As till that time I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* [*advancing*]. And why, I pray you? Who might  
 be your mother,  
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
 Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—  
 As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,—  
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
 I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
 Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life,  
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—  
 No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;  
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
 Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.—  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you  
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her;—  
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:  
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together:  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll  
fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she an-  
swers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter  
words.—Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill-will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,  
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.—  
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—  
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,  
And be not proud; though all the world could see,  
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.  
Come to our flock. [Exeunt ROS., CEL., and COR.]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;  
*Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—  
But what care I for words? yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—  
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:  
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall;  
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip;  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,

---

*The Proud, Disdainful Shepherdess* 57

---

I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:  
I marvel why I answer'd not again:  
But that's all one; omittance is not quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head and in my heart:  
I will be bitter with him and passing short:  
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*As You Like It, about 1599.*)



## LOVE'S PENANCE

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

AND in this very manner was Amadis the north star and the sun of valorous and amorous knights, whom all we ought to imitate which march under the ensigns of love and chivalry. And this being so manifest as it is, I find, friend Sancho, that the knight-errant who shall imitate him most shall likewise be nearest to attain the perfection of arms. And that wherein this knight bewrayed most his prudence, valour, courage, patience, constancy, and love, was when he retired himself to do penance, being disdained by his lady Oriana, to the Poor Rock, changing his name unto that of Beltenebros: a name certainly most significative, and proper for the life which he had at that time willingly chosen. And I may more easily imitate him herein than in cleaving of giants, beheading of serpents, killing of monsters, overthrowing of armies, putting navies to flight, and finishing of enchantments. And seeing that this mountain is so fit for that purpose, there is no reason why I should overslip the occasion, which doth so commodiously proffer me her locks.

“In effect,” quoth Sancho, “what is it you mean to do in these remote places?” “Have I not told thee already,” said Don Quixote, “that I mean to follow Amadis, by playing here the despaired, wood, and furious man? . . . And although I mean not to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rowland (for he had all these names), exactly in every mad prank that he played, yet will I do it the best I can in those things which shall seem unto me most essential. And perhaps I may rest contented with the only imitation of Amadis, who, without endamaging, and by his ravings, and only using these of feeling laments, [arrived] to as great fame thereby as any one whatsoever.”

“I believe,” replied Sancho, “that the knights which performed the like penances were moved by some reasons to do the like austerities and follies; but, good sir, what





*Maciste.*

MALVOLLO AND OLIVIA



occasion hath been offered unto you to become mad? What lady hath disdained you? Of what arguments have you found that the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso hath ever dallied with Moor or Christian?" "That is the point," answered our knight, "and therein consists the perfection of mine affairs; for that a knight-errant do run mad upon any just occasion deserves neither praise nor thanks; the wit is in waxing mad without cause, whereby my mistress may understand, that if dry I could do this, what would I have done being watered? How much more, seeing I have a just motive, through the prolix absence that I have made from my ever supremest Lady Dulcinea of Toboso? For, as thou mightest have heard read in Marias Ambrosio his Shepherd,—

"To him that absent is,  
All things succeed amiss."

So that, friend Sancho, I would not have thee lavish time longer in advising to let slip so rare, so happy, and singular an invitation. I am mad, and will be mad, until thou return again with answer upon a letter, which I mean to send with thee to my Lady Dulcinea; and if it be such as my loyalty deserves, my madness and penance shall end; but if the contrary, I shall run mad in good earnest, and be in that state that I shall apprehend nor feel anything. So that, howsoever I be answered, I shall issue out of the conflict and pain wherein thou leavest me, by joying the good thou shalt bring me, as wise; or not feeling the evil thou shalt denounce, as mad." . . .

Whilst thus he discoursed, he arrived at the foot of a lofty mountain, which stood like a hewn rock divided from all the rest, by the skirt whereof glided a smooth river, hemmed in on every side by a green and flourishing meadow, whose verdure did marvellously delight the greedy beholding eye; there were in it also many wild trees, and some plants and flowers, which rendered the place much more pleasing. The Knight of the Ill-favoured Face made choice of this place to accomplish therein his penance; and therefore, as soon as he had viewed it, he began to say, with a loud voice like a dis-

tracted man, these words ensuing: "This is the place where the humour of mine eyes shall increase the liquid veins of this crystal current, and my continual and deep sighs shall give perpetual motion to the leaves of these mountainy trees, in testimony of the pain which my oppressed heart doth suffer. O you, whosoever you be, rustical gods! which have your mansion in this inhabitable place, give ear to the plaints of this unfortunate lover, whom a long absence and a few imagined suspicions have conducted to deplore his state among these deserts, and make him exclaim on the rough condition of that ingrate and fair, who is the top, the sun, the period, term, and end of all human beauty. O ye Napeas and Dryads! which do wontedly inhabit the thickets and groves, so may the nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom (although in vain) you are beloved, never have power to interrupt your sweet rest, as you shall assist me to lament my disasters, or at least attend them, while I dolefully breathe them. O Dulcinea of Toboso! the day of my night, the glory of my pain, north of my travels, and star of my fortune so Heaven enrich thee with the highest, whensoever thou shalt demand it, as thou wilt consider the place and pass unto which thine absence hath conducted me, and answer my faith and desires in compassionate and gracious manner. O solitary trees (which shall from henceforward keep company with my solitude), give tokens, with the soft motion of your boughs, that my presence doth not dislike you. O thou squire, and grateful companion in all prosperous and adverse successes! bear well away what thou shalt see me do here, to the end that thou mayest after promptly recount it as the total cause of my ruin." And, saying so, he alighted from Rosinante, and, taking off in a trice his bridle and saddle, he struck him on the buttock, saying, "He gives thee liberty that wants it himself, O horse! as famous for thy works as thou art unfortunate by thy fates. Go where thou pleasest; for thou bearest written in thy forehead, how that neither the Hippogriff of Astolpho, nor the renowned Frontino, which cost Bradamante so dearly, could compare with thee for swiftness."

When Sancho had viewed and heard his lord speak thus,



he likewise said, "Good betide him that freed us from the pains of unpannelling the grey ass; for if he were here, in faith, he should also have two or three claps on the buttocks, and a short oration in his praise. Yet if he were here, I would not permit any other to unpanel him, seeing there was no occasion why; for he good beast, was nothing subject to the passions of love or despair, no more than I, who was his master when it pleased God. And, in good sooth, sir Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, if my departure and your madness be in good earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rosinante again, that he may supply the want of mine ass; for it will shorten the time of my departure and return again. And if I make my voyage afoot, I know not when I shall arrive there, or return here back unto you; for, in good earnest, I am a very ill footman."

"Let it be as thou likest," quoth Don Quixote; "for thy design displeaseth me nothing; and therefore I resolve that thou shalt depart from hence after three days; for in the mean space thou shalt behold what I will do and say for my lady's sake to the end thou mayst tell it to her." "Why," quoth Sancho, "what more can I view than that which I have seen already?" "Thou art altogether wide of the matter," answered Don Quixote; "for I must yet tear mine apparel, throw away mine armour, and beat my head about these rocks, with many other things of that kind that will strike thee into admiration." "Let me beseech you," quoth Sancho, "see well how you give yourself those knocks about the rocks; for you might happen upon some one so ungracious a rock, as at the first rap would dissolve all the whole *machina* of your adventures and penance; and therefore I would be of opinion, seeing that you do hold it necessary that some knocks be given with the head, and that this enterprise cannot be accomplished without them, that you content yourself, seeing that all is but feigned, counterfeited, and a jest,—that you should, I say, content yourself with striking it on the water, or on some other soft thing, as cotton or wool, and leave to my charge the exaggeration thereof; for I will tell to my lady that you strike your head against the point of a rock which was harder than a diamond."



“I thank thee, Sancho, for thy good-will,” quoth Don Quixote, “but I can assure thee that all these things which I do are no jests, but very serious earnest; for otherwise we should transgress the statutes of chivalry, which command us not to avouch any untruth, on pain of relapse; and to do one thing for another, is as much as to lie. So that my head-knocks must be true, firm, and sound ones, without any sophistical or fantastical shadow: and it will be requisite that you leave me some lint to cure me, seeing that fortune hath deprived us of the balsam we have lost.”

“It was worse to have lost the ass,” quoth Sancho, “seeing that at once with him we have lost our lint and all our other provision . . . go write your letter, and despatch me with all haste; for I long already to return, and take you out of this purgatory wherein I leave you.” . . .

“Thou hast reason,” answered the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face; “but how shall I write the letter?” “And the warrant for the receipt of the colts also?” added Sancho. “All shall be inserted together,” quoth Don Quixote; “and seeing we have no paper, we may do well, imitating the ancient men of times past, to write our mind in the leaves of trees or wax; yet wax is as hard to be found here as paper. But, now that I remember myself, I know where we may write our mind well, and more than well, to wit, in Cardenio’s tablets, and thou shalt have care to cause the letters to be written out again fairly, in the first village wherein thou shalt find a schoolmaster; or, if such a one be wanting, by the clerk of the church; and beware in any sort that thou give it not to a notary or court-clerk to be copied, for they write such an entangling, confounded process letter, as Satan himself would scarce be able to read it.” “And how shall we do for want of your name and subscription?” quoth Sancho. “Why,” answered Don Quixote, “Amadis was never wont to subscribe to his letters.” “Ay, but the warrant to receive the three asses must forcibly be subsigned; and if it should afterwards be copied, they would say the former is false, and so I shall rest without my colts.” “The warrant shall be written and firmed with my hand in the tablets,

which, as soon as my niece shall see, she shall make no difficulty to deliver thee them. And, as concerning the love-letter, thou shalt put this subscription to it, 'yours until death, the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face.' And it makes no matter though it be written by any stranger; forasmuch as I can remember Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor hath she seen any letter, no, not so much as a character of my writing all the days of her life; for my love and hers have been ever Platonical, never extending themselves further than to an honest regard and view the one of the other, and even this same so rarely, as I dare boldly swear, that in these dozen years which I love her more dearly than the light of these mine eyes, which the earth shall one day devour, I have not seen her four times, and perhaps of those same four times she hath scarce perceived once that I beheld her—such is the care and closeness wherewithal her parents, Lorenzo Corcuelo and her mother Aldonza Nogales have brought her up." "Ta, ta," quoth Sancho, "that the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso is Lorenzo Corcuelo his daughter, called by another name, Aldonza Lorenzo?" "The same is she," quoth Don Quixote, "and it is she that merits to be empress of the vast universe." "I know her very well," replied Sancho, "and I dare say that she can throw an iron bar as well as any the strongest lad in our parish." . . . "I have oft told thee, Sancho, many times, that thou art too great a prattler," quoth Don Quixote. . . . "For all the poets which celebrate certain ladies at pleasure, thinkest thou that they all had mistresses? No. Dost thou believe that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, Silvias, Dianas, Galateas, Alcidas, and others such like, wherewithal the books, ditties, barbers' shops and theatres are filled, were truly ladies of flesh and bones, and their mistresses which have and do celebrate them thus? No, certainly; but were for the greater part feigned, to serve as a subject for their verses, to the end the authors might be accounted amorous, and men of courage enough to be such." . . . "I avouch," quoth Sancho, "that you have great reason in all that you say, and that I am myself a very ass—but alas! why do I name an ass with my mouth, seeing one should not mention

a rope in one's house that was hanged? But give me the letter, and farewell; for I will change." With that, Don Quixote drew out his tablets, and, going aside, began to indite his letter with great gravity; which ended, he called Sancho to read it to him, to the end he might bear it away in memory, lest by chance he did lose the tablets on the way; for such were his cross fortunes, as made him fear every event. To which Sancho answered, saying, "Write it there twice or thrice in the book, and give it me after; for I will carry it safely, by God's grace. For to think that I will be able ever to take it by rote is a great folly; for my memory is so short as I do many times forget my own name. But yet, for all that, read it to me, good sir; for I would be glad to hear it, as a thing which I suppose to be as excellent as if it were cast in a mould." "Hear it, then," said Don Quixote, "for thus it says:

THE LETTER OF DON QUIXOTE TO DULCINEA OF TOBOSO.

"SOVEREIGN LADY,—The wounded by the point of absence, and the hurt by the darts of the heart, sweetest Dulcinea of Toboso! doth send thee that health which he wanteth himself. If thy beauty disdain me, if thy valour turn not to my benefit, if thy disdains convert themselves to my harm, maugre all my patience, I shall be ill able to sustain this care; which, besides that it is violent, is also too durable. My good squire Sancho will give thee certain relation, O beautiful ingrate, and my dearest beloved enemy! of the state wherein I remain for thy sake. If thou please to favour me, I am thine; and if not, do what thou likest: for, by ending of my life, I shall both satisfy thy cruelty and my desires.—Thine until death,

THE KNIGHT OF THE ILL-FAVOUR'D FACE."

"By my father's life," quoth Sancho, when he heard the letter, "it is the highest thing that I ever heard. Good God! how well you say everything in it! and how excellently have you applied the subscription of 'The Knight of the Ill-favoured Face!'"

(*Don Quixote, Madrid, 1605; translation by Thomas Shelton, London, 1620.*)

## UNREQUITED LOVE

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

*An Apartment in the Palace. Enter PHILASTER and BEL-  
LARIO.*

*PHI.* And thou shall find her honourable, boy ;  
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,  
For thine own modesty ; and, for my sake,  
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,  
Ay, or deserve.

*Bel.* Sir, you did take me up  
When I was nothing ; and only yet am something  
By being yours. You trusted me unknown ;  
And that which you were apt to conster  
A simple innocence in me, perhaps  
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy  
Hardened in lies and theft ; yet ventured you  
To part my miseries and me ; for which,  
I never can expect to serve a lady  
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

*Phi.* But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,  
And bear'st a childish overflowing love  
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet ;  
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,  
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends  
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.  
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

*Bel.* In that small time that I have seen the world,  
I never knew a man hasty to part with  
A servant he thought trusty : I remember,  
My father would prefer the boys he kept  
To greater men than he ; but did it not  
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

*Phi.* Why gentle boy, I find no fault at all  
In thy behaviour.

*Bel.* Sir, if I have made

A fault in ignorance, instruct my youth :  
 I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn ;  
 Age and experience will adorn my mind  
 With larger knowledge ; and if I have done  
 A wilful fault, think me not past all hope  
 For once. What master holds so strict a hand  
 Over his boy that he will part with him  
 Without one warning. Let me be corrected,  
 To break my stubbornness, if it be so,  
 Rather than turn me off ; and I shall mind.

*Phi.* Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay  
 That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.  
 Alas, I do not turn thee off ! thou know'st  
 It is my business that doth call thee hence ;  
 And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.  
 Think so, and 'tis so : and when time is full,  
 That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,  
 Laid on so weak a one, I will again  
 With joy receive thee ; as I live, I will !  
 Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'Tis more than time  
 Thou didst attend the princess.

*Bel.* I am gone  
 But since I am to part with you, my lord,  
 And none knows whether I shall live to do  
 More service for you, take this little prayer :  
 Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs !  
 May sick men, if they have thy wish, be well ;  
 And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one !

[*Exit.*

*Phi.* The love of boys unto their lords is strange ;  
 I have read wonders of it : yet this boy  
 For my sake (if a man may judge by looks  
 And speech) would out-do story. I may see  
 A day to pay him for his loyalty.

[*Exit.*

\* \* \* \* \*

ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.* Enter BELLARIO  
*richly dressed.*

*Are.* Sir,  
 You are sad to change your service ; is't not so ?



*Bel.* Madam, I have not changed ; I wait on you,  
To do him service.

*Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me.  
Tell me thy name.

*Bel.* Bellario.

*Are.* Thou canst sing and play ?

*Bel.* If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

*Are.* Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know ?  
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school ?  
Thou art not capable of other grief ;  
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be  
When no breath troubles them : believe me, boy,  
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,  
And builds himself caves to abide in them.  
Come, sir, tell me truly does your lord love me ?

*Bel.* Love, madam ! I know not what it is.

*Are.* Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love ?  
Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me  
As if he wished me well ?

*Bel.* If it be love  
To forget all respect of his own friends  
In thinking of your face ; if it be love  
To sit cross-armed and sigh away the day,  
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud  
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire ;  
If it be love to weep himself away  
When he but hears of any lady dead  
Or killed, because it might have been your chance ;  
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),  
'Twi'xt every prayer he says, to name you once,  
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,  
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

*Are.* Oh you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie  
For your lord's credit ! but thou know'st a lie  
That bears this sound is welcomer to me  
Than any truth that says he loves me not.  
Lead the way boy.—Do you attend me, too,—  
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away !

[*Exeunt.*

(*Philaster* : or *Love lies a Bleeding*, 1608.)

## PERIGOT AND AMORET

JOHN FLETCHER

*A Dale in the Wood. Enter AMORET.*

*AMO.* This is the bottom.—Speak, if thou be here,  
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,  
Calls on thy loved name.

*Peri.* What art thou, dare  
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care  
Dwell on the face of darkness?

*Amo.* 'Tis thy friend,  
Thy Amoret come hither, to give end  
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy:  
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy  
I suffered for thy sake, and am content  
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent  
Those curlèd locks, where I have often hung  
Ribbons and damask roses, and have flung  
Waters distilled, to make thee fresh and gay,  
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?  
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face  
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace  
From those two little heavens, upon the ground,  
Showers of more price, more orient, and more round,  
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?  
Cease these complainings, shepherd: I am now  
The same I ever was, as kind and free,  
And can forgive before you ask of me;  
Indeed, I can and will.

*Peri.* So spoke my fair!  
Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,  
Water and forming fire, why have you lent  
Your hidden virtues of so ill intent?  
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,  
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,  
Came flowing from her tongue; such was her eye,

And like the pointed sparkle that did fly  
Forth like a bleeding shaft ; all is the same,  
The robe and buskins, painted hook and frame  
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret !

*Amo.* Shepherd, what means this riddle ? who hath set  
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,  
That I am grown another ? Look, and see  
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist  
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist  
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret ?  
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget  
Thy ancient faith ?

*Peri.* Still nearer to my love !  
These be the very words she oft did prove  
Upon my temper ; so she still would take  
Wonder into her face, and silent make  
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,  
" Shepherd, remember this another day."

*Amo.* Am I not Amoret ? where was I lost ?  
Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most  
Of these inconstant ? Faith, where art thou fled ?  
Are all the vows and protestations dead,  
The hands held up, the wishes and the heart ?  
Is there not one remaining, not a part  
Of all these to be found ? Why, then, I see  
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

*Peri.* Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate  
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate  
To all that ever tasted of their smiles ;  
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles ;  
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds  
Makes many turnings, leaps and many rounds,  
This way and that way, to deceive the scent  
Of her pursuers.

*Amo.* 'Tis but to prevent  
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall ;  
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,  
And of a nature more refusing good  
Than beasts themselves or fishes of the flood.

*Peri.* Thou art all these, and more than nature meant

When she created all; frowns, joys, content;  
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently  
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea  
Upon whose face sits a continual frost;  
Your actions ever driven to the most,  
Then down again as low, that none can find  
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.

*Amo.* Can there be any age, or days, or time,  
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime  
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,  
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;  
Thou that wast every good and every thing  
That men call blessèd; thou that wast the spring  
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;  
Thou that wast always just and always blest  
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name  
Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same  
Even from thy cradle; thou that wast that all  
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall  
Is this, to have been so, and now to be  
The only best in wrong and infamy!  
Am I to live to know this! and by me,  
That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that  
Which we esteemed our honour, virgin-state!  
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,  
Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn;  
Dearer than thou can'st love thy new love, if thou hast  
Another, and far dearer than the last;  
Dearer than thou can'st love thyself, though all  
The self-love were within thee that did fall  
With the coy swain that now is made a flower,  
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!  
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?  
Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?  
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,  
And noise it to the world, my love is dead!  
I am forsaken I am cast away,  
And left for every lazy groom to say  
I was unconstant, light and sooner lost  
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost

When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet,  
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?

*Peri.* Thou art not worthy of that blessed name:  
I must not know thee: fling thy wanton flame  
Upon some lighter blood that may be hot  
With words and feignèd passions; Perigot  
Was ever yet unstained, and shall not now  
Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.

*Amo.* Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,  
And you fair twinkling stars, that crown the night;  
And hear me woods, and silence of this peace,  
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace;  
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell  
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,  
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,  
That yet un-tainted Amoret, that played  
The careless prodigal, and gave away  
My soul to this young man that now dares say  
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;  
And thus with much belief I was beguiled:  
I am that maid, that have delayed, denied,  
And almost scorned the loves of all that tried  
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess  
I have been wooed by many with no less  
Soul of affection; and have often had  
Rings, belts, and cracknels, sent me from the lad  
That feeds his flocks down westward: lambs and doves  
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;  
All which I gave to thee: nor these nor they  
That sent them did I smile on, or e'er lay  
Up to my after-memory. But why  
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?  
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;  
By this time I had found a quiet room,  
Where every slave is free, and every breast,  
That living bred new care, now lies at rest;  
And thither will poor Amoret.

*Peri.* Thou must.  
Was ever any man so loath to trust  
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet



Any so like as this to Amoret?  
 For whose dear sake I promise, if there be  
 A living soul within thee, thus to free  
 Thy body from it! [*Wounds her with his spear.*  
*Amo.* [*falling*]. So, this work hath end.  
 Farewell and live; be constant to thy friend  
 That loves thee next.

*Enter SATYR; PERIGOT runs off.*

*Sat.* See, the day begins to break,  
 And the light shoots like a streak  
 Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,  
 Whilst the morning doth unfold;  
 Now the birds begin to rouse,  
 And the squirrel from the boughs  
 Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;  
 The early lark, that erst was mute,  
 Carols to the rising day  
 Many a note and many a lay:  
 Therefore here I end my watch,  
 Lest the wandering swain should catch  
 Harm, or lose himself.

*Amo.* Ah me!

*Sat.* Speak again, whate'er thou be;  
 I am ready; speak, I say;  
 By the dawning of the day,  
 By the power of night and Pan,  
 I enforce thee speak again!

*Amo.* Oh, I am most unhappy.

*Sat.* Yet more blood!  
 Sure, these wanton swains are wood.<sup>1</sup>  
 Can there be a hand or heart  
 Dare commit so vile a part  
 As this murder? By the moon,  
 That hid herself when this was done,  
 Never was a sweeter face:  
 I will bear her to the place  
 Where my goddess keeps and crave  
 Her to give her life or grave. [*Exit, carrying AMORET.*

(*The Faithful Shepherdess, 1610.*)

<sup>1</sup> Mad.



*Greiffenhagen.*

AN IDYLL



## THE •BEREAVED LOVER

BEN JONSON

*Sherwood Forest. Enter ÆGLAMOUR, who is fallen into a deep melancholy for the loss of his beloved EARINE.*

**ÆG.** Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!  
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow;  
The world may find the spring by following her;  
For other print her airy steps ne'er left:  
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass!  
Or shake the downy Blow-ball from his stalk!  
But like the soft west wind she shot along,  
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,  
As she had sow'd 'em with her odorous foot.

\* \* \* \* \*

And ha' you found her?

*Muc.* Whom?

*Æg.* My drowned love,  
Earine, the sweet Earine!  
The bright and beautiful Earine!  
Have you not heard of my Earine?  
Just by your father's mill (I think I'm right)  
Are not you Much the miller's son?

*Muc.* I am.

*Æg.* And baliff to brave Robin Hood?

*Muc.* The same.

*Æg.* Close by your father's mills, Earine,  
Earine was drown'd! O my Earine!  
(Old Maudlin tells me so, and Douce her daughter)  
Ha' you swept the river, say you? and not found her?

*Muc.* For fowl and fish we have.

*Æg.* O, not for her?

You're goodly friends! right charitable men!  
Nay, keep your way; and leave me: make your toys,



Your tales, your posies that you talk'd of; all  
 Your entertainments: you not injure me:  
 Only if I may enjoy my cypress wreath!  
 And you will let me weep! ('tis all I ask;)  
 Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!  
 And troth, what less suit can you grant a man?

*Tuc.* His phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him:  
 The wound is yet too fresh to admit searching.

*Æg.* Searching? where should I search? or on what  
 track?

Can my slow drop of tears, or this dark shade  
 About my brows, enough describe her loss!  
 Earine! O my Earine's loss!  
 No, no, no, no; this heart will break first.

*Geo.* How will this sad disaster strike the ears  
 Of bounteous Robin Hood, our gentle master!

*Muc.* How will it mar his mirth, abate his feast;  
 And strike a horror into every guest!

*Æg.* If I could knit whole clouds about my brows,  
 And weep like Swithin, or those wat'ry signs,  
 The kids that rise then, and drown all the flocks  
 Of those rich shepherds, dwelling in this vale;  
 Those careless shepherds that did let her drown;  
 Then I did something: or could make old Trent  
 Drunk with my sorrow, to start out in breaches,  
 To drown their herds, their cattle and their corn;  
 Break down their mills, their dams, o'eturn their wears,  
 And see their houses and whole livelihood  
 Wrought into water with her, all were good:  
 I'd kiss the torrent, and those whirls of Trent,  
 That suck'd her in my sweet Earine!  
 When they have cast her body on the shore,  
 And it comes up as tainted as themselves,  
 All pale and bloodless, I will love it still,  
 For all that they can do, and make 'em mad,  
 To see how I will hug it in mine arms!  
 And hang upon her looks, dwell on her eyes,  
 Feed round about her lips, and eat her kisses!  
 Suck off her drowned flesh! and where's their malice?  
 Not all their envious sousing can change that:



But I will still study some revenge past this !  
I pray you, give me leave, for I will study,  
Though all the bells, pipes, tabors, timburines ring,  
That you can plant about me : I will study.

*(The Sad Shepherd.)*

## A LADY'S STRATAGEM

JEAN BAPTISTE MOLIÈRE

ISABELLA, SGANARELLE.

**S**GAN. That will do; I know the house and the person simply from the description you have given me.

*Isa.* [*aside*]. Heaven, be propitious, and favour to-day the artful contrivance of an innocent love!

*Sgan.* Do you say they have told you that his name is Valère?

*Isa.* Yes.

*Sgan.* That will do; do not make yourself uneasy about it. Go inside, and leave me to act. I am going at once to talk to this young madcap.

*Isa.* [*as she goes in*]. For a girl, I am planning a pretty bold scheme. But the unreasonable severity with which I am treated will be my excuse to every right mind.

SGANARELLE, *alone*.

[*Knocks at the door of Valère's house*]. Let us lose no time; here it is. Who's there? Why, I am dreaming! Hulloo, I say! hulloo somebody! hulloo! I do not wonder, after this information, that he came up to me just now so meekly. But I must make haste, and teach this foolish aspirant.

VALÈRE, SGANARELLE, ERGASTE.

*Sgan.* [*to ERGASTE, who has come out hastily*]. A plague on the lubberly ox! Do you mean to knock me down—coming and sticking yourself in front of me like a post?

*Val.* Sir, I regret . . .

*Sgan.* Ah! you are the man I want.

*Val.* I, sir?

*Sgan.* You. Your name is Valère, is it not?

*Val.* Yes.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sgan.* Tell me: do you know that I am guardian to a tolerably young and passably handsome girl who lives in this neighbourhood, and whose name is Isabella?

*Val.* Yes.

*Sgan.* As you know it, I need not tell it you. But do you know, likewise, that as I find her charming, I care for her otherwise than a guardian, and that she is destined for the honour of being my wife?

*Val.* No!

*Sgan.* I tell it you then; and also that it is as well that your passion if you please, should leave her in peace.

*Val.* Who?—I, sir?

*Sgan.* Yes, you. Let us have no dissembling.

*Val.* Who has told you that my heart is smitten by her?

*Sgan.* Those who are worthy of belief.

*Val.* Be more explicit.

*Sgan.* She herself.

*Val.* She!

*Sgan.* She. Is not that enough? Like a virtuous young girl, who has loved me from childhood, she told me all just now; moreover, she charged me to tell you, that, since she has everywhere been followed by you, her heart, which your pursuit greatly offends, has only too well understood the language of your eyes; that your secret desires are well-known to her; and that to try more fully to explain a passion which is contrary to the affection she entertains for me, is to give yourself needless trouble.

*Val.* She, you say, of her own accord, makes you . . .

*Sgan.* Yes, makes me come to you and give you this frank and plain message; also that, having observed the violent love wherewith your soul is smitten, she would earlier have let you know what she thinks about you if, perplexed as she was, she could have found any one to send the message by; but that at length she was painfully compelled to make use of me, in order to assure you, as I have told you, that her affection is denied to all save me; that you have been ogling her long enough; and that, if you have ever so little brains, you will carry your passion somewhere else. Farewell, till our next meeting. That is what I had to tell you.

*Val.* [*aside*]. Ergaste, what say you to such an adventure?

*Sgan.* [*aside, retiring*]. See how he is taken aback!

*Erg.* [*in a low tone to VALÈRE*]. For my part, I think there is nothing in it to displease you; that a rather subtle mystery is concealed under it; in short, that this message is not sent by one who desires to see the love end which she inspires in you.

*Sgan.* [*aside*]. He takes it as he ought.

*Val.* [*in a low tone to ERGASTE*]. You think it a mystery . . .

*Erg.* Yes. . . . But he is looking at us; let us get out of his sight.

SGANARELLE, *alone*.

How his face showed his confusion! Doubtless he did not expect this message. Let me call Isabella; she is showing the fruits which education produces on the mind. Virtue is all she cares for; and her heart is so deeply steeped in it, that she is offended if a man merely looks at her.

ISABELLA, SGANARELLE.

*Isa.* [*aside, as she enters*]. I fear that my lover, full of his passion, has not understood my message rightly! Since I am so strictly guarded, I must risk one which shall make my meaning clearer.

*Sgan.* Here I am, returned again.

*Isa.* Well?

*Sgan.* Your words wrought their full purpose; I have done his business. He wanted to deny that his heart was touched; but when I told him I came from you, he stood immediately dumbfounded and confused; I do not believe he will come here any more.

*Isa.* Ah, what do you tell me? I much fear the contrary, and that he will still give us more trouble.

*Sgan.* And why do you fear this?

*Isa.* You had hardly left the house when, going to the window to take a breath of air, I saw a young man at yonder turning, who first came, most unexpectedly to wish me good-morning, on the part of this impertinent man, and

then threw right into my chamber a box, enclosing a letter, sealed like a love-letter. I meant at once to throw it after him; but he had already reached the end of the street. I feel very much annoyed at it.

*Sgan.* Just see his trickery and rascality!

*Isa.* It is my duty quickly to have this box and letter sent back to this detestable lover; for that purpose I need some one; for I dare not venture to ask yourself . . .

*Sgan.* On the contrary, darling, it shows me all the more your love and faithfulness; my heart joyfully accepts this task. You oblige me in this more than I can tell you.

*Isa.* Take it then.

*Sgan.* Well, let us see what he has dared to say to you.

*Isa.* Heavens! Take care not to open it.

*Sgan.* Why so?

*Isa.* Will you make him believe that it is I? A respectable girl ought always to refuse to read the letters a man sends her. The curiosity which she thus betrays shows a secret pleasure in listening to gallantries. I think it right that this letter should be peremptorily returned to Valère unopened, that he may the better learn this day the great contempt which my heart feels for him; so that his passion may from this time lose all hope, and never more attempt such a transgression.

*Sgan.* Of a truth she is right in this! Well, your virtue charms me, as well as your discretion. I see that my lessons have borne fruit in your mind; you show yourself worthy of being my wife.

*Isa.* Still I do not like to stand in the way of your wishes. The letter is in your hands and you can open it.

*Sgan.* No, far from it. Your reasons are too good; I go to acquit myself of the task you impose upon me; I have likewise to say a few words quite near, and will then return hither to set you at rest.

SGANARELLE, *alone.*

How delighted I am to find her such a discreet girl! I have in my house a treasure of honour. To consider a loving look treason, to receive a love-letter as a supreme insult, and to have it carried back to the gallant by myself!



I should like to know, seeing all this, if my brother's ward would have acted thus, on a similar occasion. Upon my word, girls are what you make them. . . . Hulloo!

[Knocks at VALÈRE'S door.]

SGANARELLE, ERGASTE.

*Erg.* Who is there?

*Sgan.* Take this; and tell your master not to presume so far as to write letters again, and send them in gold boxes; say also that Isabella is mightily offended at it. See, it has not even been opened. He will perceive what regard she has for his passion, and what success he can expect in it.

*Val.* What has that surly brute just given you?

*Erg.* This letter, sir, as well as this box, which he pretends that Isabella has received from you, and about which, he says, she is in a great rage. She returns it to you unopened. Read it quickly, and let us see if I am mistaken.

*Val.* [reads]. "This letter will no doubt surprise you; both the resolution to write to you and the means of conveying it to your hands may be thought very bold in me; but I am in such a condition, that I can no longer restrain myself. Well-founded repugnance to a marriage with which I am threatened in six days, makes me risk everything; and in the determination to free myself from it by whatever means, I thought I had rather choose you than despair. Yet do not think that you owe all to my evil fate; it is not the constraint in which I find myself that has given rise to the sentiments I entertain for you; but it hastens the avowal of them, and makes me transgress the decorum which the proprieties of my sex require. It depends on you alone to make me shortly your own; I wait only until you have declared your intentions to me before acquainting you with the resolution I have taken: but, above all remember that time presses, and that two hearts, which love each other, ought to understand even the slightest hint."

*Erg.* Well, sir, is not this contrivance original? For a young girl she is not so very ignorant. Would one have thought her capable of these love stratagems?

*Val.* Ah, I consider her altogether adorable. This evi-

dence of her wit and tenderness doubles my love for her, and strengthens the feelings with which her beauty inspires me . . .

*Erg.* Here comes the dupe; think what you will say to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

VALÈRE, SGANARELLE, ERGASTE.

*Val.* Sir, what brings you here again?

*Sgan.* Your follies.

*Val.* How?

*Sgan.* You know well enough what I wish to speak to you about. To tell you plainly I thought you had more sense. You have been making fun of me with your fine speeches, and nourish silly expectations. Look you, I wished to treat you gently; but you will end by making me very angry. Are you not ashamed, considering who you are, to form such designs as you do? to intend to carry off a respectable girl, and interrupt a marriage on which her whole happiness depends?

*Val.* Who told you this strange piece of news, sir?

*Sgan.* Do not let us dissimulate; I have it from Isabella, who sends you word by me, for the last time, that she has plainly enough shown you what her choice is; that her heart, entirely mine, is insulted by such a plan; that she would rather die than suffer such an outrage; and that you will cause a terrible uproar unless you put an end to all this confusion.

*Val.* If she really said what I have just heard, I confess that my passion has nothing more to expect. These expressions are plain enough to let me see that all is ended; I must respect the judgment she has passed.

*Sgan.* If. . . . You doubt it then, and fancy all the complaints that I have made to you on her behalf are mere pretences! Do you wish that she herself should tell you her feelings? To set you right, I willingly consent to it. Follow me; you shall hear if I have added anything, and if her young heart hesitates between us two.

[Goes and knocks at his own door.]

ISABELLA, SGANARELLE, VALÈRE, ERGASTE.

*Isa.* What! you bring Valère to see me! What is your design? Are you taking his part against me? And do you wish, charmed by his rare merits, to compel me to love him, and endure his visits?

*Sgan.* No, my love; your affection is too dear to me for that; but he believes that my messages are untrue; he thinks that it is I who speak, and cunningly represent you as full of hatred for him, and of tenderness for me; I wish, therefore, from your own mouth, infallibly to cure him of a mistake which nourishes his love.

*Isa.* [to VALÈRE]. What! Is not my soul completely bared to your eyes, and can you still doubt whom I love?

*Val.* Yes, all that this gentleman has told me on your behalf, madam, might well surprise a man; I confess I doubted it. This final sentence, which decides the fate of my great love, moves my feelings so much that it can be no offence if I wish to have it repeated.

*Isa.* No, no, such a sentence should not surprise you. Sganarelle told you my very sentiments; I consider them to be sufficiently founded on justice, to make their full truth clear. Yes, I desire it to be known, and I ought to be believed, that fate here presents two objects to my eyes, who, inspiring me with different sentiments, agitate my heart. One, by a just choice, in which my honour is involved, has all my esteem and love; and the other, in return for his affection, has all my anger and aversion. The presence of the one is pleasing and dear to me, and fills me with joy; but the sight of the other inspires me with secret emotions of hatred and horror. To see myself the wife of the one is all my desire; and, rather than belong to the other, I would lose my life. But I have sufficiently declared my real sentiments; and languished too long under this severe torture. He whom I love must use diligence to make him whom I hate lose all hope, and deliver me, by a happy marriage, from a suffering more terrible than death.

*Sgan.* Yes, darling, I intend to gratify your wish.









*Isa.* It is the only way to make me happy.

*Sgan.* You shall soon be so.

*Isa.* I know it is a shame for a young woman so openly to declare her love.

*Sgan.* No, no.

*Isa.* But, seeing what my lot is, such liberty must be allowed me; I can without blushing, make so tender a confession to him whom I already regard as a husband.

*Sgan.* Yes, my poor child, darling of my soul!

*Isa.* Let him think, then, how to prove his passion for me.

*Sgan.* Yes, here, kiss my hand.

*Isa.* Let him, without more sighing, hasten a marriage which is all I desire, and accept the assurance which I give him, never to listen to the vows of another. [*She pretends to embrace SGANARELLE, and gives her hand to VALÈRE to kiss.*]

*Sgan.* Oh, oh, my little pretty face, my poor little darling, you shall not pine long, I promise you. [*To VALÈRE.*] There, say no more. You see I do not make her speak; it is me alone she loves.

*Val.* Well, madam, well, this is a sufficient explanation, I learn by your words what you urge me to do; I shall soon know how to rid your presence of him who so greatly offends you.

*Isa.* You could not give me greater pleasure. For, to be brief, the sight of him is intolerable. It is odious to me, and I detest it so much . . .

*Sgan.* Eh! Eh!

*Isa.* Do I offend you by speaking thus?

*Sgan.* Heavens! by no means! I do not say that. But in truth, I pity his condition; you show your aversion too openly.

*Isa.* I cannot show it too much on such an occasion.

*Val.* Yes, you shall be satisfied; in three days your eyes shall no longer see the object which is odious to you.

*Isa.* That is right. Farewell.

*Sgan.* [*to VALÈRE*]. I pity your misfortune, but . . .

*Val.* No, you will hear no complaint from me. The

lady assuredly does us both justice, and I shall endeavour to satisfy her wishes. Farewell!

*Sgan.* Poor fellow! his grief is excessive. Stay, embrace me: I am her second self. [Embraces VALÈRE.]

(*L'Ecole des Maris*, 1661; trans. by Henri Van Laun, Edinburgh, 1875.)

## A LOVERS' QUARREL

JEAN BAPTISTE MOLIÈRE

CLÉONTE, COVIELLE.

**CLÉ.** What! To treat a lover thus; and that a lover the most constant and the most passionate of all lovers!

*Cov.* It is a most horrible thing that they have done to us both.

*Clé.* I display all the ardour and tenderness imaginable to a lady; I love no one on earth but her, and think of nothing but her; she is all my care, all my desire, all my joy; I speak but of her, think but of her, dream but of her; I live but for her, my heart beats but for her, and this is the worthy reward for so much affection! I am two days, which to me are horrible ages, without seeing her: I meet her by accident; at the sight of her my heart feels quite elated, joy is displayed on my countenance, rapturously I fly towards her, and the faithless one averts her looks, and passes abruptly on, as if she had never seen me in her life!

*Cov.* I have the same story to tell.

*Clé.* Has aught like the perfidy of this ungrateful Lucile ever been seen?

*Cov.* Or anything, sir, like that of that jade, Nicole?

*Clé.* After the many ardent sacrifices, sighs and vows which I have paid to her charms!

*Cov.* After such assiduous homage, attentions and services which I have rendered her in the kitchen!

*Clé.* The many tears I have shed at her feet!

*Cov.* The many buckets of water I have drawn from the well for her!

*Clé.* The warmth I have shown in cherishing her more than my own self!

*Cov.* The heat I have suffered in turning the spit in her place!

*Clé.* She flees from me in disdain!

*Cov.* She turns her back upon me shamelessly!

*Clé.* It is a perfidy deserving the greatest punishment.

*Cov.* It is a treachery that merits a thousand slaps in the face.

*Clé.* Do not you, I pray, attempt ever to speak of her to me.

*Cov.* I, sir? Heaven forbid!

*Clé.* Do not come to excuse to me the conduct of this faithless girl.

*Cov.* You need not fear.

*Clé.* No, look you here, all your speeches in her defence will avail nothing.

*Cov.* Who dreams of such a thing?

*Clé.* I shall nurse my spite against her, and break off all connection.

*Cov.* You have my consent.

*Clé.* This count who visits at her house excites her fancy perhaps; and her mind—I see it well enough—allows itself to be dazzled by rank. But I am bound, for my honour's sake, to prevent the scandal of her inconstancy. I will go, as far as she goes, towards the change to which I see her hastening, and not leave to her all the glory of jilting me.

*Cov.* That is well said; and as far as I am concerned, I share all your sentiments.

*Clé.* Assist me in my resentment, and support my resolution against every remainder of affection which might plead for her. Say, I entreat you, all the harm of her that you can. Give me a portrait of her which shall render her contemptible in my sight, and, to disgust me with her, point me out all the faults which you can see in her.

*Cov.* She, sir? a pretty mawkin, a well-shaped, pretentious young woman, to be so much enamoured of! I see nothing in her but what is very ordinary; and you will meet a hundred women more worthy of you. First of all, her eyes are small.

*Clé.* That is true, her eyes are small; but they are full of fire, the most brilliant, the most piercing in this world, and the tenderest which one can see.

*Cov.* She has a large mouth.

*Clé.* Yes; but it has charms not to be found in other mouths; and this very mouth, in looking at it, inspires desire, and is the most attractive and amorous in the world.

*Cov.* As for her figure, she is not tall.

*Clé.* No; but it is full of ease, and well shaped.

*Cov.* She affects a carelessness in her speech and movements.

*Clé.* It is true, but she is full of grace; and her manners are engaging, and have an indefinable charm which twines round one's heart.

*Cov.* As to her wit . . .

*Clé.* Ah! she has that, Covielle, of the finest and of the most delicate.

*Cov.* Her conversation . . .

*Clé.* Her conversation is charming.

*Cov.* It is always grave.

*Clé.* Would you have unrestrained liveliness, and ever profuse gaiety! and is there anything more annoying than these women who giggle at every sally?

*Cov.* But, after all, she is as whimsical as any one could well be.

*Clé.* Yes, she is whimsical, I agree with you there; but everything becomes the fair sex; one allows everything to the fair sex.<sup>1</sup>

*Cov.* Since that is the case, I see plainly that you are inclined to love her always.

*Clé.* I! I would sooner die; and I mean to hate her as much as I have loved her.

*Cov.* But how, if you find her so perfect?

*Clé.* That is where my revenge shall prove itself all the more; where shall I the better show her the strength of my heart to hate her, to leave her, beautiful, full of attractions, amiable as I may think her. Here she comes.

LUCILE, NICOLE, CLÉONTE, COVIELLE.

*Nic.* [*to LUCILE*]. As for me, I was perfectly scandalized at it.

<sup>1</sup> It is said that Molière in delineating Lucile, described his spouse, who played the character. That may be true; but the real passion, which is displayed in Cléonte's answers to Covelle, is, in every way, admirable.



*Luc.* It can be nothing else, Nicole, than what I tell you. But here he is.

*Clé.* [*to COVIELLE*]. I will not even speak to her.

*Cov.* I will do as you do.

*Luc.* What is it, Cléonte? What is the matter with you?

*Nic.* What is the matter with you, Covielle?

*Luc.* What grief possesses you?

*Nic.* What ill-humour has got hold of you?

*Luc.* Are you dumb, Cléonte?

*Nic.* Have you lost your speech, Covielle?

*Clé.* This is villanous!

*Cov.* It is Judas-like!

*Luc.* I see clearly that the meeting just now has disturbed your mind.

*Clé.* [*to COVIELLE*]. Ah! ah! people are finding out what they have been doing.

*Nic.* Our reception of you this morning has made you alarmed.

*Cov.* [*to CLÉONTE*]. They have found out the sore.

*Luc.* Is it not true, Cléonte, that this is the reason of your huff?

*Clé.* Yes, false girl, it is that, since I am to speak; and I must tell you that you shall not glory, as you think you shall in your faithlessness; that I shall be the first to break with you, and that you shall not have the advantage of driving me away. It will pain me, no doubt, to conquer the love which I have for you; it will cause me some grief; I shall suffer for some time; but I will accomplish it, and I will sooner stab myself to the heart than have the weakness to come back to you.

*Cov.* [*to NICOLE*]. As says the master, so says the man.

*Luc.* There is much ado about nothing! I wish to tell you the reason, Cléonte, which made me avoid you this morning.

*Clé.* [*trying to go away from LUCILE*]. I wish to listen to nothing.

*Nic.* [*to COVIELLE*]. I wish to tell you the reason that made us pass so quickly.

*Cov.* [*also endeavouring to go, to avoid NICOLE*]. I wish to hear nothing.

*Luc.* [*following CLÉONTE*]. You must know then, that this morning . . .

*Clé.* [*moving away, without looking at LUCILE*]. No, I tell you.

*Nic.* [*following COVIELLE*]. Know then . . .

*Cov.* [*moving away, without looking at NICOLE*]. No, you wretch!

*Luc.* Listen.

*Clé.* Not a whit.

*Nic.* Let me speak.

*Clé.* I am deaf.

*Luc.* Cléonte!

*Clé.* No.

*Nic.* Covielle!

*Cov.* Not a bit.

*Luc.* Stay.

*Clé.* Stuff!

*Nic.* Hear me.

*Cov.* Nonsense!

*Luc.* One moment.

*Clé.* Not one.

*Nic.* A little patience.

*Cov.* Fiddle-sticks!

*Luc.* Two words.

*Clé.* No; it is finished.

*Nic.* One word.

*Cov.* No more dealings.

*Luc.* [*stopping*]. Very well then! since you will not hear me, keep to your own opinion, and do as you please.

*Nic.* [*also stopping*]. Since you act thus, take it as you will.

*Clé.* [*turning towards LUCILE*]. Let us know, then, the reason of such a pretty welcome.

*Luc.* [*going in her turn, to avoid CLÉONTE*]. It no longer pleases me to tell it.

*Cov.* [*turning towards NICOLE*]. Well, just let us learn this story.

*Nic.* [*also going, to avoid COVIELLE*]. I will no longer tell it to you.

*Clé.* [*following LUCILE*]. Tell me . . .

*Luc.* [*moving away, without looking at CLÉONTE*]. No, I shall say nothing.

*Cov.* [*following NICOLE*]. Relate to me . . .

*Nic.* [*moving away, without looking at COVIELLE*]. No, I shall relate nothing to you.

*Clé.* Pray.

*Luc.* No, I tell you.

*Cov.* For mercy's sake.

*Nic.* Not a whit.

*Clé.* I pray you.

*Luc.* Leave me.

*Cov.* I beseech you.

*Nic.* Begone from there.

*Clé.* Lucile!

*Luc.* No.

*Cov.* Nicole!

*Nic.* Not a bit.

*Clé.* In Heaven's name.

*Luc.* I will not.

*Cov.* Speak to me.

*Nic.* Not at all.

*Clé.* Clear up my doubts.

*Luc.* No: I will do nothing of the kind.

*Cov.* Ease my mind.

*Nic.* No: I do not choose.

*Clé.* Well! since you care so little to cure my grief, and to justify yourself for the unworthy treatment which my affection has received from you, this is the last time that you shall see me, ungrateful girl; and I shall go far away from you, to die of grief and love.

*Cov.* [*to NICOLE*]. And I, I will follow his steps.

*Luc.* [*to CLÉONTE, who is going*]. Cléonte!

*Nic.* [*to COVIELLE, who is about to follow his master*]. Covielle!

*Clé.* [*stopping*]. Eh!

*Cov.* [*also stopping*]. Please?

*Luc.* Whither are you going?

*Clé.* Where I have told you.

*Cov.* We are going to die.

*Luc.* You are going to die, Cléonte ?

*Clé.* Yes, cruel one, since you will it so.

*Luc.* I ! I wish you to die ?

*Clé.* Yes, you wish it.

*Luc.* Who says so ?

*Clé.* [*drawing near to LUCILE*]. Is it not wishing it, when you will not clear up my suspicions ?

*Luc.* Is it my fault ? And if you had listened to me, would I not have told you that the adventure of which you complain was caused this morning by the presence of an old aunt, who insists that merely the approach of a man dishonours a girl, who perpetually lectures us on that chapter, and paints us all men as devils whom we should flee from ?

*Nic.* [*to COVIELLE*]. That is the secret of the affair.

*Clé.* Are you not deceiving me, Lucile ?

*Cov.* [*to NICOLE*]. Are you not imposing upon me ?

*Luc.* [*to CLÉONTE*]. Nothing is more true.

*Nic.* [*to COVIELLE*]. That is the affair as it is.

*Cov.* [*to CLÉONTE*]. Shall we give in to this ?

*Clé.* Ah ! Lucile, how quickly you appease things in my heart by a single word from your mouth, and how easily we are persuaded by those whom we love !

*Cov.* How easily one is wheedled by these confounded animals.

MRS. JOURDAIN, CLÉONTE, LUCILE, NICOLE, COVIELLE.

*Mrs. Jour.* I am glad to see you, Cléonte ; and you are just in good time. My husband is coming ; quickly choose the moment to ask him for Lucile's hand.

*Clé.* Ah ! madam, how sweet these words are, and how they flatter my wishes ! Could I receive a more charming command, a more precious favour ?

(*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, 1670; translation by Henri van Laun, Edinburgh, 1876.*)

## THE PERVERSE WIDOW

SIR RICHARD STEELE

IN my first Description of the Company in which I pass most of my Time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great Affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his Youth; which was no less than a Disappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleasing Walk at a Distance from his House. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good Old Man, looking round him with a Smile, "very hard that any Part of my Land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a Sprig of any Bough of this whole Walk of Trees, but I should reflect upon her and her Severity. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to know that this was the Place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that Custom I can never come into it, but the same tender Sentiments revive in my Mind, as if I had actually walked with that Beautiful Creature under these Shades. I have been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark of several of these Trees; so unhappy is the Condition of Men in Love, to attempt the removing of their Passion by the Methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World."

Here followed a profound Silence; and I was not displeas'd to observe my Friend falling so naturally into a Discourse, which I had ever before taken Notice he industriously avoided. After a very long Pause he entered upon an Account of this great Circumstance in his Life, with an Air which I thought rais'd my Idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the Picture of that cheerful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows:





*Terboch.*

THE LOVERS



“I came to my Estate in my Twenty-Second Year, and resolved to follow the Steps of the most Worthy of my Ancestors who have inhabited this Spot of Earth before me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good Neighbourhood, for the Sake of my Fame; and in Country Sports and Recreations, for the sake of my Health. In my Twenty-Third Year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County; and in my Servants, Officers and whole Equipage, indulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that publick Occasion of shewing my Figure and Behaviour to Advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what Appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid<sup>1</sup> well, and was very well dressed, at the Head of a whole County, with Musick before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my Horse well Bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the Kind Looks and Glances I had from all the Balconies and Windows as I rode to the Hall where the Assizes were held. But when I came there, a Beautiful Creature in a Widow's Habit sat in Court to hear the Event of a Cause concerning her Dower. This commanding Creature (who was born for Destruction of all who behold her) put on such a Resignation in her Countenance, and bore the Whispers of all around the Court with such a pretty Uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one Eye to another, 'till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a Murrain to her, she cast her bewitching Eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised Booby; and knowing her Cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a Captivated Calf as I was, Make way for the Defendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made all the County immediately see the Sheriff also was become a Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her Cause was upon Trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep Attention to her Business, took Opportunities to have little Billets handed to her Council, then would be in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much Company, that not only I but the

<sup>1</sup> Ride.

whole Court was prejudiced in her Favour ; and all that the next Heir to her Husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her Council to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the Court thought he could have urged to his Advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse Woman is one of those unaccountable Creatures, that secretly rejoice in the Admiration of Men, but indulge themselves in no further Consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a Train of Admirers, and she removes from her Slaves in Town to those in the Country, according to the Seasons of the Year. She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the Pleasures of Friendship ; She is always accompanied by a Confident, who is Witness to her daily Protestations against our Sex, and consequently a Bar to her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims and Declarations.

“ However, I must needs say this accomplished Mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the Tamest and most Human of all the Brutes in the Country. I was told she said so, by one who thought he rallied me ; but upon the Strength of this slender Encouragement, of being thought least detestable, I made new Liveries, new paired my Coach-Horses, sent them all to Town to be bitted, and taught to throw their Legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the Country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my Retinue suitable to the Character of my Fortune and Youth, I set out from hence to make my Addresses. The particular skill of this Lady has ever been to inflame your Wishes and yet command Respect. To make her Mistress of this Art, she has a greater Share of Knowledge, Wit and good Sense, than is usual even among Men of Merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the Race of Women. If you won't let her go on with a certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of a Beauty, she will arm herself with her real Charms, and strike you with Admiration instead of Desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole Woman, there is that Dignity in her Aspect, that Composure in her Motion, that Compl-



gency in her Manner, that if her Form makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate Scholar, that no Country-Gentleman can approach her without being a Jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her House I was admitted to her Presence with great Civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an Attitude, as I think you call the Posture of a Picture, that she discovered new Charms, and I at last came towards her with such an Awe as made me Speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her Advantage of it, and began a Discourse to me concerning Love and Honour, as they both are followed by Pretenders, and the real Votaries to them. When she [had] discussed these Points in a Discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best Philosopher in *Europe* could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my Sentiments on these important Particulars. Her Confident sat by her, and upon my being in the last Confusion and Silence, this malicious Aid of hers, turning to her, says, I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this Subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his Sentiments upon the Matter which he pleases to speak. They both kept their Countenances, and after I had sat half an Hour meditating how to behave before such profound Casuists, I rose up and took my Leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her Way, and she as often has directed a Discourse to me which I do not understand. This Barbarity has kept me ever at a Distance from the most beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all Mankind, and you must make Love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other Women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the Pleasure of that Man be, who could converse with a Creature — But, after all, you may be sure her Heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her Hand to her Bosom, and adjusted her Tucker. Then she cast her Eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings



excellently: her Voice in her ordinary Speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a publick Table the Day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some Tansy in the Eye of all the Gentlemen in the Country: She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same Condition; for as her Speech is Music, her Form is Angelick. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be Stupidity to be unconcerned at such Perfection. Oh the excellent Creature, she is as inimitable to all Women, as she is inaccessible to all Men."

I found my Friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the House that we might be joined by some other Company; and am convinced that the Widow is the Secret Cause of all that Inconsistency which appears in some Parts of my Friend's Discourse; tho' he has so much Command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to enter in *English*, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this Paper with that whole Epigram, which represents with much Humour my honest Friend's Condition.

"*Quicquid agit Rufus nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo,  
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:  
Cænat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est  
Nævia; Si non sit Nævia mutus erit.  
Scriberet hesterna Patri cum Luce Salutem,  
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen, ave."*

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit or walk,  
Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk;  
Let him eat, drink, ask Questions, or dispute,  
Still he must speak of *Nævia*, or be mute.  
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line,  
I am, my Lovely *Nævia*, ever thine.

(*The Spectator*, London, 1711.)

## MERCY AND NOT JUSTICE

HENRY FIELDING

THE tea-table was scarce removed before Western lugged Allworthy out of the room, telling him he had business of consequence to impart, and must speak to him that instant in private before he forgot it.

The lovers were now alone, and it will, I question not, appear strange to many readers, that those who had so much to say to one another when danger and difficulty attended their conversation, and who seemed so eager to rush into each other's arms when so many bars lay in their way, now that with safety they were at liberty to say or do whatever they pleased, should both remain for some time silent and motionless; insomuch that a stranger of moderate sagacity might have concluded they were mutually indifferent; but so it was, however strange it may seem; both sat with their eyes cast downwards on the ground, and for some minutes continued in perfect silence.

Mr. Jones during this interval attempted once or twice to speak, but was absolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather sighing out, some broken words; when Sophia at length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn the discourse from the subject which she knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, said—

“Sure, sir, you are the most fortunate man in the world in this discovery.” “And can you really, madam, think me so fortunate,” said Jones, sighing, “while I have incurred your displeasure?”—“Nay, sir,” says she, “as to that you best know whether you have deserved it.” “Indeed, madam,” answered he, “you yourself are as well apprized of all my demerits. Mrs. Miller has acquainted you with the whole truth. O! my Sophia, am I never to hope for forgiveness?”—“I think, Mr. Jones,” said she, “I may almost depend on your own justice, and leave it to yourself to pass sentence on your own conduct.”—“Alas!

madam!" answered he, "it is mercy and not justice, which I implore at your hands. Justice I know must condemn me.—Yet not for the letter I sent to Lady Bellaston. Of that I most solemnly declare you have had a true account." He then insisted much on the security given him by Nightingale of a fair pretence for breaking off, if, contrary to their expectations, her ladyship should have accepted his offer; but confessed that he had been guilty of a great indiscretion to put such a letter as that into her power, "which," said he, "I have dearly paid for, in the effect it has had upon you." "I do not, I cannot," says she, "believe otherwise of that letter than you would have me. My conduct, I think, shows you clearly I do not believe there is much in that. And yet, Mr. Jones, have I not enough to resent? After what passed at Upton, so soon to engage in a new amour with another woman, while I fancied and you pretended, your heart was bleeding for me? Indeed, you have acted strangely. Can I believe the passion you have professed to me to be sincere? Or, if I can, what happiness can I assure myself of with a man capable of so much inconstancy?" "O! my Sophia," cries he, "do not doubt the sincerity of the purest passion that ever inflamed a human breast. Think, most adorable creature, of my most unhappy situation, my despair. Could I, my Sophia, have flattered myself with the most distant hopes of being ever permitted to throw myself at your feet in the manner I do now, it would not have been in the power of any other woman to have inspired a thought which the severest chastity could have condemned. Inconstancy to you! O Sophia! if you can have goodness enough to pardon what is past, do not let any cruel future apprehensions shut your mercy against me. No repentance was ever more sincere. O! let it reconcile me to my heaven in this dear bosom." "Sincere repentance, Mr. Jones," answered she, "will obtain the pardon of a sinner, but it is from one who is a perfect judge of that sincerity. A human mind may be imposed on; nor is there any infallible method to prevent it. You must expect, however, that if I can be prevailed on by your repentance to pardon you, I will at least insist on the strongest proof of its sincerity." "O!

name any proof in my power," answered Jones eagerly. "Time," replied she, "time alone, Mr. Jones, can convince me that you are a true penitent, and have resolved to abandon these vicious courses, which I should detest you for, if I imagined you capable of persevering in them." "Do not imagine it," cries Jones. "On my knees, I entreat, I implore your confidence, a confidence which it shall be the business of my life to deserve." "Let it then," said she, "be the business of some part of your life to show me you deserve it. I think I have been explicit enough in assuring you that, when I see you merit my confidence, you will obtain it. After what is past, sir, can you expect I should take you upon your word?"

He replied, "Don't believe me upon my word; I have a better security, a pledge for my constancy, which it is impossible to see and to doubt." "What is that?" said Sophia, a little surprised. "I will show you, my charming angel," cried Jones, seizing her hand and carrying her to the glass. "There, behold it there in that lovely figure, in that face, that shape, those eyes, that mind which shines through these eyes; can the man who shall be in possession of these be inconstant? Impossible! my Sophia; they would fix a Dorimant, a Lord Rochester. You could not doubt it, if you could see yourself with any eyes but your own." Sophia blushed and half smiled; but, forcing again her brow into a frown—"If I am to judge," said she, "of the future by the past, my image will no more remain in your heart when I am out of your sight, than it will in this glass when I am out of the room." "By heaven, by all that is sacred!" said Jones, "it never was out of my heart. The delicacy of your sex cannot conceive the grossness of ours, nor how little one sort of amour has to do with the heart." "I will never marry a man," said Sophia, very gravely, "who shall not learn refinement enough to be as incapable as I am myself of making such a distinction." "I will learn it," said Jones. "I have learnt it already. The first moment of hope that my Sophia might be my wife taught it me at once; and all the rest of her sex from that moment became as little the object of desire to my sense as of passion to my heart." "Well," said Sophia,

“the proof of this must be from time. Your situation, Mr. Jones, is now altered, and I assure you I have great satisfaction in the alteration. You will now want no opportunity of being near me, and convincing me that your mind is altered too.” “O! my angel,” cries Jones, “how shall I thank thy goodness! And are you so good to own that you have a satisfaction in my prosperity?—Believe me, believe me, madam, it is you alone have given a relish to that prosperity, since I owe it to the dear hope—O! my Sophia, let it not be a distant one.—I will be all obedience to your commands. I will not dare to press anything further than you permit me. Yet let me entreat you to appoint a short trial. O! tell me when I may expect you will be convinced of what is most solemnly true.” “When I have gone voluntarily thus far, Mr. Jones,” said she, “I expect not to be pressed. Nay, I will not.”—“O! don’t look unkindly thus, my Sophia,” cries he. “I do not, I dare not press you.—Yet permit me at least once more to beg you would fix the period. O! consider the impatience of love.”—“A twelvemonth, perhaps,” said she. “O! my Sophia,” cries he, “you have named an eternity.”—“Perhaps it may be something sooner,” says she; “I will not be teased. If your passion for me be what I would have it, I think you may now be easy.”—“Easy. Sophia, call not such an exulting happiness as mine by so cold a name.—O! transporting thought! am I not assured that the blessed day will come, when I shall call you mine; when fears shall be no more; when I shall have that dear, that vast, that exquisite, ecstatic delight of making my Sophia happy?”—“Indeed, sir,” said she, “that day is in your own power”—“O! my dear, my divine angel,” cried he, “these words have made me mad with joy—But I must, I will thank those dear lips which have made me mad with joy.—But I must, I will thank those dear lips which have so sweetly pronounced my bliss.” He then caught her in his arms, and kissed her with an ardour he had never ventured before.

At this instant Western, who had stood some time listening, burst into the room, and, with his hunting voice and phrase, cried out, “To her, boy, to her, go to her.—



That's it, little honeys, O that's it ! Well ! what, is it all over ? Hath she appointed the day, boy ? What, shall it be to-morrow or next day ? It shan't be put off a minute longer than next day, I am resolved."

(*The History of Tom Jones ; a Foundling, London, 1749.*)

## EXQUISITE PROPRIETY

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

*Thursday morning, October 19th.*

AFTER breakfast, first one, then another dropt away, and left only Sir Charles and me together. Lucy was the last that went; and the moment she was withdrawn, while I was thinking to retire to dress, he placed himself by me: Think me not abrupt, my dearest Miss Byron, said he, that I take almost the only opportunity which has offered of entering upon a subject that is next my heart.

I found my face glow. I was silent.

You have given me hope, madam: All your friends encourage that hope. I love, I revere your friends. What I have now to petition for, is, A confirmation of the hope I have presumed upon. CAN you, madam (the Female delicacy is more delicate than that of man *can* be) unequally as you may think yourself circumstanced with a man who owns that once he could have devoted himself to another Lady? CAN you say, that the man before you is the man whom you *can*, whom you *do*, prefer to any other?

He stopt; expecting my answer.

After some hesitations, I have been accustomed, Sir, said I, by those friends whom you so *deservedly* value, to speak nothing but the simplest truth. In an article of this moment, I should be inexcusable, if—

I stopt. His eyes were fixed upon my face. For my life I could not speak; yet wished to be able to speak—

*If—If what, madam?* and he snatched my hand, bowed his face upon it, held it there, not looking up to mine. I could then speak—If thus urged, and by SIR CHARLES GRANDISON—I did not speak my heart—I answer—Sir—I CAN—I DO. I wanted, I thought, just then to shrink into myself.

He kissed my hand with fervour; dropt down on one knee; again kissed it—You have laid me, madam, under



*Fragonard.*

DECLARATION OF LOVE





everlasting obligation: And will you permit me to beg an early day?—I have many affairs on my hands; many more in design, now I am come, as I hope, to settle in my native country for the rest of my life. My chief glory will be, to behave commendably in the *private* life. I wish not to be a public man; and it must be a very particular call, for the Service of my King and Country united, that shall draw me out into public notice. Make me, madam, soon the happy *husband* I hope to be. I prescribe not to you the time: But you are above empty forms. May I presume to hope, it will be before the end of a month to come?

He had forgot himself. He said, he would not prescribe to me.

After some involuntary hesitations—I am afraid of nothing so much just now, Sir, said I, as appearing, to a man of your honour and penetration, affected. Rise, Sir, I beseech you! I cannot bear——

I will, madam, and rise as well as kneel to thank you, when you have answered a question so very important to my happiness.

Before I could resume, Only believe me, madam, said he, that my urgency is not the insolent urgency of one who imagines a Lady will receive as a *compliment* his impatience. And if you will have no scruple that you think of *high* importance, add, I beseech you, to the obligations you have laid him under to your condescending goodness (and add with that frankness of heart which has distinguished you in my eyes above all women) the very high one, of an early day.

I looked down—I could not look up—I was afraid of being thought affected—Yet how could I so soon think of obliging him?

He proceeded—You are silent, madam!—Propitious be your silence! Allow me to enquire of your *Aunt*, for your kind, your condescending acquiescence. I will not now urge you further: I will be all hope.

Let me say, Sir, that I must not be precipitated. These are very early days.

Much more was in my mind to say; but I hesitated—I could not speak. Surely, my dear Ladies, it was too early



an urgency. And can a woman be wholly unobservant of custom, and the Laws of her Sex?—Something is due to the fashion in our dress, however absurd that dress might have appeared in the last age (as theirs do to us) or may in the next: And shall not those customs which have their foundation in modesty, and are characteristic of the gentler Sex, be entitled to excuse, and more than excuse?

He saw my confusion. Let me not, my dearest life, distress you, said he. Beautiful as your emotion is, I cannot enjoy it, if it gives you pain. Yet is the question so important to me; so much is my heart concerned in the favourable answer I hope for from your goodness; that I must not let this opportunity slip, except it be your pleasure that I attend your determination from Mrs. Selby's mouth.—Yet *that* I choose neither; because I presume for more favour from your own, than you will, on *cold* deliberation, allow your Aunt to shew me. Love will plead for its faithful votary in a single breast, when consultation on the supposed fit and unfit, the object absent, will produce delay. But I will retire, for two moments. You shall be my prisoner meantime. Not a soul shall come in to interrupt us, unless it be at your call. I will return, and receive your determination; and if that be the fixing of my happy day, how you will rejoice me!

While I was debating within myself, whether I should be angry or pleased, he returned, and found me walking about the room.—Soul of my hope, said he, taking with reverence my hand; I now presume that you *can* and *will* oblige me.

You have given me no time, Sir: But let me request, that you will not expect an answer, in relation to the early day you *so* early ask for, till after the receipt of your next Letters from Italy. You see how the admirable Lady is urged; how reluctantly she has given them but *distant* hopes of complying with their wishes. I should be glad to wait for the next Letters; for those, at least, which will be an answer to yours, acquainting them, that there *is* a woman with whom you think you could be happy. I am earnest in this request, Sir. Think it not owing to affectation.

I acquiesce, madam. The answer to those Letters will soon be here. It will indeed be some time before I can receive a reply to that I wrote in answer to Jeronymo's last Letter. I impute not affectation to my dearest Miss Byron. I can easily comprehend your motive: It is a generous one. But it befits me to say, that the next Letters from Italy, whatever may be their contents, can *now* make no alteration on my part. Have I not declared myself to your friends, to you, and to the world?

Indeed, sir, they *may* make an alteration on mine, highly as I think of the honour Sir Charles Grandison does me by his good opinion. For, pardon me, should the most excellent of women think of resuming a place in your heart——

Let me interrupt you, madam.—It cannot *be*, that Lady Clementina, proceeding, as she has done, on motives of piety, zealous in her religion, and all her relations now earnest in another man's favour, can alter her mind. I should not have acted with justice, with gratitude, to her, had I not tried her stedfastness by every way I could devise: Nor in justice to *both* ladies, would I allow myself to apply for *your* favour, till I had *her* resolution confirmed to me under her own hand after my arrival in England. But were it *now* possible that she should vary, and were you, madam, to hold your determination in my favour suspended; the consequence would be thus: I should never, while that suspense lasted, be the *husband of any woman on earth*.

I hope, sir, you will not be displeased. I did not think you would so *soon* be so *very* earnest. But this, Sir, I say, Let me have reason to think, that my happiness will not be the misfortune of a more excellent woman, and it shall be my endeavour to make the man happy who *only* can make me so.

He clasped me in his arms with an ardor—that displeased me not—on reflection.—But at the time startled me. He then thanked me again on one knee. I held out the hand he held not in his, with intent to raise him; for I could not speak. He received it as a token of favour; kissed it with ardor; arose; *again* pressed my cheek with his lips. I was too much surprised to repulse him with anger. . . .

Sir Charles, my Uncle, and Mr. Deane took a little walk, and returned just as dinner was ready. My Uncle took me aside, and whispered to me; I am glad at my heart and soul the ice is broken. This is a man of true spirit—*Adsbheart*, Harriet, you will be Lady Grandison in a fortnight, at furthest, I hope. You have had a charming *confabulation*, I doubt not. I can guess you have, by Sir Charles's declaring himself more and more delighted with you. And he owns that he put the question to you.—Hey, Harriet!—Smiling in my face.

Every one's eyes were upon me. Sir Charles, I believe, saw me look as if I were apprehensive of my uncle's raillery. He came up to us: My dear Miss Byron, said he, in my uncle's hearing, I have owned to Mr. Selby, the request I presumed to make you. I am afraid that he, as well as you, think me too bold and forward. If, madam, *you* do, I ask your pardon: My hopes shall always be controlled by your pleasure.

This made my uncle complaisant to me. I was reassured. I was pleased to be so seasonably relieved.

(*The History of Sir Charles Grandison, London, 1753.*)





*Leslie.*

UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW



MY UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN

LAURENCE STERNE

I AM half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; a mote, or sand, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine; do look into it: it is not in the white.

In saying which Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up. Do look into it, said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocence of heart as ever child looked into a raree show-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did; and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking, and looking, then rubbing his eyes, and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo look'd for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ, Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right; there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lam-

bent delicious fire furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine.

If thou lookest, my uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

An eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon, in this respect, That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye, and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one: however, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that wherever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you will keep it in your fancy.

I protest, Madam, said my uncle Toby, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white, said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created; from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as veneréal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking; it was not, Madam, a rolling eye, a romping, or a wanton one; nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious, of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up; but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations, and soft responses, speaking, not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft, like the last low accents of an expiring saint, "How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on, or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye ——

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business.

*(Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, York, 1759.)*

## A LUCKY MISTAKE

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

*Enter SIR CHARLES MARLOW and MISS HARDCASTLE.*

**SIR CHAS.** What a situation am I in! If what you say appears I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

*Miss Hard.* I am proud of your approbation, and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

*Sir Chas.* I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [Exit SIR CHARLES.

*Enter MARLOW.*

*Mar.* Tho' prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

*Miss Hard.* [*in her own natural manner*]. I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, Sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

*Mar.* [*aside*]. This girl every moment improves upon me. [*To her.*] It must not be, Madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

*Miss Hard.* Then go, Sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Tho' my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed

merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fix'd on Fortune.

*Enter HARDCASTLE and SIR CHARLES MARLOW from behind.*

*Sir Chas.* Here, behind this screen.

*Hard.* Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

*Mar.* By heavens, Madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion. But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seem'd rustic plainness, now appears refin'd simplicity. What seem'd forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of a courageous innocence, and conscious virtue.

*Sir Chas.* What can it mean! He amazes me!

*Hard.* I told you how it would be. Hush!

*Mar.* I am now determined to stay, Madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

*Miss Hard.* No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connection, in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

*Mar.* By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and tho' you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

*Miss Hard.* Sir, I must entreat you to desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connection, where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

*Mar.* [*kneeling*]. Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, Madam, every moment that shows me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue —

*Sir Chas.* I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

*Hard.* Your cold contempt; your formal interview? What have you to say now?

*Mar.* That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

*Hard.* It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

*Mar.* Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

*Hard.* Yes, Sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be.

*Mar.* Oh, the devil!

*Miss Hard.* Yes, Sir, the very identical tall squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. [*Curtesying.*] She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable rattle of the ladies' club; ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Zounds! there's no bearing this; it's worse than death.

*Miss Hard.* In which of your characters, Sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Mrs. Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning; ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* O, curse on my noisy head! I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

*Hard.* By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, Sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate! We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him to the back scene.*]



*Enter* MRS. HARDCASTLE and TONY.

*Mrs. Hard.* So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

*Hard.* Who gone?

*Mrs. Hard.* My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

*Sir Chas.* Who, my honest George Hastings. As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

*Hard.* Then by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connection.

*Mrs. Hard.* Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune, that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

*Hard.* Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary?

*Mrs. Hard.* Ay, that's my affair not yours. But you know if your son, when of age refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

*Hard.* Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

*Enter* HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

*Mrs. Hard.* [*aside*]. What, returned so soon, I begin not to like it.

*Hast.* [*to HARDCASTLE*]. For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

*Miss Nev.* Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I am now recover'd from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connection.

*Mrs. Hard.* Pshaw! pshaw! this is all but whining end of a modern novel.

*Hard.* Be it what it will, I'm glad they are come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

*Tony.* What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

*Hard.* While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare, you have been of age these three months.

*Tony.* Of age! Am I of age, father?

*Hard.* Above three months.

*Tony.* Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. [*Taking MISS NEVILLE's hand.*] Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, esquire, of Blank Place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, Spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

*Sir Chas.* O brave 'squire!

*Hast.* My worthy friend!

*Mrs. Hard.* My undutiful offspring!

*Mar.* Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

*Hast.* [*to MISS HARDCASTLE.*] Come, Madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

*Hard.* [*joining their hands.*] And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crown'd with a merry morning; so, boy, take her: and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife. [*Exeunt.*]

(*She Stoops to Conquer, London, 1773.*)

## A SENTIMENTAL LOVER

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

*July 13th.*  
NO, I am not deceived. In her dark eyes I read a genuine interest in me and in my fortunes. Yes, I feel it, and I may believe my own heart which tells me—dare I say it?—dare I pronounce the divine words—that she loves me!

That she loves me! How the idea exalts me in my own eyes! and as you can understand my feelings, I may say to you, how I honour myself since she loves me!

Is this presumption, or is it the consciousness of the truth? I do not know a man able to supplant me in the heart of Charlotte; and yet when she speaks of her betrothed with so much warmth and affection, I feel like the soldier who has been stripped of his honours, and deprived of his sword.

*July 17th.*  
How my heart beats when by accident I touch her finger, or my feet meet hers under the table! I draw back as if from a furnace, but a secret force impels me forward again and my senses become disordered. Her innocent, unconscious heart never knows what agony these little familiarities inflict upon me! Sometimes when we are talking she lays her hand upon mine, and in the eagerness of conversation closer to me, and her balmy breath reaches my lips,—when I feel as if lightning had struck me, and that I could sink into the earth.

*July 18th.*  
I have not been able to see Charlotte to-day. I was prevented by company from which I could not disengage myself. What was to be done? I sent my servant to her house, that I might, at least, see somebody to-day who had





*Kaulbach.*

WERTHER AND CHARLOTTE



been near her. Oh! the impatience with which I waited for his return—the joy with which I welcomed him! I should certainly have caught him in my arms and kissed him; if I had not been ashamed.

It is said that the Bonona stone, when placed in the sun, attracts the rays, and for a time appears luminous in the dark. So was it with me and this servant. The idea that Charlotte's eyes had dwelt on his countenance, his cheek, his very apparel, endeared them all inestimably to me, so that at the moment I would not have parted from him for a thousand crowns. His presence made me so happy! Beware of laughing at me, Wilhelm. Can that be a delusion which makes us happy?

*July 19th.*

“I shall see her to-day!” I exclaim with delight, when I rise in the morning, and look out with gladness of heart at the bright, beautiful sun,—“I shall see her to-day!” and then I have no further wish to form; all—all is included in that one thought.

*July 30th.*

Albert is arrived and I must take my departure. Were he the best and noblest of men and I in every respect his inferior, I could not endure to see him in possession of such a perfect being. Possession!—enough, Wilhelm; her betrothed is here! A fine, worthy fellow, whom one cannot help liking. Fortunately, I was not present at their meeting. It would have broken my heart! And he is so considerate; he has not given Charlotte one kiss in my presence. Heaven reward him for it! I must love him for the respect with which he treats her. He shows a regard for me, but for this I suspect I am more indebted to Charlotte than to his own fancy for me. Women have a delicate tact in such matters; and it should be so. They cannot always succeed in keeping two rivals on terms with each other; but when they do, they are the only gainers.

I cannot help esteeming Albert. The coolness of his temper contrasts strongly with the impetuosity of mine, which I cannot conceal. He has a great deal of feeling,

and is fully sensible of the treasure he possesses in Charlotte. He is free from ill-humour, which you know is the fault I detest most.

He regards me as a man of sense, and my attachment to Charlotte, and the interest I take in all that concerns her, augment his triumph and his love. I shall not inquire whether he may not at times tease her with some little jealousies, as I know that were I in his place, I should not be entirely free from such sensations.

But be that as it may, my pleasure with Charlotte is over. Call it folly, or infatuation, what signifies a name? The thing speaks for itself. Before Albert came, I knew all that I know now. I knew I could make no pretensions to her, nor did I offer any; that is, as far as it was possible in the presence of so much loveliness, not to pant for its enjoyment. And now, behold me, like a silly fellow, staring with astonishment when another comes in and deprives me of my love.

I bite my lips and feel infinite scorn for those who tell me to be resigned, because there is no help for it. Let me escape from the yoke of such silly subterfuges! I ramble through the woods, and when I return to Charlotte, and find Albert sitting by her side in the summer-house in the garden, I am unable to bear it; behave like a fool; and commit a thousand extravagances. "For Heaven's sake," said Charlotte to-day, "let us have no more scenes like those of last night. You terrify me when you are so violent." Between ourselves, I am always away now when he visits her, and I feel delighted when I find her alone.

*September 5th.*

Charlotte had written a letter to her husband in the country, where he was detained by business. It commenced "My dearest love, return as soon as possible; I await you with a thousand raptures." A friend, who arrived, brought word that, for certain reasons, he could not return immediately. Charlotte's letter was not forwarded, and the same evening it fell into my hands. I read it and smiled. She asked the reason. "What a heavenly treasure is imagination!" I exclaimed; "I fancied for a moment that this was written

to me!" She paused and seemed displeased. I was silent.

*September 6th.*

It cost me much to part with the blue coat which I wore the first time I danced with Charlotte. But I could not possibly wear it any longer. But I have ordered a new one, precisely similar, even to the collar and sleeves, as well as a new waistcoat and pantaloons.

But it does not produce the same effect upon me. I know not how it is; but I hope in time I shall like it better.

I wish, Charlotte, to be buried in the dress I wear at present; it has been rendered sacred by your touch. I have begged this favour of your father. My spirit soars above my sepulchre. I do not wish my pockets to be searched. The knot of pink ribbon which you wore on your bosom the first time I saw you, surrounded by the children!—O kiss them a thousand times for me, and tell them the fate of their unhappy friend. I think I see them playing around me. The dear children! How warmly have I been attached to you, Charlotte! Since the first hour I saw you, how impossible have I found it to leave you. This ribbon must be buried with me; it was a present from you on my birthday. How confused it all appears!

*December 21st.*

Past eleven o'clock! All is silent around me, and my soul is calm. I thank thee, O God, that thou bestowest strength and courage upon me in these last moments. I approach the window, my dearest of friends, and through the clouds, which are at this moment driven rapidly along by the impetuous winds, I behold the stars which illumine the eternal heavens! No, you will not fall, celestial bodies! the hand of the Almighty supports both you and me! I have looked for the last time upon the constellation of the Great Bear; it is my favourite star; for when I bade you farewell at night, Charlotte, and turned my steps from your door, it always shone upon me. With

what rapture have I at times beheld it! How often have I implored it with uplifted hands to witness my felicity? and even still—— But what object is there, Charlotte, which fails to summon up your image before me? Do you not surround me on all sides? and have I not, like a child, treasured up every trifle which you have consecrated by your touch?

“Your profile, which was so dear to me, I return to you, and I pray you to preserve it. Thousands of kisses have I imprinted upon it, and a thousand times has it gladdened my heart on departing from and returning to my home . . .

“Oh, that I had enjoyed the bliss of dying for you! How gladly would I have sacrificed myself for you. Charlotte! And could I but restore peace and joy to your bosom, with what resolution, with what joy would I not meet my fate! But it is the lot of only a chosen few to shed their blood for their friends, and by their death to augment, a thousand times, the happiness of those by whom they are beloved. Little did I then think that I should journey this road. But, peace! I pray you, peace!

They are loaded—the clock strikes twelve. I say, amen. Charlotte, Charlotte! farewell, farewell!

(*The Sorrows of Young Werther*, Leipzig, 1774.)

## A PERVERSE LADY

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

*SIR ANTHONY.* Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive. Odds life! Matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart to be so good-humoured! and so gallant! hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

*Mrs. Mal.* Well, Sir Anthony, since *you* desire it, we will not anticipate the past; so mind, young people, our retrospection will be all to the future.

*Sir Anth.* Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant! Jack, isn't the cheek as I said, hey? and the eye, you rogue! and the lip, hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness—theirs is the time of life for happiness! "Youth's the season made for joy" [*sings*], hey! Odds life! I'm in such spirits, I don't know what I could not do! Permit me, ma'am [*gives his hand to* MRS. MALAPROP]. [*Sings.*] Tol-de-rol—'gad, I should like to have a little fooling myself—Tol-de-rol! de-rol.

[*Exit singing and handling* MRS. MALAPROP.]

[LYDIA *sits sullenly in her chair.*]

*Abs.* So much thought bodes me no good. [*Aside.*] So grave, Lydia!

*Lydia.* Sir!

*Abs.* So! egad! I thought as much! that d—n'd monosyllable has froze me! [*Aside.*] What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends' consent, as in our mutual vows——

*Lydia.* *Friend's consent* indeed! [*Peevishly.*]

*Abs.* Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as——



*Lydia.* *Lawyers!* I hate lawyers!

*Abs.* Nay, then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the license, and——

*Lydia.* The *license!* I hate license!

*Abs.* O, my love! be not so unkind! thus let me entreat—— [*Kneeling.*

*Lydia.* Pshaw! what signifies kneeling, when you know I *must* have you!

*Abs.* [*rising*]. Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclination, I promise you. If I have lost your heart, I resign the rest. 'Gad, I must try what a little *Spirit* will do. [*Aside.*

*Lydia* [*rising*]. Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud. What, you have been treating *me* like a child! humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose at your success!

*Abs.* You wrong me, *Lydia*, you wrong me—only hear——

*Lydia.* So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all, behold my hopes are to be crushed at once by my aunt's consent and approbation, and *I* am myself the only dupe at last! [*Walking about in a heat.*] But here, sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! [*taking a miniature from her bosom*], which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties! There, sir [*flings it at him*], and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily.

*Abs.* Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that. Here [*taking out a picture*], here is Miss *Lydia* Languish, what a difference! ay, *there* is the heavenly assenting smile that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes! those are the lips which sealed a vow, as yet scarce dry, in Cupid's calendar! and there the half-resentful blush, that *would* have checked the ardour of my thanks. Well, all that's past! all over, indeed! There, madam, in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind its merit over the original, in being 'still the same, is such—that—I cannot find in my heart to part with it. [*Puts it up again.*

*Lydia.* [*softening*]. 'Tis *your own* doing, sir,—I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

*Abs.* O, most certainly; sure, now, this is much better than being in love! ha! ha! ha! there's some *spirit* in *this*! What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises: all that's of no consequence, you know. To be sure people will say, that miss didn't know her own mind, but never mind that! or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her; but don't let that fret you.

*Lydia.* There's no bearing his insolence.

[*Bursts into tears.*]

*Enter* MRS. MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY.

*Mrs. Mal.* [*entering*]. Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing awhile.

*Lydia.* This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate.

[*Sobbing.*]

*Sir Anth.* What the devil's the matter now! Z—ds! *Mrs. Malaprop*, this is the *oddest billing* and *cooing* I ever heard! but what the deuce is the meaning of it? I am quite astonished!

*Abs.* Ask the lady, sir.

*Mrs. Mal.* O, mercy! I'm quite analysed, for my parts! Why, *Lydia*, what is the reason of this?

*Lydia.* Ask the gentleman, ma'am.

*Sir Anth.* Z—ds! I shall be in a phrenzy! why, *Jack*, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

*Mrs. Mal.* Ay, sir, there's no more trick, is there? You are not like *Cerberus*, *three* gentlemen at once, are you?

*Abs.* You'll not let me speak—I say the lady can account for this much better than I can.

*Lydia.* Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of *Beverley* again—there is the man. I now obey you! for, from this moment, I renounce him forever.

[*Exit* LYDIA.]

JULIA'S dressing-room. JULIA and LYDIA.

*Lydia.* O, Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation. Lud! child, what's the matter with you? You have been crying! I'll be hanged if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

*Julia.* You mistake the cause of my uneasiness! Something *has* flurried me a little. Nothing that you can guess at. I would not accuse Faulkland to a sister! [*Aside.*

*Lydia.* Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them. You know who Beverley proves to be?

*Julia.* I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject, without a serious endeavour to counteract your caprice.

*Lydia.* So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one! but I don't care—I'll never have him.

*Julia.* Nay, Lydia —

*Lydia.* Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last. There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements! so becoming a disguise! so amiable a ladder of ropes! Conscious moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the newspapers! O, I shall die with disappointment!

*Julia.* I don't wonder at it!

*Lydia.* Now, sad reverse! What have I to expect, but, after a great deal of flimsy preparation with a bishop's licence, and my aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, spinster! O, that I should live to hear myself called Spinster!

*Julia.* Melancholy, indeed!

*Lydia.* How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow! How often have I stole forth, in

the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue! Then would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold and I with apprehension! and while the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour! Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love.

*Julia.* If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you, but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earnestly to entreat you not to let a man who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

(*The Rivals*, 1775.)



## WAS SHE TO BLAME?

FRANCES BURNEY

WHEN I went down stairs to dinner, Lord Orville, who was still in excellent spirits, reproached me for secluding myself so much from the company. He sat next me,—he *would* sit next me,—at table; and he might, I am sure, repeat what he once said of me before, *that he almost exhausted himself in fruitless endeavours to entertain me*;—for, indeed, I was not to be entertained: I was totally spiritless and dejected; the idea of the approaching meeting,—and O sir, the idea of the approaching parting,—gave a heaviness to my heart that I could neither conquer nor repress. I even regretted the half explanation that had passed, and wished Lord Orville had supported his own reserve, and suffered me to support mine.

However, when during dinner, Mrs. Beaumont spoke of our journey, my gravity was no longer singular; a cloud instantly overspread the countenance of Lord Orville, and he became nearly as thoughtful and as silent as myself.

We all went together to the drawing-room. After a short and unentertaining conversation, Mrs. Selwyn said she must prepare for her journey, and begged me to seek for some books she had left in the parlour.

And here, while I was looking for them, I was followed by Lord Orville. He shut the door after he came in, and approaching me with a look of anxiety, said, “Is this true, Miss Anville? are you going?”

“I believe so, my lord,” said I, still looking for the books.

“So suddenly, so unexpectedly must I lose you?”

“No great loss, my lord,” cried I, endeavouring to speak cheerfully.

“Is it possible,” said he gravely, “Miss Anville can doubt my sincerity?”

“I can’t imagine,” cried I, “what Mrs. Selwyn has done with these books.”



“Would to Heaven,” continued he, “I might flatter myself you would allow me to prove it!”

“I must run up-stairs,” cried I, greatly confused, “and ask what she has done with them.”

“You are going then,” cried he, taking my hand, “and you give me not the smallest hope of your return!—will you not, then, my too lovely friend!—will you not, at least, teach me, with fortitude like your own, to support your absence?”

“My lord,” cried I, endeavouring to disengage my hand, “pray let me go!”

“I will,” cried he, to my inexpressible confusion, dropping on one knee, “if you wish to leave me!”

“Oh, my lord,” exclaimed I, “rise, I beseech you, rise!—such a posture to me!—surely your lordship is not so cruel as to mock me!”

“Mock you!” repeated he earnestly; “no! I revere you! I esteem and I admire you above all human beings! you are the friend to whom my soul is attached as to its better half! you are the most amiable, the most perfect of women! and you are dearer to me than language has the power of telling.”

I attempt not to describe my sensations at that moment; I scarce breathed; I doubted if I existed,—the blood forsook my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me: Lord Orville, hastily rising, supported me to a chair, upon which I sunk, almost lifeless.

For a few minutes we neither of us spoke; and then, seeing me recover, Lord Orville, though in terms hardly articulate, entreated my pardon for his abruptness. The moment my strength returned I attempted to rise, but he would not permit me.

I cannot write the scene that followed, though every word is engraven on my heart; but his protestations, his expressions were too flattering for repetition; nor would he, in spite of my repeated efforts to leave him, suffer me to escape;—in short, my dear sir, I was not proof against his solicitations, and he drew from me the most sacred secret of my heart!

I know not how long we were together; but Lord Orville

was upon his knees, when the door was opened by Mrs. Selwyn!—To tell you, sir, the shame with which I was overwhelmed would be impossible:—I snatched my hand from Lord Orville,—he, too, started and rose, and Mrs. Selwyn, for some instants, stood facing us both in silence.

At last, “My lord,” said she, sarcastically, “have you been so good as to help Miss Anville to look for my books?”

“Yes, madam,” answered he, attempting to rally, “and I hope we shall soon be able to find them.”

“Your lordship is extremely kind,” said she dryly, “but I can by no means consent to take up any more of your time.” Then looking on the window-seat she presently found the books, and added, “Come, here are just three, and so, like the servants in the Drummer, this important affair may give employment to us all.” She then presented one of them to Lord Orville, another to me, and taking a third herself, with a most provoking look, she left the room.

I would instantly have followed her, but Lord Orville, who could not help laughing, begged me to stay a minute, as he had many important matters to discuss.

“No, indeed, my lord, I cannot,—perhaps I have already staid too long.”

“Does Miss Anville so soon repent her goodness?”

“I scarce know what I do, my lord; I am quite bewildered!”

“One hour’s conversation,” cried he, “will, I hope, compose your spirits and confirm my happiness. When, then, may I hope to see you alone? shall you walk in the garden to-morrow before breakfast?”

“No, no, my lord; you must not, a second time, reproach me with making an *appointment*.”

“Do you then,” said he laughing, “reserve that honour only for Mr. Macartney?”

“Mr. Macartney,” said I, “is poor, and thinks himself obliged to me; otherwise ——”

“Poverty,” cried he, “I will not plead; but if being *obliged* to you has any weight, who shall dispute *my* title to an appointment?”

“My lord, I can stay no longer: Mrs. Selwyn will lose all patience.”

“Deprive her not of the pleasure of her *conjectures*, but tell me, are you under Mrs. Selwyn’s care?”

“Only for the present, my lord.”

“Not a few are the questions I have to ask Miss Anville: among them the most important is whether she depends wholly on herself, or whether there is any other person for whose interest I must solicit?”

“I hardly know, my lord, I hardly know myself to whom I most belong.”

“Suffer, suffer me, then,” cried he with warmth, “to hasten the time when that shall no longer admit a doubt!—when your grateful Orville may call you all his own!”

At length, but with difficulty, I broke from him. I went, however, to my own room, for I was too much agitated to follow Mrs. Selwyn. Good God, my dear sir, what a scene! surely the meeting for which I shall prepare tomorrow cannot so greatly affect me! To be loved by Lord Orville,—to be the honoured choice of his noble heart,—my happiness seemed too infinite to be borne, and I wept, even bitterly wept, from the excess of joy which overpowered me.

In this state of almost painful felicity, I continued till I was summoned to tea. When I re-entered the drawing-room, I rejoiced to find it full of company, as the confusion with which I met Lord Orville was rendered the less observable.

Immediately after tea most of the company played at cards, and then, till supper-time, Lord Orville devoted himself wholly to me.

He saw that my eyes were red, and would not let me rest till he had made me confess the cause; and when, though most reluctantly, I had acknowledged my weakness, I could with difficulty refrain from weeping again at the gratitude he expressed.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now, my dearest sir, may I not call for your congratulations upon the events of the day? a day never to be recollected by me but with the most grateful joy! I know how much you are inclined to think well of Lord Orville:

I cannot, therefore, apprehend that my frankness to him will displease you. Perhaps the time is not very distant, when your Evelina's choice may receive the sanction of her best friend's judgment and approbation, which seems now all she has to wish.

In regard to the change in my situation which must first take place, surely I cannot be blamed for what has passed: the partiality of Lord Orville must not only reflect honour upon me, but upon all to whom I do or may belong.

(*Evelina; or, A Young Lady's Entrance Into the World,*  
*London, 1778.*)









THROUGH LOVE, A SOUL

FRIEDRICH BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

WHEN evening came, Undine hung with a tender meekness on the knight's arm, and gently drew him to the door, where the setting sun was lighting up the moist grass, and gleaming round the tall slender stems of the trees. In the eyes of the young wife there swam, as it were, a dew of melancholy and of love, a tender sorrowful secret seemed hanging on her lips, a secret that was translated only in sighs that were scarcely audible. Silently she led her lover farther away; when he spoke, she replied only with looks which might be not wholly pertinent to his questions, but in which there lay a whole heaven of love and shy devotion. So they reached the bank of the swollen forest torrent, and to the astonishment of the knight, they found that its waters had so far retired and had become so quiet that no trace was left of their former rage and volume.

“By to-morrow,” said the lovely wife with a tear in her voice,—“by to-morrow it will have quite subsided, and then no one can prevent you from riding off, whither you will.”

“Not without you, little Undine,” answered the knight as he laughed: “even if I wanted to escape you, Church and State, Priest and Emperor, would combine to bring you back your fugitive.”

“It all depends on you, it all depends on you,” whispered the girl, half weeping, half smiling. “But I think you will want to keep me, for I am so very fond of you. Now, take me over to the little island, that lies in front of us. It shall be decided there. I could very easily slip through the wavelets by myself, but it is so delightful to rest in your arms, and, if you cast me off, at all events I shall have been resting sweetly there for the last time.”

Huldbrand, strangely agitated and alarmed, knew not

what to reply. He took her in his arms, and carried her over, now for the first time realizing, as he did so, that this was the very island whence on that first night he had borne her back to the old fisherman. He laid her down, a lovely burden, on the soft grass, and would have seated himself caressingly beside her; but she said, "No! over there, opposite me! I wish to read your eyes before your lips can speak. Listen attentively to what I am going to tell you!" And then she began.

"You must know, my sweet darling, that in the elements there exist beings whose outer semblance is almost the same as your own. They but seldom allow you to gaze upon them. In the flames glitter and sparkle the marvellous salamanders; deep within the earth the lean, spiteful gnomes have their dwelling; through the woodlands flit the wood-folk, whose home is in the air; and in the lakes and streams and rivulets there moves the endless race of spirits of the water. In ringing vaults of crystal, through which heaven looks down with sun and stars, these have their abode; lofty trees of coral loaded with blue and ruddy fruitage flourish in those gardens, where the inhabitants walk on pure sea-sand, or over fair and variegated shells. All that the ancient world could boast of beauty, all that our world of to-day is not worthy to enjoy, that the streams concealed with their secret veils of silver, and below them sparkle now those noble memorials, bedewed by those loving waters, which allure them out of their exquisite moss-blooms and tufted reeds. But there they dwell and are gentle and mild to look upon, most of them fairer far than humankind. Many a fisherman has rejoiced to surprise a delicate water-girl, rising from the floods and singing. Of her beauty he has told his fellows, and men have come to name such strange maidens Undines. You, my dearest, are at this moment gazing upon just such an Undine."

The knight endeavoured to persuade himself that his lovely wife was simply indulging in one of her pranks of mystification, and was entertaining herself by teasing him with a motley scree of legends. But, however hard he tried to think it, he could not persuade himself for a moment that it was so; a wild shudder passed through him;



unable to pronounce a word, he stared with unaverted eye at the pretty narrator. But she mournfully shook her head, sighed out of a full heart, and continued as follows:—

“We should be far better off than you other human beings—for human beings we consider ourselves, having the semblance and the body of humanity—but for one great disadvantage. We and those who resemble us in the other elements, we vanish and are gone, breath and body, so that no trace of us remains behind, and when you others on some future day shall wake to a purer life, we shall be what sand and smoke and winds and waves are made of. For no souls have we: it is the element that moves us, often, so long as we live, obeys us, when we die, turns us to dust; and we rejoice, without a peevish sigh, as do nightingales and little golden fishes and the other pretty children of nature. Yet all creatures desire to rise to higher things. So my father, who is a mighty prince of waters in the Mediterranean Sea, desired that his daughter should in measure possess a soul, and in consequence should share many of the sufferings of those in whom souls are born. But one of us can only win a soul by the most intimate union in love with one of your race. Now I do possess a soul; to you I owe this soul, O inexpressibly beloved one, and I will be grateful to you for it if you will not that my whole life through should be made wretched. For what would become of me, if you were to avoid and repulse me? But I could not deceive even to retain you. And if you are going to repulse me, do it now, and pass back alone to yonder shore. I will plunge into this cascade, which is my father’s brother, and leads a strange hermit’s life here in the woodland, far from all old comrades. But strong is he, and more worth than many rivers, and more precious, and as it was he who brought me here to the fisherman, me a gay and laughing child, he will lead me back again to my parents—I, with my soul, a loving, suffering woman.”

She would have said more, but Huldbrand cast his arms about her full of the tenderest agitation and love, and bore her back again to shore. Then, with tears and kisses, he swore that he would never leave his darling wife, and held

himself a happier man than that Grecian statuary Pygmalion, whose fair marble was brought to life for him by the grace of Lady Venus. In sweet contentment Undine hung upon his arm as they wandered back to the cottage, and now she realized from the depths of her heart how little need she had to regret having deserted the crystal mansions of her wondrous father.

(*Undine*, Berlin, 1811; translation by Edmund Gosse, London, 1897.)



## LOVE'S BEGINNINGS

JANE AUSTEN

ELIZABETH'S spirits soon rising to playfulness again, she wanted Mr. Darcy to account for his having ever fallen in love with her. "How could you begin?" said she. "I can comprehend your going on charmingly, when you had once made a beginning; but what could set you off in the first place?"

"I cannot fix on the hour, or the spot, or the look, or the words, which laid the foundation. It is too long ago. I was in the middle before I knew that I *had* begun."

"My beauty you had early withstood, and as for my manners—my behaviour to *you* was at least always bordering on the uncivil, and I never spoke to you without rather wishing to give you pain than not. Now, be sincere; did you admire me for my impertinence?"

"For the liveliness of your mind I did."

"You may as well call it impertinence at once. It was very little less. The fact is, that you were sick of civility, of deference, of officious attention. You were disgusted with the women who were always speaking and looking, and thinking for *your* approbation alone. I roused and interested you, because I was so unlike *them*. Had you not been really amiable you would have hated me for it: but in spite of the pains you took to disguise yourself, your feelings were always noble and just; and in your heart you thoroughly despised the persons who so assiduously courted you. There—I have saved you the trouble of accounting for it; and really, all things considered, I begin to think it perfectly reasonable. To be sure you knew no actual good of me—but nobody thinks of *that* when they fall in love."

"Was there no good in your affectionate behaviour to Jane, while she was ill at Netherfield?"

"Dearest Jane! who could have done less for her? But make a virtue of it by all means. My good qualities are

under your protection, and you are to exaggerate them as much as possible; and, in return, it belongs to me to find occasion for teasing and quarrelling with you as often as may be; and I shall begin directly, by asking you what made you so unwilling to come to the point at last? What made you so shy of me, when you first called, and afterwards dined here? Why, especially, when you called, did you look as if you did not care about me?"

"Because you were grave and silent, and gave me no encouragement."

"But I was embarrassed."

"And so was I."

"You might have talked to me more when you came to dinner."

"A man who had felt less might."

"How unlucky that you should have a reasonable answer to give, and that I should be so unreasonable as to admit it! But I wonder how long you *would* have gone on, if you had been left to yourself. I wonder when you *would* have spoken if I had not asked you! My resolution of thanking you for your kindness to Lydia had certainly great effect. *Too much* I am afraid; for what becomes of the moral, if our comfort springs from a breach of promise, for I ought not to have mentioned the subject? This will never do."

"You need not distress yourself. The moral will be perfectly fair. Lady Catherine's unjustifiable endeavours to separate us were the means of removing all my doubts. I am not indebted for my present happiness to your eager desire of expressing your gratitude. I was not in a humour to wait for an opening of yours. My aunt's intelligence had given me hope, and I was determined at once to know everything."

"Lady Catherine has been of infinite use, which ought to make her happy, for she loves to be of use. But tell me, what did you come down to Netherfield for? Was it merely to ride to Longbourn and be embarrassed? or had you intended any more serious consequences?"

"My real purpose was to see *you*, and to judge, if I could, whether I might ever hope to make you love me.

My avowed one, or what I avowed to myself, was to see whether your sister was still partial to Bingley, and if she were to make the confession to him which I have since made."

"Shall you ever have courage to announce to Lady Catherine what is to befall her?"

"I am more likely to want time than courage, Elizabeth. But it ought to be done; and if you will give me a sheet of paper it shall be done directly."

"And if I had not a letter to write myself, I might sit by you, and admire the evenness of your writing, as another young lady once did. But I have an aunt, too, who must not be longer neglected."

From an unwillingness to confess how much her intimacy with Mr. Darcy had been overrated; Elizabeth had never yet answered Mrs. Gardiner's long letter; but now, having *that* to communicate which she knew would be most welcome, she was almost ashamed to find that her uncle and aunt had already lost three days of happiness, and immediately wrote as follows:—

"I would have thanked you before, my dear aunt, as I ought to have done, for your long, kind, satisfactory detail of particulars; but, to say the truth, I was too cross to write. You supposed more than really existed. But *now* suppose as much as you choose; give a loose rein to your fancy, indulge your imagination in every possible flight which the subject will afford, and unless you believe me actually married, you cannot greatly err. You must write again very soon, and praise him a great deal more than you did in your last. I thank you again and again, for not going to the Lakes. How could I be so silly as to wish it! Your idea of the ponies is delightful. We will go round the park every day. I am the happiest creature in the world. Perhaps other people have said so before, but no one with such justice. I am happier even than Jane; she only smiles, I laugh. Mr. Darcy sends you all the love in the world that can be spared from me. You are all to come to Pemberley at Christmas. Yours," etc.

(*Pride and Prejudice*, London, 1813.)

## EXPLANATIONS

JANE AUSTEN

IN the afternoon it cleared; the wind changed into a softer quarter; the clouds were carried off; it was summer again. With all the eagerness which such a transition gives, Emma resolved to be out of doors as soon as possible. Never had the exquisite sight, smell, sensation of nature, tranquil, warm, and brilliant after a storm, been more attractive to her. She longed for the serenity they might gradually introduce; and on Mr. Perry's coming in soon after dinner, with a disengaged hour to give her father she lost no time in hurrying into the shrubbery. There, with spirits freshened, and thoughts a little relieved, she had taken a few turns when she saw Mr. Knightley passing through the garden door, and coming towards her. It was the first intimation of his being returned from London. She had been thinking of him the moment before, as unquestionably sixteen miles distant. There was time only for the quickest arrangement of mind. She must be collected and calm. In half a minute they were together. The "How-d'ye-do's" were quiet and constrained on each side. She asked after their mutual friends; they were all well. When had he left them? Only that morning. He must have had a wet ride. Yes! He meant to walk with her, she found. "He had just looked into the dining-room, and as he was not wanted there, preferred being out of doors." She thought he neither looked nor spoke cheerfully; and the first possible cause for it, suggested by her fears, was, that he had perhaps been communicating his plans to his brother, and was pained by the manner in which they had been received.

They walked together. He was silent. She thought he was often looking at her, and trying for a fuller view of her face than it suited her to give. And this belief produced another dread. Perhaps he wanted to speak to her of his

attachment to Harriet; he might be watching for encouragement to begin. She did not, could not, feel equal to lead the way to any such subject. He must do it all himself. Yet she could not bear this silence. With him it was most unnatural. She considered, resolved, and, trying to smile, began,—

“You have some news to hear, now you are come back, that will rather surprise you.”

“Have I?” said he, quietly, and looking at her; “of what nature?”

“Oh, the best nature in the world—a wedding.”

After waiting a moment, as if to be sure she intended to say no more, he replied,—“If you mean Miss Fairfax and Frank Churchill, I have heard that already.”

“How is it possible?” cried Emma, turning her glowing cheeks towards him; for while she spoke it occurred to her that he might have called at Mrs. Goddard’s in his way.

“I had a few lines on parish business from Mr. Weston this morning, and at the end of them he gave me a brief account of what had happened.”

Emma was quite relieved, and could presently say, with a little more composure,—

“*You* probably have been less surprised than any of us, for you have had your suspicions. I have not forgotten that you once tried to give me a caution. I wish I had attended to it—but (with a sinking voice and a heavy sigh) I seem to have been doomed to blindness.”

For a moment or two nothing was said, and she was unsuspecting of having excited any particular interest, till she found her arm drawn within his, and pressed against his heart, and heard him thus saying, in a tone of great sensibility, speaking low,—“Time, my dearest Emma, time will heal the wound. Your own excellent sense; your exertions for your father’s sake; I know you will not allow yourself——” Her arm was pressed again, as he added, in a more broken and subdued accent, “The feelings of the warmest friendship—indignation—abominable scoundrel!” And in a louder, steadier tone, he concluded with, “He will soon be gone. They will soon be in



Yorkshire. I am sorry for *her*. She deserves a better fate."

Emma understood him; and as soon as she could recover from the flutter of pleasure, excited by such tender consideration, replied,—

"You are very kind, but you are mistaken, and I must set you right. I am not in want of that sort of compassion. My blindness to what was going on led me to act by them in a way that I must always be ashamed of, and I was very foolishly tempted to say and do many things which may well lay me open to unpleasant conjectures but I have no other reason to regret that I was not in the secret earlier."

"Emma," cried he, looking eagerly at her, "are you indeed?"—but checking himself—"No, no, I understand you—forgive me—I am pleased that you can say even so much. He is no object of regret, indeed! and it will not be very long, I hope, before that becomes the acknowledgment of more than your reason. Fortunate that your affections were no further entangled!—I could never, I confess, from your manners, assure myself as to the degree of what you felt—I could only be certain there was a preference, and a preference which I never believed him to deserve. He is a disgrace to the name of man. And is he to be rewarded with that sweet young woman?—Jane, Jane, you will be a miserable creature."

"Mr. Knightley," said Emma, trying to be lively, but really confused,—“I am in a very extraordinary situation. I cannot let you continue in your error; and yet, perhaps, since my manners gave such an impression, I have as much reason to be ashamed of confessing that I never have been at all attached to the person we are speaking of, as it might be natural for a woman to feel in confessing exactly the reverse. But I never have.” . . .

"He is a most fortunate man," returned Mr. Knightley with energy. "So early in life—at three-and-twenty—a period when, if a man chooses a wife, he generally chooses ill. At three-and-twenty to have drawn such a prize! What years of felicity that man, in all human calculation, has before him!" . . .





*Henley.*

SUSPENSE

“You speak as if you envied him.”

“And I do envy him, Emma. In one respect he is the object of my envy.”

Emma could say no more. They seemed to be within half a sentence of Harriet, and her immediate feeling was to avert the subject, if possible. She made her plan; she would speak of something totally different—the children in Brunswick Square; and she only waited for breath to begin, when Mr. Knightley startled her, by saying,—

“You will not ask me what is the point of envy. You are determined, I see, to have no curiosity. You are wise—but *I* cannot be wise. Emma, I must tell you what you will not ask, though I may wish it unsaid the next moment.”

“Oh, then, don’t speak it, don’t speak it,” she eagerly cried. “Take a little time, consider, do not commit yourself.”

“Thank you,” said he, in an accent of deep mortification, and not another syllable followed.

Emma could not bear to give him pain. He was wishing to confide in her—perhaps to consult her;—cost her what it would, she would listen. She might assist his resolution, or reconcile him to it; she might give just praise to Harriet, or, by representing to him his own independence, relieve him from that state of indecision, which must be more intolerable than any alternative to such a mind as his. They had reached the house.

“You are going in, I suppose,” said he.

“No,” replied Emma, quite confirmed by the depressed manner in which he still spoke, “I should like to take another turn. Mr. Perry is not gone.” And, after proceeding a few steps, she added,—“I stopped you ungraciously, just now, Mr. Knightley, and, I am afraid, gave you pain. But if you have any wish to speak openly to me as a friend, or to ask my opinion of anything that you may have in contemplation—as a friend, indeed, you may command me. I will hear whatever you like. I will tell you exactly what I think.”

“As a friend!” repeated Mr. Knightley. “Emma, that I fear is a word—— No, I have no wish. Stay. Yes,



why should I hesitate? I have gone too far already for concealment. Emma, I accept your offer, extraordinary as it may seem, I accept it, and refer myself to you as a friend. Tell me, then, have I no chance of ever succeeding?"

He stopped in his earnestness to look the question, and the expression of his eyes overpowered her.

"My dearest Emma," said he, "for dearest you will always be, whatever the event of this hour's conversation, my dearest, most beloved Emma,—tell me at once. Say 'No,' if it is to be said." She could really say nothing. "You are silent," he cried, with great animation; "absolutely silent! at present I ask no more."

Emma was almost ready to sink under the agitation of this moment. The dread of being awakened from the happiest dream was perhaps the most prominent feeling.

"I cannot make speeches, Emma," he soon resumed, and in a tone of such sincere, decided, intelligible tenderness as was tolerably convincing. "If I loved you less, I might be able to talk about it more. But you know what I am. You hear nothing but truth from me. I have blamed you, and lectured you, and you have borne it as no other woman in England would have borne it. Bear with the truths I would tell you now, dearest Emma, as well as you have borne with them. The manner, perhaps, may have as little to recommend them. God knows, I have been a very indifferent lover. But you understand me. Yes, you see, you understand my feelings—and will return them if you can. At present, I ask only to hear, once to hear your voice."

She spoke then, on being so entreated. What does she say? Just what she ought, of course. A lady always does. She said enough to show there need not be despair—and to invite him to say more himself. He *had* despaired at one period; he had received such an injunction to caution and silence, as for the time crushed every hope;—she had begun by refusing to hear him. The change had perhaps been somewhat sudden;—her proposal of taking another turn, her renewing the conversation which she had just put an end to, might be a little extraordinary. She



felt its inconsistency ; but Mr. Knightley was so obliging as to put up with it, and seek no further explanation.

Seldom, very seldom, does complete truth belong to any human disclosure ; seldom can it happen that something is not a little disguised, or a little mistaken ; but where, as in this case, though the conduct is mistaken, the feelings are not, it may not be very material. Mr. Knightley could not impute to Emma a more relenting heart than she possessed, or a heart more disposed to accept of his. . . .

What totally different feelings did Emma take back into the house from what she had brought out !—she had then been only daring to hope for a little respite of suffering ; she was now in an exquisite flutter of happiness, and such happiness, moreover, as she believed must still be greater when the flutter should have passed away.

They sat down to tea—the same party round the same table—how often it had been collected ! and how often had her eyes fallen on the same shrubs on the lawn and observed the same beautiful effect of the western sun ! But never in such a state of spirits, never in anything like it ; and it was with difficulty that she could summon enough of her usual self to be the attentive lady of the house, or even the attentive daughter.

Poor Mr. Woodhouse little suspected what was plotting against him in the breast of the man whom he was so cordially welcoming, and so anxiously hoping might not have taken cold from his ride. Could he have seen the heart, he would have cared very little for the lungs ; but without the most distant imagination of the impending evil, without the slightest perception of anything extraordinary in the looks or ways of either, he repeated to them very comfortably all the articles of news he had received from Mr. Perry, and talked on with much self-contentment, totally unsuspecting of what they could have told him in return.

(*Emma*, London, 1816.)

## LOVE AND FATE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Lovelier in her own retired abode  
—than Naiad by the side  
Of Grecian brook—or Lady of the Mere  
Lone sitting by the shores of old romance.

—*Wordsworth.*

THE meditations of Ravenswood were of a very mixed complexion. He saw himself at once in the very dilemma which he had for some time felt apprehensive he might be placed in. The pleasure he felt in Lucy's company had indeed approached to fascination, yet it had never altogether surmounted his internal reluctance to wed with the daughter of his father's foe; and even in forgiving Sir William Ashton the injuries which his family had received, and giving him credit for the kind intentions he professed to entertain, he could not bring himself to contemplate as possible an alliance betwixt their houses. Still he felt that Alice spoke truth, and that his honour now required he should take an instant leave of Ravenswood Castle, or become a suitor of Lucy Ashton. The possibility of being rejected, too, should he make advances to her wealthy and powerful father—to sue for the hand of an Ashton and be refused—this were a consummation too disgraceful. "I wish her well," he said to himself, "and for her sake I forgive the injuries her father has done to my house; but I will never—no, never see her more!"

With one bitter pang he adopted this resolution, just as he came to where two paths parted; the one to the Mermaiden's Fountain, where he knew Lucy waited him, the other leading to the castle by another and more circuitous road. He paused an instant when about to take the latter path, thinking what apology he should make for conduct which must needs seem extraordinary, and had just muttered to himself, "Sudden news from Edinburgh—any

pretext will serve—only let me dally no longer here,” when young Henry came flying up to him, half out of breath—“Master, Master, you must give Lucy your arm back to the castle, for I cannot give her mine; for Norman is waiting for me, and I am to go with him to make his ring-walk, and I would not stay away for a gold Jacobus, and Lucy is afraid to walk home alone, though all the wild nowt have been shot, and so you must come away directly.”

Betwixt two scales equally loaded, a feather's weight will turn the scale. “It is impossible for me to leave the young lady in the wood alone,” said Ravenswood; “to see her once more can be of little consequence, after the frequent meetings we have had—I ought, too, in courtesy, to apprise her of my intention to quit the castle.”

And having thus satisfied himself that he was taking not only a wise, but an absolutely necessary step, he took the path to the fatal fountain. Henry no sooner saw him on the way to join his sister, than he was off like lightning in another direction, to enjoy the society of the forester in their congenial pursuits. Ravenswood, not allowing himself to give a second thought to the propriety of his own conduct, walked with a quick step towards the stream, where he found Lucy seated alone by the ruin.

She sate upon one of the disjointed stones of the ancient fountain, and seemed to watch the progress of its current, as it bubbled forth to daylight, in gay and sparkling profusion, from under the shadow of the ribbed and darksome vault, with which veneration, or perhaps remorse, had canopied its source. To a superstitious eye, Lucy Ashton, folded in her plaided mantle, with her long hair escaping partly from the snood and falling upon her silver neck, might have suggested the idea of the murdered Nymph of the Fountain. But Ravenswood only saw a female exquisitely beautiful, and rendered yet more so in his eyes—how could it be otherwise!—by the consciousness that she had placed her affections on him. As he gazed on her, he felt his fixed resolution melting like wax in the sun, and hastened, therefore, from his concealment in the neighbouring thicket. She saluted him, but did not arise from the stone on which she was seated.

"My madcap brother," she said, "has left me, but I expect him back in a few minutes—for fortunately, as anything pleases him for a minute, nothing has charms for him much longer."

Ravenswood did not feel the power of informing Lucy that her brother meditated a distant excursion, and would not return in haste. He sate himself down on the grass, at some little distance from Miss Ashton, and both were silent for a short space.

"I like this spot," said Lucy at length, as if she had found the silence embarrassing; "the bubbling murmur of the clear fountain, the waving of the trees, the profusion of grass and wild-flowers, that rise among the ruins, make it like a scene in romance. I think, too, I have heard it is a spot connected with the legendary lore which I love so well."

"It has been thought," answered Ravenswood, "a fatal spot to my family; and I have some reason to term it so, for it was here I first saw Miss Ashton—and it is here I must take leave of her forever."

The blood, which the first part of this speech called into Lucy's cheeks, was speedily expelled by its conclusion.

"To take leave of us, Master!" she exclaimed; "what can have happened to hurry you away? I know Alice hates—I mean dislikes my father—and I hardly understood her humour to-day, it was so mysterious. But I am certain my father is sincerely grateful for the high service you rendered us. Let me hope that having won your friendship hardly, we shall not lose it lightly."

"Lose it, Miss Ashton?" said the Master of Ravenswood. "No—wherever my fortune calls me—whatever she inflicts upon me—it is your friend—your sincere friend, who acts or suffers. But there is a fate on me, and I must go, or I shall add the ruin of others to my own."

"Yet do not go from us, Master," said Lucy; and she laid her hand, in all simplicity and kindness, upon the skirt of his cloak, as if to detain him. "You shall not part from us. My father is powerful, he has friends that are more so than himself—do not go till you see what his gratitude will do for you. Believe me, he is already labouring in your behalf with the Council."

“It may be so,” said the Master, proudly; “yet it is not to your father, Miss Ashton, but to my own exertions, that I ought to owe success in the career on which I am about to enter. My preparations are already made—a sword and a cloak, and a bold heart and a determined hand.”

Lucy covered her face with her hands, and the tears, in spite of her, forced their way between her fingers. “Forgive me,” said Ravenswood, taking her right hand, which, after slight resistance, she yielded to him, still continuing to shade her face with the left—“I am too rude—too rough—too intractable to deal with any being so soft and gentle as you are. Forget that so stern a vision has crossed your path of life—and let me pursue mine, sure that I can meet with no worse misfortune after the moment it divides me from your side.”

Lucy wept on, but her tears were less bitter. Each attempt which the Master made to explain his purpose of departure, only proved a new evidence of his desire to stay; until, at length, instead of bidding her farewell, he gave his faith to her forever, and received her troth in return. The whole passed so suddenly, and arose so much out of the immediate impulse of the moment that ere the Master of Ravenswood could reflect upon the consequences of the step which he had taken, their lips, as well as their hands, had pledged the sincerity of their affection.

“And now,” he said, after a moment’s consideration, “it is fit I should speak to Sir William Ashton—he must know of our engagement. Ravenswood must not seem to dwell under his roof, to solicit clandestinely the affections of his daughter.”

“You would not speak to my father on the subject?” said Lucy, doubtingly; and then added more warmly, “Oh, do not—do not! Let your lot in life be determined—your station and purpose ascertained, before you address my father; I am sure he loves you—I think he will consent—but then my mother! —”

She paused, ashamed to express the doubt she felt how far her father dared to form any positive resolution on this most important subject, without the consent of his lady.

“Your mother, my Lucy?” replied Ravenswood, “she



is of the house of Douglas, a house that has intermarried with mine, even when its glory and power were at the highest. What could your mother object to my alliance?"

"I did not say object," said Lucy; "but she is jealous of her rights, and may claim a mother's title to be consulted in the first instance."

"Be it so," replied Ravenswood; "London is distant, but a letter will reach it and receive an answer within a fortnight—I will not press on the Lord Keeper for an instant reply to my proposal."

"But," hesitated Lucy, "were it not better to wait—to wait a few weeks? Were my mother to see you—to know you—I am sure she would approve; but you are unacquainted personally, and the ancient feud between the families——"

Ravenswood fixed upon her his keen dark eyes, as if he was desirous of penetrating into her very soul.

"Lucy," he said, "I have sacrificed to you projects of vengeance long nursed, and sworn to with ceremonies little better than heathen—I sacrificed them to your image, ere I knew the worth which it represented. In the evening which succeeded my poor father's funeral, I cut a lock from my hair, and as it consumed in the fire, I swore that my rage and revenge should pursue his enemies, until they shriveled before me like that scorched-up symbol of annihilation."

"It was a deadly sin," said Lucy, turning pale, "to make a vow so fatal."

"I acknowledge it," said Ravenswood, "and it had been a worse crime to keep it. It was for your sake that I abjured these purposes of vengeance, though I scarce knew that such was the argument by which I was conquered, until I saw you once more, and became conscious of the influence you possessed over me."

"And why do you now," said Lucy, "recall sentiments so terrible—sentiments so inconsistent with those you profess for me—with those your importunity has prevailed on me to acknowledge?"

"Because," said her lover, "I would impress on you the

price at which I have bought your love—the right I have to expect your constancy. I say not that I have bartered for it the honour of my house, its last remaining possession—but though I say it not, and think it not, I cannot conceal from myself that the world may do both.”

“If such are your sentiments,” said Lucy, “you have played a cruel game with me. But it is not too late to give it over—take back the faith and troth which you could not plight to me without suffering abatement of honour—let what is passed be as if it had not been—forget me—I will endeavour to forget myself.”

“You do me injustice,” said the Master of Ravenswood; “by all I hold true and honourable, you do me the extremity of injustice—if I mentioned the price at which I have bought your love, it is only to show how much I prize it, to bind our engagement by a still firmer tie, and to show, by what I have done to attain this station in your regard, how much I must suffer should you ever break your faith.”

“And why, Ravenswood,” answered Lucy, “should you think that possible? Why should you urge me with even the mention of infidelity? Is it because I ask you to delay applying to my father for a little space of time? Bind me by what vows you please; if vows are unnecessary to secure constancy, they may yet prevent suspicion.”

Ravenswood pleaded, apologized, and even kneeled, to appease her displeasure; and Lucy, as placable as she was single-hearted, readily forgave the offence which his doubts had implied. The dispute thus agitated, however, ended by the lovers going through an emblematic ceremony of their troth-plaint, of which the vulgar still preserve some traces. They broke betwixt them the thin broad-piece of gold which Alice had refused to receive from Ravenswood.

“And never shall this leave my bosom,” said Lucy, as she hung the piece of gold round her neck, and concealed it with her handkerchief, “until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to resign it to you—and, while I wear it, never shall that heart acknowledge another love than yours.”

With like protestations, Ravenswood placed his portion

of the coin opposite to his heart. And now, at length, it struck them, that time had hurried fast on during this interview, and their absence at the castle would be subject of remark if not alarm.

(*The Bride of Lammermoor, Edinburgh, 1819.*)







*Palma Vecchio.*

JACOB AND RACHEL



LOVE UNTO DEATH

LORD BYRO

*A hall in the Palace. Enter an ATTENDANT.*

**SAR.** Slave, tell,  
The Ionian Myrrha we would crave her presence.

*Att.* King she is here.

MYRRHA enters.

*Sar.* [*apart to ATT.*]. Away!  
[*Addressing MYRRHA.*] Beautiful being!  
Thou dost almost anticipate my heart;  
It throbb'd for thee, and here thou comest; let me  
Deem that some unknown influence, some sweet oracle,  
Communicates between us, though unseen,  
In absence, and attracts us to each other.

*Myr.* There doth.

*Sar.* I know there doth; but not its name;  
What is it?

*Myr.* In my native land a god,  
And in my heart a feeling like a god's,  
Exalted; yet I own 'tis only mortal,  
For what I feel is humble, and yet happy —  
That is, it would be happy: but — [MYRRHA pauses.

*Sar.* There comes  
Forever something between us and what  
We deem our happiness: let me remove  
The barrier which that hesitating accent  
Proclaims to thine, and mine is seal'd.

*Myr.* My lord! My lord!

*Sar.* My lord—my king—sire—sovereign! thus it is —  
Forever thus, address'd with awe. I ne'er  
Can see a smile, unless in some broad banquet's  
Intoxicating glare, when the buffoons  
Have gorged themselves up to equality,  
Or I have quaff'd me down to their abasement.

Myrrha, I can hear all these things, these names,  
 Lord—king—sire—monarch—nay, time was I prized them,  
 That is, I suffer'd them—from slaves and nobles;  
 But when they falter from the lips I love,  
 The lips which have been press'd to mine, a chill  
 Comes o'er my heart, a cold sense of the falsehood  
 Of this my station, which represses feeling  
 In those for whom I have felt most, and makes me  
 Wish that I could lay down the dull tiara,  
 And share a cottage on the Caucasus  
 With thee, and wear no crowns but those of flowers.

*Myr.* Would that we could!

*Sar.* And dost *thou* feel this?—Why?

*Myr.* Then thou wouldst know what thou canst never  
 know.

*Sar.* And that is ——

*Myr.* The true value of a heart;

At least a woman's.

*Sar.* I have proved a thousand —

A thousand, and a thousand.

*Myr.* Hearts?

*Sar.* I think so.

*Myr.* Not one! the time may come thou may'st.

*Sar.* It will.

Hear, Myrrha; Salemenes has declared —  
 Or why or how he hath divined it, Belus,  
 Who founded our great realm, knows more than I —  
 But Salemenes hath declared my throne  
 In peril.

*Myr.* He did well.

*Sar.* And say'st *thou* so?

Thou whom he spurn'd so harshly, and now dared  
 Drive from our presence with his savage jeers,  
 And made thee weep and blush?

*Myr.* I should do both

More frequently, and he did well to call me  
 Back to my duty. But thou speak'st of peril —  
 Peril to thee ——

*Sar.* Ay, from dark plots and snares  
 From Medes—and discontented troops and nations.

I know not what—a labyrinth of things—  
 A maze of mutter'd threats and mysteries :  
 Thou know'st the man—it is his usual custom.  
 But he is honest. Come, we'll think no more on't—  
 But of the midnight festival.

*Myr.* 'Tis time

To think of aught save festivals. Thou hast not  
 Spurn'd his sage cautions?

*Sar.* What!—and dost thou fear?

*Myr.* Fear!—I'm a Greek, and how should I fear  
 death?

A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom?

*Sar.* Then wherefore dost thou turn so pale?

*Myr.* I love.

*Sar.* And do not I? I love thee far—far more  
 Than either the brief life or the wide realm,  
 Which, it may be, are menaced :—yet I blench not.

*Myr.* That means thou lovest not thyself nor me ;  
 For he who loves another loves himself,  
 Even for that other's sake. This is too rash :  
 Kingdoms and lives are not to be so lost.

*Sar.* Lost!—why, who is the aspiring chief who dared  
 Assume to win them?

*Myr.* Who is he should dread  
 To try so much? When he who is their ruler  
 Forgets himself, will they remember him?

*Sar.* Myrrha!

*Myr.* Frown not upon me: you have smiled  
 Too often on me not to make those frowns  
 Bitterer to bear than any punishment  
 Which they may augur.—King, I am your subject!  
 Master, I am your slave! Man, I have loved you!—  
 Loved you, I know not by what fatal weakness,  
 Although a Greek, and born a foe to monarchs—  
 A slave, and hating fetters—an Ionian,  
 And, therefore, when I love a stranger, more  
 Degraded by that passion than by chains!  
 Still I have loved you. If that love were strong  
 Enough to overcome all former nature,  
 Shall it not claim the privilege to save you?

*Sar.* Save me, my beauty! Thou art very fair,  
And what I seek of thee is love—not safety.

*Myr.* And without love where dwells security?

*Sar.* I speak of woman's love.

*Myr.* The very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,  
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,  
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs  
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,  
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care  
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Enter an OFFICER, hastily.*

*Sar.* Thy face seems ominous. Speak!

*Offi.* I dare not.

*Sar.* Dare not?

While millions dare revolt with sword in hand!  
That's strange. I pray thee break that loyal silence  
Which loathes to shock its sovereign; we can hear  
Worse than thou hast to tell.

*Pan.* Proceed, thou hearest.

*Offi.* The wall which skirted near the river's brink  
Is thrown down by the sudden inundation  
Of the Euphrates, which now rolling, swoln  
From the enormous mountains where it rises,  
By the late rains of that tempestuous region,  
O'er floods its banks, and hath destroy'd the bulwark.

*Pan.* That's a black augury! it has been said  
For ages, "That the city ne'er should yield  
To man, until the river grew its foe."

*Sar.* I can forgive the omen, not the ravage.  
How much is swept down of the wall?

*Offi.* About

Some twenty stadia.

*Sar.* And all this is left  
Previous to the assailants?

*Offi.* For the present  
The river's fury must impede the assault;  
But when he shrinks into his wonted channel,

And may be cross'd by the accustom'd barks,  
The palace is their own.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sar.* 'Tis enough. Nor order here  
Fagots, pine-nuts, and wither'd leaves, and such  
Things as catch fire and blaze with one sole spark;  
Bring cedar, too, and precious drugs, and spices,  
And mighty planks to nourish a tall pile;  
Bring frankincense and myrrh, too, for it is  
For a great sacrifice I build the pyre!  
And keep them round yon throne.

\* \* \* \* \*

Higher, my good soldiers,  
And thicker yet; and see that the foundation  
Be such as will not speedily exhaust  
Its own too subtle flame; nor yet be quench'd  
With aught officious aid would bring to quell it.  
Let the throne form the core of it; I would not  
Leave that, save fraught with fire unquenchable,  
To the newcomers. Frame the whole as if  
'Twere to enkindle the strong tower of our  
Inveterate enemies. Now it bears an aspect!  
How say you, Pania, will this pile suffice  
For a king's obsequies?

*Pan.* Ay, for a kingdom's.  
I understand you, now.

*Sar.* And blame me?

*Pan.* No——

Let me but fire the pile, and share it with you.

*Myr.* That duty's mine.

*Pan.* A woman's!

*Myr.* 'Tis the soldier's

Part to die *for* his sovereign, and why not  
The woman's with her lover?

\* \* \* \* \*

These men were honest: it is comfort still  
That our last looks shall be on loving faces.

*Sar.* And *lovely* ones, my beautiful!—but hear me!



If at this moment, for we now are on  
 The brink, thou feel'st an inward shrinking from  
 This leap through flame into the future, say it :  
 I shall not love thee less ; nay, perhaps more,  
 For yielding to thy nature : and there's time  
 Yet for thee to escape hence.

*Myr.* Shall I light  
 One of the torches which lie heap'd beneath  
 The ever-burning lamp that burns without,  
 Before Baal's shrine, in the adjoining hall ?

*Sar.* Do so. Is that thy answer ?

*Myr.* Thou shalt see.

[Exit MYRRHA.]

*Sar.* [*solus*]. She's firm. My fathers ! whom I will rejoin,  
 It may be, purified by death from some  
 Of the gross stains of too material being,  
 I would not leave your ancient first abode  
 To the defilement of usurping bondmen ;  
 If I have not kept your inheritance  
 As ye bequeath'd it, this bright part of it,  
 Your treasure, your abode, your sacred relics  
 Of arms, and records, monuments, and spoils,  
 In which *they* would have revell'd, I bear with me  
 To you in that absorbing element,  
 Which most personifies the soul, as leaving  
 The least of matter unconsumed before  
 Its fiery working :—and the light of this  
 Most royal of funereal pyres shall be  
 Not a mere pillar form'd of cloud and flame,  
 A beacon in the horizon for a day,  
 And then a mount of ashes, but a light  
 To lessen ages, rebel nations, and  
 Voluptuous princes. Time shall quench full many  
 A people's records, and a hero's acts ;  
 Sweep empire after empire, like this first  
 Of empires, into nothing ; but even then  
 Shall spare this deed of mine, and hold it up  
 A problem few dare imitate, and none  
 Despise—but, it may be, avoid the life  
 Which led to such a consummation.

[MYRRHA returns with a lighted Torch in one Hand,  
and a Cup in the other.

*Myr.* Lo!

I've lit the lamp which lights us to the stars.

*Sar.* And the cup?

*Myr.* 'Tis my country's custom to  
Make a libation to the gods.

*Sar.* And mine

To make libations amongst men. I've not  
Forgot the custom; and, although alone,  
Will drain one draught in memory of many  
A joyous banquet past.

[SARDANAPALUS takes the cup, and after drinking and  
tinkling the reversed cup, as a drop falls, exclaims—

And this libation

Is for the excellent Beleses.

*Myr.* Why

Dwells thy mind rather upon that man's name  
Than on his mate's in villany?

*Sar.* The one

Is a mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind  
Of human sword in a fiend's hand; the other  
Is master-mover of his warlike puppet;  
But I dismiss them from my mind.—Yet pause,  
My Myrrha! dost thou truly follow me,  
Freely and fearlessly?

*Myr.* And dost thou think

A Greek girl dare not do for love that which  
An Indian widow braves for custom?

*Sar.* Then

We but await the signal.

*Myr.* It is long

In sounding.

*Sar.* Now, farewell; one last embrace!

*Myr.* Embrace, but *not* the last; there is one more.

*Sar.* True, the commingling fire will mix our ashes.

*Myr.* And pure as in my love to thee, shall they,  
Purged from the dross of earth, and earthly passion,  
Mix pale with thine. A single thought yet irks me.

Sar. Say it.

Myr. It is that no kind hand will gather  
The dust of both into one urn.

Sar. The better!  
Rather let them be borne abroad upon  
The winds of heaven, and scatter'd into air,  
Than be polluted more by human hands  
Of slaves and traitors; in this blazing palace,  
And its enormous walls of reeking ruin,  
We leave a nobler monument than Egypt  
Hath piled in her brick mountains o'er dead kings,  
Or *kine*, for none know whether those proud piles  
Be for their monarch, or their ox-god Apis:  
So much for monuments that have forgotten  
Their very record!

Myr. Then farewell, thou earth!  
And loveliest spot of earth! farewell, Ionia!  
Be thou still free and beautiful, and far  
Aloof from desolation! My last prayer  
Was for thee, my last thoughts, save *one*, were of thee!

Sar. And that?

Myr. Is yours.

[*The trumpet of PANIA sounds without.*]

Sar. Hark!

Myr. Now!

Sar. Adieu, Assyria!

I loved thee well, my own, my father's land,  
And better as my country than my kingdom.  
I satiated thee with peace and joys; and this  
Is my reward! and now I owe thee nothing,  
Not even a grave. [*He mounts the pile.*]

Now, Myrrha!

Myr. Art thou ready?

Sar. As the torch in thy grasp.

[*MYRRHA fires the pile.*]

Myr. 'Tis fired! I come.

[*As MYRRHA springs forward to throw herself into the flames, the curtain falls.*]

(*Sardanapalus, London, 1821.*)

## ORIENTAL CRAFT

JAMES MORIER

THE spring had passed over, and the first heats of summer, which now began to make themselves felt, had driven most of the inhabitants of the city to spread their beds and sleep on the house-tops. As I did not like to pass my night in company with the servants, the carpet-spreaders and the cook, who generally herded together in a room below, I extended my bed in a corner of the terrace, which overlooked the inner court of the doctor's house, in which were situated the apartments of the women. This court was a square, into which the windows of the different chambers looked, and was planted in the centre with rose-bushes, jessamines, and poplar trees. A square wooden platform was erected in the middle, upon which mattresses were spread, where the inhabitants reposed during the great heats. I had seen several women seated in different parts of the court, but had never been particularly struck by the appearance of any one of them; and indeed had I been so, perhaps I should never have thought of looking at them again; for as soon as I was discovered, shouts of abuse were levelled at me, and I was called by every odious name that they could devise.

One night, however, soon after the sun had set, as I was preparing my bed, I perchance looked over a part of the wall that was a little broken down, and on a slip of terrace that was close under it I discovered a female, who was employed in assorting and spreading out tobacco-leaves. Her blue veil was negligently thrown over her head, and as she stooped, the two long tresses which flowed from her forehead hung down in so tantalizing a manner as nearly to screen all her face, but still left so much of it visible, that it created an intense desire in me to see the remainder. Everything that I saw in her announced beauty. Her hands were small, and dyed with *khenna*; her feet were

equally small; and her whole air and form bespoke loveliness and grace. I gazed upon her until I could no longer contain my passion; I made a slight noise, which immediately caused her to look up, and before she could cover herself with her veil, I had had time to see the most enchanting features that the imagination can conceive, and to receive a look from eyes so bewitching, that I immediately felt my heart in a blaze. With apparent displeasure she covered herself; but still I could perceive that she had managed her veil with so much art, that there was room for a certain dark and sparkling eye to look at me, and to enjoy my agitation. As I continued to gaze upon her, she at length said, though still going on with her work, "Why do you look at me? It is criminal."

"For the sake of the sainted Hosien," I exclaimed, "do not turn from me; it is no crime to love; your eyes have made roast meat of my heart; by the mother that bore you, let me look in your face again."

In a more subdued voice she answered me, "Why do you ask me? You know it is a crime for a woman to let her face be seen; and you are neither my father, my brother, nor my husband; I do not even know who you are. Have you no shame, to talk thus to a maid?"

At this moment she let her veil fall, as if by chance, and I had time to look again upon her face, which was even more beautiful than I had imagined. Her eyes were large and peculiarly black, and fringed by long lashes, which, aided by the collyrium with which they were tinged, formed a sort of ambuscade, from which she levelled her shafts. Her eyebrows were finely arched, and nature had brought them together just over her nose, in so strong a line, that there was no need of art to join them together. Her nose was aquiline, her mouth small, and full of sweet expression; and in the centre of her chin was a dimple which she kept carefully marked with a blue puncture. Nothing could equal the beauty of her hair; it was black as jet, and fell in long tresses down her back. In short, I was wrapped in amazement at her beauty. The sight of her explained to me many things which I had read in our poets, of cypress forms, tender fawns, and sugar-eating parrots.





*David.*

PARIS AND HELEN



It seemed to me that I could gaze at her forever, and not be tired; but still I felt a great desire to leap over the wall and touch her. My passion was increasing, and I was on the point of approaching her, when I heard the name of *Zeenab* repeated several times, with great impatience, by a loud, shrill voice; upon which my fair one left the terrace in haste, and I remained riveted to the place where I had first seen her. I continued there for a long time, in the hope that she might return, but to no purpose. I lent my ear to every noise, but nothing was to be heard below but the same angry voice, which, by turns, appeared to attack everything, and everybody, and which could belong to no one but the doctor's wife; a lady, who, as report would have it, was none of the mildest of her sex, and who kept her good man in great subjection.

The day had now entirely closed in, and I was about retiring to my bed in despair, when the voice was heard again, exclaiming, "Zeenab, where are you going to? Why do you not retire to bed?"

I indistinctly heard the answer of my charmer, but soon guessed what it had been, when I saw her appear on the terrace again. My heart beat violently, and I was about to leap over the wall, which separated us, when I was stopped by seeing her taking up a basket, in which she had gathered her tobacco, and make a hasty retreat; but just as she was disappearing, she said to me, in a low tone of voice, "Be here to-morrow night." These words thrilled through my whole frame, in a manner that I had never before felt, and I did not cease to repeat them, and ponder over them until, through exhaustion, I fell into a feverish doze, and I did not awaken on the following morning until the beams of the sun shone brightly in my face.

"So," said I, when I had well rubbed my eyes: "so now I am in love? Well! we shall see what will come of it; and if she is anything which belongs to the doctor, may his house be ruined if I do not teach him to keep a better watch over his property. As for marriage, that is out of the question. Who would give a wife to me; I who have not even enough to buy myself a pair of trousers, much less to defray the expenses of a wedding? In-

*shallah*, please God, that will take place one of these days, whenever I shall have got together some money; but now I will make play with love, and let the doctor pay for it."

With that intention I forthwith got up and dressed myself; but it was with more care than usual. I combed my curls a great deal more than ordinary; I studied the tie of my girde, and put my cap on one side. Then having rolled up my bed, and carried it into the servants' hall, I issued from home, with the intention of going to the bath, and making my person sweet, preparatory to my evening's assignation. I went to the bath, where I passed a great part of my morning in singing, and spent the remainder of the time, until the hour of meeting, in rambling about the town without any precise object in view.

At length, the day drew towards its close; my impatience had reached its height, and I only waited for the termination of the *sham*, or the evening's meal, to feign a headache, and to retire to rest. My ill luck would have it, that the doctor was detained longer than usual in his attendance upon the Shah, and as the servants dined after him, and ate his leavings, it was late before I was at liberty. When that moment arrived, I was in a fever of expectation: the last glimmering of day tinged the western sky with a light shade of red, and the moon was just rising, when I appeared on the terrace with my bed under my arm. I threw it down and unfolded it in haste, and then, with a beating heart, flew to the broken wall. I looked over it with great precaution; but, to my utter disappointment, I saw nothing but the tobacco spread about in confused heaps, with baskets here and there, as if some work had been left unfinished. I looked all around, but saw no Zeenab. I coughed once or twice; no answer. The only sound which reached my ears was the voice of the doctor's wife, exerting itself upon some one within the house, although its shrillness pierced even the walls; yet I could not make out what was the cause of its being so excited, until of a sudden, it burst into the open air with increasing violence.

"You talk of work to me, you daughter of the devil! Who told you to go to the bath? What business had you at the tombs? I suppose I am to be your slave, and you



are to take your pleasure. Why is not your work done? You shall neither eat, drink, nor sleep, until it is done, so go to it immediately; and if you come away until it be finished, *wallah! billah!* by the prophet, I will beat you till your nails drop off." Upon this I heard some pushing and scuffling, and immediately perceived my fair one proceeding with apparent reluctance to the spot, which not a moment before, I had despaired of seeing blessed with her presence. Oh what a wonderful thing is Love! thought I to myself: how it sharpens the wits, and how futile it is in expedients! I perceived at a glance how ingeniously my charmer had contrived everything for our interview, and for a continuance of it without the fear of interruption. She saw, but took no notice of me until the storm below had ceased; and then, when everything had relapsed into silence, she came towards me, and, as the reader may well suppose, I was at her side in an instant. Ye, who know what love is, may, perhaps, conceive our raptures, for they are not to be expressed. To use the idea of one of our poets, "The waters of our existence, although springing from distant sources, met, and became united into one impetuous torrent, which rolled on; heedless of the destruction it might occasion in its maddening course."

(*The Adventures of Hadji Baba of Ispahan, London, 1824.*)



## LOVE AND DECORUM

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE wild girl ran out of the room, delighted, as a mountaineer of her description was likely to be, with the thought of having done as she would desire to be done by, in her benevolent exertions to bring two lovers together, when on the eve of inevitable separation.

In this self-approving disposition, Annette sped up a narrow turnpike stair to a closet, or dressing-room, where her young mistress was seated, and exclaimed, with open mouth,—“Anne of Gei—I mean my Lady Baroness, they are come—they are come!”

“The Philipsons?” said Anne, almost breathless as she asked the question.

“Yes—no”—answered the girl; “that is, yes,—for the best of them is come, and that is Arthur.”

“What meanest thou, girl? Is not Signor Philipson, the father, along with his son?”

“Not he, indeed,” answered Veilchen, “nor did I ever think of asking about him. He was no friend of mine, nor of any one else, save the old Landamman; and well met they were for a couple of wiseacres, with eternal proverbs in their mouths and care upon their brows.”

“Unkind, inconsiderate girl, what hast thou done?” said Anne of Geierstein. “Did I not warn and charge thee to bring them both hither? and you have brought the young man alone to a place where we are nearly in solitude? What will he—what can he think of me?”

“Why, what should I have done?” said Annette, remaining firm in her argument. “He was alone, and should I have sent him down to the *dorf* to be murdered by the Rhinegrave’s lanzknechts? All is fish, I trow, that comes to their net; and how is he to get through this country, so beset with wandering soldiers, robber barons (I beg your ladyship’s pardon), and roguish Italians, flocking to the

Duke of Burgundy's standard?—Not to mention the greatest terror of all, that is never in one shape or other absent from one's eye or thought."

"Hush, hush, girl! add not utter madness to the excess of folly; but let us think what is to be done. For our sake, for his own, this unfortunate young man must leave this castle instantly."

"You must take the message yourself, then, Anne—I beg pardon, most noble Baroness;—it may be very fit for a lady of high birth to send such a message, which, indeed, I have heard the minnesingers tell in their romances; but I am sure it is not a meet one for me, or any frank-hearted Swiss girl, to carry. No more foolery; but remember, if you were born Baroness of Arnheim, you have been bred and brought up in the bosom of the Swiss hills, and should conduct yourself like an honest and well-meaning damsel."

"And in what does your wisdom reprehend my folly, good Mademoiselle Annette?" replied the baroness.

"Ay, marry! now our noble blood stirs in our veins. But remember, gentle my lady, that it was a bargain between us when I left yonder noble mountains, and the free air that blows over them, to coop myself up in this land of prisons and slaves, that I should speak my mind to you as freely as I did when our heads lay on the same pillow."

"Speak, then," said Anne, studiously averting her face as she prepared to listen; "but beware that you say nothing which it is unfit for me to hear."

"I will speak nature and common sense; and if your noble ears are not made fit to hear and understand these, the fault lies in them, and not in my tongue. Look you, you have saved this youth from two great dangers,—one at the earth-shoot at Geierstein, the other this very day, when his life was beset. A handsome young man he is, well spoken, and well qualified to gain deservedly a lady's favour. Before you saw him, the Swiss youth were at least not odious to you. You danced with them,—you jested with them, you were the general object of their admiration,—and, as you well know, you might have had your choice through the canton—Why, I think it possible a little urgency

might have brought you to think of Rudolph Donnerhugel as your mate."

"Never, wench, never!" exclaimed Anne.

"Be not so very positive, my lady. Had he recommended himself to the uncle in the first place, I think, in my poor sentiment, he might at some lucky moment have carried the niece. But since we have known this young Englishman, it has been little less than contemning, despising, and something like hating, all the men whom you could endure well enough before."

"Well, well," said Anne, "I will detest and hate thee more than any of them, unless you bring your matters to an end."

"Softly, noble lady, fair and easy go far. All this argues you love the young man, and let those say that you are wrong who think there is anything wonderful in the matter. There is much to justify you, and nothing that I know against it. . . ."

As Annette Veilchen spoke, all the fire of her mountain-courage flashed from her eyes, and she listened reluctantly while Anne of Geierstein endeavoured to obliterate the dangerous impression which her former words had impressed on her simple but faithful attendant.

"On my word," she said—"on my soul—you do Arthur Philipson injustice—foul injustice, in intimating such a suspicion;—his conduct towards me has ever been upright and honourable—a friend to a friend—a brother to a sister—could not, in all he has done and said, have been more respectful, more anxiously affectionate, more undeviatingly candid. In our frequent interviews and intercourse he has indeed seemed very kind—very attached. But had I been disposed—at times I may have been too much so—to listen to him with endurance,"—the young lady here put her hand on her forehead, but the tears streamed through her slender fingers,—“he has never spoken of any love—any preference; if he indeed entertains any, some obstacle, insurmountable on his part, has interfered to prevent him.”

"Obstacle?" replied the Swiss damsel. "Ay, doubtless—some childish bashfulness—some foolish idea about your birth being so high above his own—some dream of modesty

pushed to extremity, which considers as impenetrable the ice of a spring frost. This delusion may be broken by a moment's encouragement, and I will take the task on myself to spare your blushes, my dearest Anne."

"No, no; for Heaven's sake, no *Veilchen!*" answered the baroness, to whom Annette had so long been a companion and confidant, rather than a domestic. "You cannot anticipate the nature of the obstacles which may prevent his thinking on what you are so desirous to promote. . . ."

Up-stairs and down-stairs tripped Annette *Veilchen*, the soul of all that was going on in the only habitable corner of the huge Castle of Arnheim. She was equal to every kind of service, and therefore popped her head into the stable to be sure that William attended properly to Arthur's horse, looked into the kitchen to see that the old cook Marthon roasted the partridges in due time (an interference for which she received little thanks), rummaged out a flask or two of Rhine wine from the huge *Dom Daniel*<sup>1</sup> of a cellar, and, finally, just peeped into the parlour to see how Arthur was looking; when, having the satisfaction to see he had, in the best manner he could, sedulously arranged his person, she assured him that he should shortly see her mistress, who was rather indisposed, yet could not refrain from coming down to see so valued an acquaintance.

Arthur blushed when she spoke thus, and seemed so handsome in the waiting-maid's eye, that she could not help saying to herself, as she went to her young lady's room—"Well, if true love cannot manage to bring that couple together, in spite of all the obstacles that they stand boggling at, I will never believe that there is such a thing as true love in the world, let Martin Sprenger say what he will, and swear to it on the Gospels."

When she reached the young baroness's apartment, she found, to her surprise, that instead of having put on what finery she possessed, that young lady's choice had preferred the same simple kirtle which she had worn during the first

<sup>1</sup>[*Dom-Daniel* was the huge cavern lying "under the roots of the ocean," in which evil spirits, enchanters, and other wicked beings were confined.]

day that Arthur had dined at Geierstein. Annette looked at first puzzled and doubtful, then suddenly recognised the good taste which had dictated the attire, and exclaimed—"You are right—you are right—it is best to meet him as a free-hearted Swiss maiden."

Anne also smiled as she replied—"But, at the same time, in the walls of Arnheim, I must appear in some respect as the daughter of my father.—Here, girl, aid me to put this gem upon the riband which binds my hair."

It was an aigrette, or plume, composed of two feathers of a vulture, fastened together by an opal, which changed to the changing light with a variability which enchanted the Swiss damsel, who had never seen anything resembling it in her life. . . .

I will not pretend to describe the marked embarrassment with which Arthur Philipson and Anne of Geierstein met; neither lifted their eyes, neither spoke intelligibly, as they greeted each other, and the maiden herself did not blush more deeply than her modest visitor; while the good-humoured Swiss girl, whose ideas of love partook of the freedom of a more Arcadian country and its customs, looked on with eyebrows a little arched, much in wonder, and a little in contempt, at a couple who, as she might think, acted with such unnatural and constrained reserve. Deep was the reverence and the blush with which Arthur offered his hand to the young lady, and her acceptance of the courtesy had the same character of extreme bashfulness, agitation, and embarrassment. In short, though little or nothing intelligible passed between this very handsome and interesting couple, the interview itself did not on that account lose any interest. Arthur handed the maiden, as was the duty of a gallant of the day, into the next room, where their repast was prepared; and Annette, who watched with singular attention everything which occurred, felt with astonishment that the forms and ceremonies of the higher orders of society had such an influence, even, over her free-born mind, as the rites of the Druids over that of the Roman general, when he said,

I scorn them, yet they awe me.



“What can have changed them?” said Annette; “when at Geierstein, they looked but like another girl and bachelor, only that Anne is so very handsome; but now they move in time and manner as if they were leading a stately pavin, and behave to each other with as much formal respect as if he were Landamman of the Unterwalden, and she the first Lady of Berne. ’Tis all very fine, doubtless, but it is not the way that Martin Sprenger makes love.”

Apparently the circumstances in which each of the young people was placed, recalled to them the habits of lofty and somewhat formal courtesy to which they might have been accustomed in former days; and while the baroness felt it necessary to observe the strictest decorum, in order to qualify the reception of Arthur into the interior of her retreat, he, on the other hand, endeavoured to show, by the profoundness of his respect, that he was incapable of misusing the kindness with which he had been treated. They placed themselves at table, scrupulously observing the distance which might become a “virtuous gentleman and maid.” The youth William did the service of the entertainment with deftness and courtesy, as one well accustomed to such duty; and Annette, placing herself between them, and endeavouring, as closely as she could, to adhere to the ceremonies which she saw them observe, made practice of the civilities which were expected from the attendant of a baroness. . . .

Anne of Geierstein seemed rather glad to lead away the conversation from the turn which her wayward maiden had given to it, and to turn it on more indifferent subjects, though these were still personal to herself.

“Seignor Arthur,” she said, “thinks, perhaps, he has some room to nourish some such strange suspicion as your heedless folly expresses, and some fools believe, both in Germany and Switzerland. Confess, Seignor Arthur, you thought strangely of me when I passed your guard upon the bridge of Graffs-lust, on the night last past.”

The recollection of the circumstances which had so greatly surprised him at the time, so startled Arthur, that it was with some difficulty he commanded himself, so as to

attempt an answer at all; and what he did say on the occasion was broken and unconnected. . . .

“You were the preserver of my life,” said the youth—  
“the restorer of my liberty.”

“Ask me not the reason of my silence. I was then acting under the agency of others, not under mine own. Your escape was effected in order to establish a communication betwixt the Swiss without the fortress and the soldiers within. After the alarm at LaFerette, I learned from Sigismund Biederman that a party of banditti were pursuing your father and you, with a view to pillage and robbery. My father had furnished me with the means of changing Anne of Geierstein into a German maiden of quality. I set out instantly, and glad I am to have given you a hint which might free you from danger.”

“But my father?” said Arthur.

“I have every reason to hope he is well and safe,” answered the young lady. “More than I were eager to protect both you and him—poor Sigismund amongst the first.—And now, my friend, these mysteries explained, it is time we part, and forever.”

“Part!—and forever!” repeated the youth, in a voice like a dying echo.

“It is our fate,” said the maiden. “I appeal to you if it is not your duty—I tell you it is mine. You will depart with early dawn to Strassburg—and—and—we never meet again.”

With an ardour of passion which he could not repress, Arthur Philipson threw himself at the feet of the maiden, whose faltering tone had clearly expressed that she felt deeply in uttering the words. She looked round for Annette, but Annette had disappeared at this most critical moment; and her mistress for a second or two was not perhaps sorry for her absence.

“Rise,” she said, “Arthur—rise. You must not give way to feelings that might be fatal to yourself and me.”

“Hear me, lady, before I bid you adieu, and forever—the word of a criminal is heard, though he plead the worst cause—I am a belted knight, the son and heir of an Earl,





*Barbarelli (School of Giorgione).*

GARDEN OF LOVE



---

whose name has been spread throughout England and France, and wherever valour has had fame."

"Alas!" said she faintly, "I have but too long suspected what you now tell me—Rise, I pray you, rise."

"Never till you hear me," said the youth, seizing one of her hands, which trembled, but hardly could be said to struggle in his grasp.—"Hear me," he said, with the enthusiasm of first love, when the obstacles of bashfulness and diffidence are surmounted—"My father and I are—I acknowledge it—bound on a most hazardous and doubtful expedition. You will very soon learn its issue for good or bad. If it succeed, you shall hear of me in my own character.—If I fall, I must—I will—I do claim a tear from Anne of Geierstein. If I escape, I have yet a horse, a lance, and a sword; and you shall hear nobly of him whom you have thrice protected from imminent danger."

"Arise—arise,"—repeated the maiden, whose tears began to flow fast, as, struggling to raise her lover, they fell thick upon his head and face. "I have heard enough—to listen to more were indeed madness, both for you and myself."

"Yet one single word," added the youth; "while Arthur has a heart, it beats for you—while Arthur can wield an arm, it strikes for you, and in your cause."

*(Anne of Geierstein, Edinburgh, 1829.)*



## A TRAGIC MEETING

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

AT last the General found this silent parlour in the convent by the sea. Love seldom attains to solemnity; but faithful love in the bosom of God, is there not something solemn there, and more indeed than a man could expect in the Nineteenth Century with the manners that accompany it? The infinite grandeurs of this site were fitted to impress the soul of the General, for he was sufficiently elevated of nature to forget politics, honours, Spain, and the world of Paris, and to rise to the height of great development. Moreover, what could be more truly tragic? How much sentiment in the situation of two lovers re-united on a granite rock in the middle of the sea, but separated by an idea, by an impassable barrier. See, the man is saying to himself: "Can I triumph over God in this heart?" A light sound made him tremble, the brown curtain was drawn aside; then he saw in the light a woman standing, but her face was hidden by the long veil plaited upon her head: according to the rule of the house she was dressed in that robe whose colour has become proverbial. The General could not see the nun's bare feet which would have attested terrible emaciation; yet, through the many folds of the coarse gown that covered her and allowed none of this woman to be revealed, he divined that the tears, the prayers, the passion, and the solitary life had already wasted her away.

The icy hand of a woman, doubtless that of the Mother-Superior, still held the curtain; and the General, having scrutinized this necessary witness to the interview, met the dark and penetrating glance of an old nun, almost a hundred years old, whose clear and youthful eye contradicted the numerous wrinkles with which her pale face was furrowed.

"Madame la Duchesse," he asked the nun with bowed

head, in a voice full of emotion, "does your companion understand French?"

"There is no duchess here," replied the nun. "You stand before Sister Thérèse. My companion, as you call her, is my Mother in God, my superior here below."

These words, so humbly pronounced by a voice that formerly harmonized with luxury and elegance in the midst of which this woman had lived queen of Parisian society, and from lips whose speech was once so light and so mocking, struck the General like a thunder-bolt.

"My holy Mother speaks nothing but Latin and Spanish," she added.

"I know neither of these, my dear Antoinette, make my excuses to her."

Hearing her name gently spoken by a man who was formerly so cruel to her, the nun felt great emotion that betrayed itself in the slight trembling of her veil upon which the full light was now falling.

"My brother," said she, carrying her sleeve beneath her veil, probably to wipe her eyes, "I am called Sister Thérèse."

Then she turned her eyes towards the Mother-Superior and said in Spanish the following words which the General heard distinctly; he knew enough to understand, and perhaps enough to speak.

"My dear Mother, this gentleman presents his respects to you, and begs you will excuse his not doing this for himself, but he does not understand either of the two languages that you speak."

The old woman bowed her head slightly, and an expression of angelic sweetness came into her face heightened, notwithstanding, by the feelings of her power and dignity.

"Do you know this gentleman?" she asked, with a penetrating glance.

"Yes, Mother."

"Retire to your cell, my daughter," said the Mother-Superior in an imperious tone.

The General hastily retired behind the curtain, so that the terrible emotion of his face could not be seen; and from the shadow he seemed to see the piercing eyes of the

Mother-Superior. This woman who controlled the fragile and transitory happiness he had secured at so much cost frightened him and he trembled; he, whom a triple row of cannon had never alarmed. The Duchess walked to the door, but she turned around: "Mother," she said, in a voice of horrible calmness, "this Frenchman is one of my brothers."

"Remain then, my daughter," said the old woman, after a pause.

This admirable Jesuitism revealed such great love and regret that a man less strongly organized than the General would have defeated himself in showing his intense pleasure in the midst of this immense danger which threatened him. Of what value indeed were words, glances and gestures in a scene where love had to escape the eyes of a lynx and the claws of a tiger? Sister Thérèse returned.

"You see, my brother, what I have dared do that I might hold you here for a moment for the sake of your salvation and the prayers for you that my soul addresses each day to heaven. I now commit a mortal sin. I have lied. How many days of penance will it cost me to efface this lie! but it will be to suffer for you. You do not know, my brother, what happiness is a heavenly love, the power of avowing sentiments that have been purified by religion and transported unto the highest regions, and how it is permitted to us to feel with the soul alone. If the doctrines, if the spirit of the saint to whom we owe this retreat, had not lifted me far above terrestrial miseries and borne me far below the sphere in which she dwells, but certainly far above the world, I could not have seen you again. But I can see you and hear you speak, and remain calm."

"Ah, Antoinette," cried the General, interrupting these words, "oh, do what I wish, you who I now love with intoxication, desperately, as you have wished to be loved by me."

"Do not call me Antoinette, I entreat you. The memory of the past is bad for me. Do not see here other than Sister Thérèse, a creature trusting to divine mercy. And," she added after a pause, "control yourself my brother. Our Mother would separate us unmercifully if your face betrayed worldly passions, or if tears fell from your eyes."

The General bowed his head as if to collect himself. When he raised his eyes to the grille he perceived behind the bars the face of the nun, pale and emaciated but still passionate. Her complexion where once bloomed all the enchantment of youth, where the happy opposition of a heavy white contrasted with the colours of a Bengal rose, took now the warm tone of a cup of porcelain within which a faint light is enclosed. The beautiful hair of which this woman was so proud, had been shorn. A bandeau encompassed her brow and framed her face. Her eyes surrounded with dark circles due to the austerities of that life, momentarily darted out feverish light, for their habitual calm was merely a veil. Finally, of this woman nothing but the soul remained.

“Ah, you will leave this tomb, you who have become my entire life. You belonged to me, and were not free to give yourself even to God. Have you not promised to sacrifice everything to the least of my commands? Now you will find me perhaps worthy of that promise, when you know what I have done for you. I have searched for you throughout the world. For five years you have been every moment in my thoughts, the occupation of my life. My friends, my most powerful friends, you know this, have helped me with all their might to search the convents of France, Italy, Spain, Sicily, and America. My love has burned more deeply at every vain attempt; I have often made long voyages on a false hope, I have spent my life and the strongest beatings of my heart amongst the black walls of many cloisters. I will not speak to you of a fidelity without limit,—what is it? a mere nothing in comparison to the infinite vows of my love. If your remorse has really been true, you will not hesitate to follow me to-day.”

“You forget that I am not free.”

“The duke is dead,” he replied quickly.

Sister Thérèse blushed.

“May heaven receive him,” she said in quick emotion.

“He was generous to me. But I do not speak of those ties, one of my sins was the willingness to break them all without a scruple for you.”

“You speak of your vows,” cried the General, knitting his brows. “I did not believe that anything would weigh in your heart but your love. But fear not, Antoinette, I will obtain a brief from Saint Peter’s which will release you from your vow. I will certainly go to Rome, I will implore all the powers on the earth; if God himself could descend I would ——”

“Do not blaspheme.”

“Are you then afraid of God? Ah! I should like much better to hear that you will leap these walls for me; that even this evening you will throw yourself into a boat at the foot of the rocks. We will go and be happy, I do not care where, to the end of the world! And, at my side you shall return to life and health beneath the wings of Love.”

“Do not talk like this,” replied Sister Thérèse, “you forget what you have become to me. I love you better than I have ever loved you. I pray to God every day for you, but I see you no longer with my earthly eyes. If you could know, Armand, the happiness of being able to give myself up without shame to a pure friendship protected by God! You do not know how happy I am to call the benedictions of heaven upon you. I never pray for myself: God may do with me as he pleases. But regarding you, I would wish, at the price of my own eternal life, to have the knowledge that you are happy in this world and that you shall be happy in the other for all eternity. My eternal life is all now that misfortune has left me to give you. Now, I am become old through my tears, I am no longer young, nor beautiful; moreover, you would despise a nun transformed into a woman, for no sentiment, not even maternal love could absolve her. What can you say to me that will balance the countless reflections that have accumulated in my heart for five years, and that have changed it, hallowed it, withered it? I ought to have given a less sad one to God!”

“What I will say, my dear Antoinette, what I will say is that I love you: that affection, love, true love, the happiness of living as one heart, entirely our own, and without reserve, is so rare and so difficult to meet with, that I have doubted you, that I have submitted you to a cruel



test; but to-day, I love you with all the strength of my soul: if you will follow me into retreat, I will listen to no other voice and look upon no other face but yours."

"Silence, Armand, you shorten the one instant permitted for us to see each other here below."

"Antoinette do you wish to follow me?"

"But I never leave you. I live in your heart, but differently to all thoughts of worldly pleasure, vanity, and selfish joy; I live here for you, pale and withered, in the bosom of God. If he is just, you will be happy."

"All those are but phrases! And what if I want you pale and withered? And what if I shall never be happy unless I possess you? You can still remember duties in the presence of your lover? Will he never stand above all else in your heart? Formerly, you preferred society, yourself,—I don't know what else—to him; now it is God, and my salvation! In the heart of Sister Thérèse, I still recognize the Duchess ignorant of the pleasures of love and always insensible beneath the semblance of sympathy. You do not love me, you never have loved me!"

"Oh, my brother——"

"You do not wish to leave this tomb, you love my soul, you say? Very well! You shall lose this soul forever, for I will kill myself."

"Mother," cried Sister Thérèse in Spanish, "I have lied to you, this man is my lover!"

The curtain fell instantly. The General, remaining stunned, presently heard the doors within shut violently.

"Ah! she loves me still," he cried understanding the sublime meaning in the cry of the nun. "I must take her away from here!"

*(La Duchesse de Langeais, Paris, 1834.)*

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

FROM early childhood I had felt a vocation for the priesthood, and so all my studies were directed to that end, and up to my twenty-fourth year my life had been nothing but a long novitiate. On completing my theological course, I passed through the minor orders in succession, and notwithstanding my youth, my superiors considered me worthy of passing the last solemn degree. A day in Easter week was appointed for my ordination.

I had never gone out into the world; for me the world was enclosed within the college and the seminary. I knew vaguely that there was something called woman, but my thoughts never dwelt upon that: I was perfectly innocent, I saw my old and infirm mother only twice a year. That was my only connexion with the outside world.

I regretted nothing. I felt not the least hesitation over this irrevocable engagement: I was full of joy and impatience—no lover ever counted the hours with more feverish ardour; I could not sleep without dreaming that I was saying mass; I could see nothing more beautiful than to be a priest; I would have refused to be a king or a poet. My ambition could conceive of nothing higher than that.

The great day having arrived, I walked to the church with a step so light that I seemed to be upborne in the air, or that I had wings on my shoulders. I believed myself to be an angel and wondered at the sombre and preoccupied faces of my companions, for there were several of us. I had spent the night in prayer, and was in a state bordering on ecstasy. The bishop, a venerable old man, seemed to me God the Father leaning over his eternity, and I saw Heaven through the dome of the temple.

You are familiar with the details: the benediction, the communion in two kinds, the anointing of the palms of the hands with the oil of catechumens, and finally the holy

sacrifice offered in concert with the bishop. I will not dwell upon all that. Oh! how right Job was, and how imprudent is he who does not make a covenant with his eyes! I chanced to raise my head, which until then I had kept bowed, and saw in front of me, so close that it seemed as if I could have touched her,—although in reality she was a considerable distance away and outside the railing—a young woman of rare beauty, and robed with royal magnificence. It seemed as if scales were falling from my eyes. I experienced the sensation of a blind man suddenly recovering his sight. The bishop, just now so radiant, suddenly faded away, the tapers paled upon their golden candlesticks like stars in the morning, and complete darkness filled the whole church. The charming creature stood out against that background of shadow like an angelic revelation; she seemed illuminated by herself, and to be giving forth light rather than receiving it.

I lowered my eyelids, firmly resolved not to raise them again, so as to withdraw from the influence of external objects, for distraction was taking possession of me more and more, and I scarcely knew what I was doing.

A moment later, I opened my eyes again, for through my lashes I saw her glittering with prismatic hues, and enveloped in a purple penumbra such as one sees when looking at the sun.

Oh, how lovely she was! When, pursuing beauty in the heavens, the greatest painters bring back to earth the divine likeness of the Madonna, they cannot even approach that fabulous reality. Neither the poet's verses nor the artist's palette could convey any idea of her. She was rather tall, with the figure and bearing of a goddess; her hair, of a soft blond, was parted in the middle and flowed back over her temples like two rivers of gold; one would have called her a queen with her diadem; her brow, of a bluish-white and transparent fairness, extended broad and serene above the arches of two almost brown eyebrows,—a peculiarity that further increased the effect of sea-green eyes of insupportable vivacity and brilliance. What eyes! They decided a man's destiny with one flash; they possessed a life, a limpidity, an ardour, a burning humidity that

I have never seen in human eyes; they darted rays like arrows that I could distinctly see reach my heart. I know not if the flame that illumined them came from Heaven or from Hell, but assuredly it came from one or other, and perhaps both; certainly she never sprang from the flank of Eve, the mother of all. Teeth of the loveliest pearl gleamed in her crimson smile, and every movement of her lips dug little dimples in the rosy satin of her adorable cheeks. As for her nose, it was quite regal in its delicacy and pride, and revealed the most noble origin. Agate gleams played over the smooth lustrous skin of her half bare shoulders, and strings of large fair pearls—of a tint almost comparable to her neck—descended to her breast. From time to time she raised her head with the undulating grace of a serpent, or a peacock when it puffs out its breast, and imparted a slight tremor to the high open-work ruff that surrounded it like a silver trellis-work.

She wore a robe of ruby velvet, and her wide sleeves lined with ermine fell away from patrician hands of infinite delicacy with fingers long and tapering and of such ideal transparency that, like Aurora's, they let the light shine through them.

All these details are still as clear as if they dated from yesterday, for, although I was greatly disturbed, nothing escaped me; the faintest shadow, the little dark speck at the point of the chin, the imperceptible tuft at the corners of the lips, the velvety down upon the brow, the quivering shadows of the lashes upon the cheeks, I noticed everything with astonishing lucidity.

As I looked at her, I felt opening within me gates that hitherto had been closed; obstructed vents opened in all my senses and revealed unknown vistas; life appeared to me under quite another aspect. I had just been born to a new order of ideas. Frightful anguish tore at my heart; every minute that passed seemed both a second and a century. Meanwhile the ceremony proceeded, and I was transported far away from that world of which my newly-born desires were furiously besieging the entrance. Nevertheless I answered Yes when I wanted to say No! and while all within me was revolting and protesting against the violence

my tongue was doing to my soul: some occult power dragged the words from my throat in spite of myself. Thus it is, perhaps, that so many maidens walk to the altar with the firm resolve to refuse in a startling manner the husband imposed upon them, and that not one ever carries out her intention. Thus it is, doubtless, that so many poor novices take the veil, although fully determined to tear it to pieces when the moment arrives for them to pronounce their vows.

The gaze of the fair unknown changed its expression as the ceremony proceeded. From tender and caressing, as it had been at first, it gradually became disdainful and angry, as though at not having been understood.

I made an effort sufficient to have removed a mountain, I strove to cry out that I did not want to be a priest, but I could not succeed; my tongue clove to my palate, and I found it impossible to translate my will by the slightest negative motion. Fully awake, I was in a condition similar to that of nightmare, when you want to utter the word on which life depends, without being able to do so.

She seemed aware of the martyrdom I was suffering, and, as though to encourage me, she gave me a glance full of divine promises. Her eyes were a poem of which every look formed a song.

She said: "If thou wilt be mine, I will make thee happier than God himself in his Paradise: the angels shall be jealous of thee. Rend that funeral shroud in which thou art about to wrap thyself. I am Beauty, I am Youth, I am Life; come to me, we will be Love. What could Jehovah offer thee as compensation? Our existence will flow like a river and will be nothing but one eternal kiss.

"Throw the wine out of that chalice and thou art free. I will lead thee to the unknown isles; thou shalt sleep in my bosom in a bed of massive gold under a silver pavilion, for I love thee and would take thee away from thy God, before whom so many noble hearts pour out floods of love that can never reach him."

I seemed to hear these words in a rhythm of infinite sweetness, for her glance was almost sonorous, and the



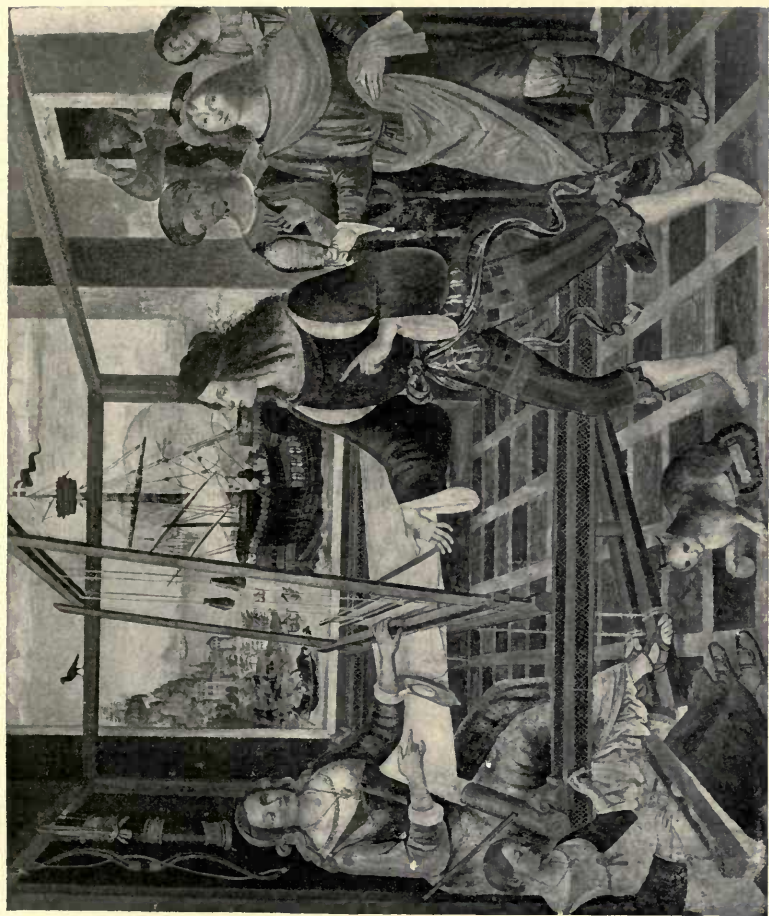
words that her eyes sent to me resounded in the depths of my heart as if invisible lips had breathed them into my soul. I felt willing to renounce God and yet I mechanically went through all the formalities of the ceremony. The beautiful woman gave me another look, so imploring and despairing that sharp blades seemed to pierce my heart, and I felt my breast transfixed by more swords than those of Our Lady of Sorrows.

It was finished: I was a priest.

Human face never painted so poignant an agony. The maiden who sees her promised husband suddenly fall dead by her side, the mother beside her child's empty cradle, Eve seated at the threshold of the gate of Paradise, the miser who finds a stone in place of his stolen hoard, the poet who lets fall into the fire the sole manuscript of his finest work, could not wear an expression so despairing and inconsolable. The blood entirely deserted her charming face which became as white as marble; her beautiful arms fell lifelessly to her side as though their muscles had suddenly relaxed; and she leant against a pillar, for her limbs bent and failed her. As for myself, I staggered towards the door of the church, livid, my brow streaming with sweat bloodier than that of Calvary! I was suffocating; the vaults were weighing on my shoulders, and it seemed to me that my head alone was sustaining the entire weight of the dome.

As I was about to cross the threshold, a hand suddenly caught mine—a woman's hand! I had never yet touched one. It was as cold as the skin of a serpent, and yet its imprint remained with me, burning like the mark of a red-hot iron. It was she. "Unhappy man! Unhappy man! What hast thou done?" she cried in a low voice; then she disappeared in the throng.

(*La Mort Amoureuse, Paris, about 1845.*)



*Pinturicchio.*

ULYSSES AND PENELOPE



## HIS FIRST LOVE

CHARLES DICKENS

IT was—what lasting reason have I to remember it!—a cold, harsh, winter day. There had been snow some hours before; and it lay, not deep, but hard frozen on the ground. Out at sea, beyond my window, the wind blew ruggedly from the north. I had been thinking of it, sweeping over those mountain wastes of snow in Switzerland, then inaccessible to any human foot; and had been speculating which was the lonelier, those solitary regions, or a deserted ocean.

“Riding to-day, Trot?” said my aunt, putting her head in at the door.

“Yes,” said I, “I am going over to Canterbury. It’s a good day for a ride.”

“I hope your horse may think so, too,” said my aunt; “but at present he is holding down his head and his ears, standing before the door there, as if he thought his stable preferable.”

My aunt, I may observe, allowed my horse on the forbidden ground, but had not at all relented towards the donkeys.

“He will be fresh enough, presently!” said I.

“The ride will do his master good, at all events,” observed my aunt, glancing at the papers on my table. “Ah, child, you pass a good many hours here! I never thought, when I used to read books, what work it was to write them.”

“It’s work enough to read them, sometimes,” I returned. “As to the writing, it has its own charms, aunt.”

“Ah! I see!” said my aunt. “Ambition, love of approbation, sympathy, and much more, I suppose? Well: go along with you!”

“Do you know anything more,” said I, standing composedly before her—she had patted me on the shoulder, and sat down in my chair,—“of that attachment of Agnes?”



She looked up in my face a little while, before replying :  
“ I think I do, Trot.”

“ Are you confirmed in your impression ? ” I inquired.

“ I think I am, Trot.”

She looked so steadfastly at me : with a kind of doubt, or pity, or suspense in her affection ; that I summoned the stronger determination to show her a perfectly cheerful face.

“ And what is more, Trot—” said my aunt.

“ Yes ! ”

“ I think Agnes is going to be married.”

“ God bless her ! ” said I, cheerfully.

“ God bless her ! ” said my aunt, “ and her husband, too ! ”

I echoed it, parted from my aunt, went lightly downstairs, mounted, and rode away. There was greater reason than before to do what I had resolved to do.

How well I recollect the wintry ride ! The frozen particles of ice, brushed from the blades of grass by the wind, and borne across my face ; the hard clatter of the horse’s hoofs, beating a tune upon the ground ; the stiff-tilled soil ; the snow-drift lightly eddying in the chalk-pit as the breeze ruffled it ; the smoking team with the waggon of old hay, stopping to breathe on the hill-top, and shaking their bells musically ; the whitened slopes and sweeps of Down-land lying against the dark sky, as if they were drawn on a huge slate !

I found Agnes alone. The little girls had gone to their own homes now, and she was alone by the fire, reading. She put down her book on seeing me come in ; and having welcomed me as usual, took her work-basket, and sat in one of the old-fashioned windows.

I sat beside her on the window-seat, and we talked of what I was doing, and when it would be done, and of the progress I had made since my last visit. Agnes was very cheerful ; and laughingly predicted that I should soon become too famous to be talked to, on such subjects.

“ So I make the most of the present time, you see,” said Agnes, “ and talk to you while I may.”

As I looked at her beautiful face, observant of her work,



she raised her mild clear eyes, and saw that I was looking at her.

“You are thoughtful to-day, Trotwood!”

“Agnes, shall I tell you what about? I came to tell you.”

She put aside her work, as she was used to do when we were seriously discussing anything; and gave me her whole attention.

“My dear Agnes, do you doubt my being true to you?”

“No!” she answered, with a look of astonishment.

“Do you doubt my being what I always have been to you?”

“No!” she answered, as before.

“Do you remember that I tried to tell you, when I came home, what a debt of gratitude I owed you, dearest Agnes, and how fervently I felt towards you?”

“I remember it,” she said, gently, “very well.”

“You have a secret,” said I. “Let me share it, Agnes.”

She cast down her eyes, and trembled.

“I could hardly fail to know, even if I had not heard—but from other lips than yours, Agnes, which seems strange—that there is some one upon whom you have bestowed the treasure of your love. Do not shut me out of what concerns your happiness so nearly! If you can trust me as you say you can, and as I know you may, let me be your friend, your brother, in this matter, of all others!”

With an appealing, almost a reproachful, glance, she rose from the window; and hurrying across the room as if without knowing where, put her hands before her face, and burst into such tears as smote me to the heart.

And yet they awakened something in me, bringing promise to my heart. Without my knowing why, these tears allied themselves with the quietly sad smile which was so fixed in my remembrance, and shook me more with hope than fear or sorrow.

“Agnes! Sister! Dearest! What have I done?”

“Let me go away, Trotwood. I am not well. I am not myself. I will speak to you by and by—another time.”

I will write to you. Don't speak to me now. Don't! don't!"

I sought to recollect what she had said, when I had spoken to her on that former night, of her affection needing no return. It seemed a very world that I must search through in a moment.

"Agnes, I cannot bear to see you so, and think that I have been the cause. My dearest girl, dearer to me than anything in life, if you are unhappy, let me share your unhappiness. If you are in need of help or counsel, let me try to give it to you. If you have indeed a burden on your heart, let me try to lighten it. For whom do I live now, Agnes, if it is not for you?"

"Oh, spare me! I am not myself! Another time!" was all I could distinguish.

Was it a selfish error that was leading me away? Or, having once a clue to hope, was there something opening to me that I had not dared to think of?

"I must say more. I cannot let you leave me so! For Heaven's sake, Agnes, let us not mistake each other after all these years, and all that has come and gone with them! I must speak plainly. If you have any lingering thought that I could envy the happiness you will confer; that I could not resign you to a dearer protector, of your own choosing; that I could not, from my removed place, be a contented witness of your joy; dismiss it, for I don't deserve it! I have not suffered quite in vain. You have not taught me quite in vain. There is no alloy of self in what I feel for you."

She was quiet now. In a little time, she turned her pale face towards me, and said in a low voice, broken here and there, but very clear:

"I owe it to your pure friendship for me, Trotwood—which, indeed, I do not doubt—to tell you, you are mistaken. I can do no more. If I have sometimes, in the course of years, wanted help and counsel, they have come to me. If I have sometimes been unhappy, the feeling has passed away. If I have ever had a burden on my heart, it has been lightened for me. If I have any secret, it is—no new one; and is—not what you suppose. I cannot reveal

it, or divide it. It has long been mine, and must remain mine."

"Agnes! Stay! A moment!"

She was going away, but I detained her. I clasped my arm about her waist. "In the course of years!" "It is not a new one!" New thoughts and hopes were whirling through my mind, and all the colours of my life were changing.

"Dearest Agnes! Whom I so respect and honour—whom I so devotedly love! When I came here to-day, I thought that nothing could have wrested this confession from me. I thought I could have kept it in my bosom all our lives, till we were old. But, Agnes, if I have indeed any new-born hope that I may ever call you something more than Sister, widely different from Sister!—"

Her tears fell fast; but they were not like those she had lately shed, and I saw my hope brighten in them.

"Agnes! Ever my guide and best support! If you had been more mindful of yourself, and less of me, when we grew up here together, I think my heedless fancy never would have wandered from you. But you were so much better than I, so necessary to me in every boyish hope and disappointment, that to have you to confide in, and rely upon in everything, became a second nature, supplanting for the time the first and greater one of loving you as I do!"

Still weeping, but not sadly—joyfully! And clasped in my arms as she had never been, as I had thought she never was to be!

"When I loved Dora—fondly, Agnes, as you know——"

"Yes!" she cried, earnestly. "I am glad to know it!"

"When I loved her—even then, my love would have been incomplete, without your sympathy. I had it, and it was perfected. And when I lost her, Agnes, what should I have been without you, still!"

Closer in my arms, nearer to my heart, her trembling hand upon my shoulder, her sweet eyes shining through her tears, on mine!

“I went away, dear Agnes, loving you. I stayed away, loving you. I returned home, loving you!”

And now, I tried to tell her of the struggle I had had, and the conclusion I had come to. I tried to lay my mind before her, truly and entirely. I tried to show her how I had hoped I had come into the better knowledge of myself and of her; how I had resigned myself to what that better knowledge brought; and how I had come there, even that day, in my fidelity to this. If she did so love me (I said) that she could take me for her husband, she could do so, on no deserving of mine, except upon the truth of my love for her, and the trouble in which it had ripened to be what it was; and hence it was that I revealed it. And O, Agnes, even out of thy true eyes, in that same time, the spirit of my child-wife looked upon me, saying it was well; and winning me, through thee, to tenderest recollections of the Blossom that had withered in its bloom!

“I am so blest, Trotwood—my heart is so overcharged—but there is one thing I must say.”

“Dearest, what?”

She laid her gentle hands upon my shoulders, and looked calmly in my face.

“Do you know, yet, what it is?”

“I am afraid to speculate on what it is. Tell me, my dear.”

“I have loved you all my life!”

Oh, we were happy, we were happy! Our tears were not for the trials (hers so much the greater), through which we had come to be thus, but for the rapture of being thus, never to be divided more!

We walked, that winter evening, in the fields together; and the blessed calm within us seemed to be partaken by the frosty air. The early stars began to shine while we were lingering on, and looking up to them, we thanked our God for having guided us to this tranquillity.

We stood together in the same old-fashioned window at night, when the moon was shining; Agnes with her quiet eyes raised up to it; I following her glance. Long miles

of road then opened out before my mind; and, toiling on, I saw a ragged way-worn boy forsaken and neglected, who should come to call even the heart now beating against mine, his own.

It was nearly dinner-time next day when we appeared before my aunt. She was up in my study, Peggotty said; which it was her pride to keep in readiness and order for me. We found her, in her spectacles, sitting by the fire.

“Goodness me!” said my aunt, peering through the dusk, “who’s this you’re bringing home?”

“Agnes,” said I.

As we had arranged to say nothing at first, my aunt was not a little discomfited. She darted a hopeful glance at me, when I said, “Agnes;” but seeing that I looked as usual, she took off her spectacles in despair, and rubbed her nose with them.

She greeted Agnes heartily, nevertheless; and we were soon in the lighted parlour down-stairs, at dinner. My aunt put on her spectacles twice or thrice, to take another look at me, but as often took them off again, disappointed, and rubbed her nose with them. Much to the discomfiture of Mr. Dick, who knew this to be a bad symptom.

“By the bye, aunt,” said I, after dinner; “I have been speaking to Agnes about what you told me.”

“Then, Trot,” said my aunt, turning scarlet, “you did wrong, and broke your promise.”

“You are not angry, aunt, I trust? I am sure you won’t be, when you learn that Agnes is not unhappy in any attachment.”

“Stuff and nonsense!” said my aunt.

As my aunt appeared to be annoyed, I thought the best way was to cut her annoyance short. I took Agnes in my arm to the back of her chair, and we both leaned over her. My aunt with one clap of her hands, and one look through her spectacles, immediately went into hysterics, for the first and only time in all my knowledge of her.

The hysterics called up Peggotty. The moment my aunt was restored, she flew at Peggotty, and calling her a silly old creature, hugged her with all her might. After



that, she hugged Mr. Dick (who was highly honoured, but a good deal surprised); and after that told them why. Then we were all happy together.

I could not discover whether my aunt, in her last conversation with me had fallen on a pious fraud, or had really mistaken the state of my mind. It was quite enough, she said, that she had told me Agnes was going to be married; and that I now knew better than any one how true it was.

We were married within a fortnight. Traddles and Sophy, and Doctor and Mrs. Strong, were the only guests at our quiet wedding. We left them full of joy; and drove away together. Clasped in my embrace, I held the source of every worthy aspiration I had ever had; the centre of myself, the circle of my life, my own, my wife; my love of whom was founded on a rock!

"Dearest husband!" said Agnes. "Now that I may call you by that name, I have one thing more to tell you."

"Let me hear it, love."

"It grows out of the night when Dora died. She sent you for me."

"She did."

"She told me that she left me something. Can you think what it was?"

I believed I could. I drew the wife who had so long loved me, closer to my side.

"She told me that she made a last request to me, and left me a last charge."

"And it was——"

"That only I would occupy this vacant place."

And Agnes laid her head upon my breast and wept; and I wept with her, though we were so happy.

*(The Personal History of David Copperfield, London, 1850.)*

## FIDELITY IN LOVE

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WHAT is the meaning of fidelity in love, and whence the birth of it? 'Tis a state of mind that men fall into, and depending on the man rather than the woman. We love being in love, that's the truth on't. If we had not met Joan, we should have met Kate, and adored her. We know our mistresses are no better than many other women, nor no prettier, nor no wiser, nor no wittier. 'Tis not for these reasons we love a woman, or for any special quality or charm I know of; we might as well demand that a lady should be the tallest woman in the world, like the Shropshire giantess, as that she should be a paragon in any other character, before we began to love her. Esmond's mistress had a thousand faults beside her charms: he knew both perfectly well; she was imperious, she was light-minded, she was flighty, she was false, she had no reverence in her character; she was everything, even in beauty, the contrast of her mother, who was the most devoted and the least selfish of women. Well, from the very first moment he saw her on the stairs at Walcote, Esmond knew he loved Beatrice. There might be better women—he wanted that one. He cared for none other. Was it because she was gloriously beautiful? Beautiful as she was, he hath heard that Beatrix's mother looked as young, and was the handsomer of the two. Why did her voice thrill in his ear so? She could not sing near so well as Nicolini or Mrs. Tofts; nay, she sang out of tune, and yet he liked to hear her better than St. Cecilia. She had not a finer complexion than Mrs. Steele (Dick's wife, whom he had now got, and who ruled poor Dick with a rod of pickle), and yet to see her dazzled Esmond; he would shut his eyes, and the thought of her dazzled him all the same. She was brilliant and lively in talk, but not so incomparably

witty as her mother, who, when she was cheerful, said the finest things; but yet to hear her, and to be with her, was Esmond's greatest pleasure. Days passed away between him and these ladies, he scarce knew how. He poured his heart out to them, so as he never could in any other company, where he hath generally passed for being moody, or supercilious and silent. This society was more delightful than that of the greatest wits to him. May Heaven pardon him the lies he told the Dowager at Chelsea, in order to get a pretext for going away to Kensington: the business at the Ordnance which he invented; the interview with his General, the courts and statesmen's levees which he *didn't* frequent, and described; who wore a new suit on Sunday at St. James's or at the Queen's birthday; how many coaches filled the street at Mr. Harley's levee; how many bottles he had had the honour to drink over night with Mr. St. John at the Cocoa Tree, or at the Garter with Mr. Walpole and Mr. Steele.

Mistress Beatrix Esmond had been a dozen times on the point of making great matches, so the Court scandal said; but for his part Esmond never would believe the stories against her; and came back, after three years' absence from her, not as frantick as he had been perhaps, but still hungering after her and no other, still hopeful, still kneeling, with his heart in his hand for the young lady to take. We were now got to 1709. She was near twenty-two years old, and three years at Court, and without a husband.

"'Tis not for want of being asked," Lady Castlewood said, looking into Esmond's heart, as she could, with that perception affection gives. "But she will make no mean match, Henry: she will not marry as I would have her; the person whom I should like to call my son, and Henry Esmond knows who that is, is best served by my not pressing his claim. Beatrix is so wilful, that what I would urge on her, she would be sure to resist. The man who would marry her will not be happy with her, unless he be a great person, and can put her in a great position. Beatrix loves admiration more than love; and longs, beyond all things, for command. Why should a mother speak so of her child? You are my son, too, Harry. You should know



*Fragonard.*

L'HEURE DU BERGER







the truth about your sister. I thought you might cure yourself of your passion," my lady added fondly. "Other people can cure themselves of that folly, you know. But I see you are still as infatuated as ever. When we read your name in the *Gazette*, I pleaded for you, my poor boy. Poor boy, indeed! You are growing a grave old gentleman now, and I am an old woman. She likes your fame well enough, and she likes your person. She says you have wit, and fire, and good breeding, and are more natural than the fine gentlemen of the Court. But this is not enough. She wants a commander-in-chief, and not a colonel. Were a duke to ask her, she would leave an earl whom she had promised. I know not how my poor girl is so worldly."

"Well," says Esmond, "a man can but give his best and his all. She has that from me. What little reputation I have won, I swear I cared for it but because I thought Beatrix would be pleased with it. What care I to be a colonel or a general? Think you 'twill matter a few score years hence, what our foolish honours to-day are? I would have had a little fame, that she might wear it in her hat. If I had anything better, I would endow her with it. If she wants my life, I would give it to her. If she marries another, I will say God bless him. I make no boast, nor no complaint. I think my fidelity is folly, perhaps. But so it is. I cannot help myself. I love her. You are a thousand times better: the fondest, the fairest, the dearest of women. Sure, dear lady, I see all Beatrix's faults as well as you do. But she is my fate. 'Tis endurable. I shall not die for not having her. I think I should be no happier if I won her. *Que voulez-vous?* as my Lady of Chelsea would say. *Je l'aime.*"

"I wish she would have you," said Harry's fond mistress, giving a hand to him. He kissed the fair hand ('twas the prettiest dimpled little hand in the world, and my Lady Castlewood, though now almost forty years old, did not look to be within ten years of her age). He kissed and kept her fair hand, as they talked together.

"Why," says he, "should she hear me? She knows what I would say. Far or near she knows I'm her slave. I have sold myself for nothing, it may be. Well, 'tis the

price I choose to take. I am worth nothing, or I am worth all."

"You are such a treasure," Esmond's mistress was pleased to say, "that the woman who has your love, shouldn't change it away against a kingdom, I think. I am a country-bred woman, and cannot say but the ambitions of the town seem mean to me. I never was awe-stricken by my Lady Duchess's rank and finery, or afraid," she added with a sly laugh, "of anything but her temper. I hear of Court ladies who pine because Her Majesty looks cold on them; and great noblemen who would give a limb that they might wear a garter on the other. This worldliness, which I can't comprehend, was born with Beatrix, who, on the first day of her waiting, was a perfect courtier. We are like sisters, and she the elder sister, somehow. She tells me I have a mean spirit. I laugh, and say she adores a coach-and-six. I cannot reason her out of her ambition. 'Tis natural to her, as to me to love quiet, and be indifferent about rank and riches. What are they, Harry? and for how long do they last? Our home is not here." She smiled as she spoke, and looked like an angel that was only on earth on a visit.

*(The History of Henry Esmond, London, 1852.)*

## A SPIRIT SPELL

L. BECQUER

“**Y**OU are looking pale and ill ; you go about sad and sombre ; what has happened ? Since the day which I shall always consider fatal, when you went to the Fountain of the Poplars in pursuit of the wounded stag, it seems as if a malign witch has cast an evil spell upon you.

“ You no longer go to the forest with your noisy pack before you, and the sound of your horns no longer awakes the echoes of the mountains. Accompanied by a small troop of followers, every morning you take your bow into the woods and remain there until the sun has set. And when at nightfall you return pale and wearied to the castle, I vainly search the baskets for any spoils of the chase. How were so many hours occupied away from those that love you most ? ”

While Inigo was speaking, Fernando, absorbed in thought, sat mechanically cutting with his hunting-knife at the ebony nobs of his settee.

After a long silence, broken only by the rasping of the blade on the hard wood, the youth, as if he had not heard a single word, said to his attendant :—

“ Inigo, you who are old, you who know all the ways of Moncayo, who have lived in its fastnesses and hunted its wild beasts and in your wandering hunting excursions have ascended more than once to its summit, tell me : have you ever by chance met with a woman who dwells among its crags ? ”

“ A woman ! ” exclaimed the huntsman looking at him earnestly with amazement.

“ Yes, ” said the youth, “ a strange thing has happened to me,—a very strange thing. I thought I should be able to keep the secret eternally locked in my own breast, but it is no longer possible ; it surges in my heart and reveals it-

self in my mien. I am therefore going to tell you about it. You shall help me to dissipate the mystery that envelops this being whose existence it seems is only known by myself, for no one knows her, no one has seen her, nor can any one give me any account of her."

Without opening his lips the huntsman dragged his stool close to his master's settee while keeping his startled eyes fixed on him. The latter, after a moment's pause to collect his thoughts, continued as follows:—

"Since the day when in spite of your ominous predictions I went to the fountain of the Poplars and, passing its waters, recovered the stag which your superstition had allowed to escape, my spirit has been filled with a desire for solitude.

"You are not acquainted with the place. Listen, the fountain takes its rise in the cleft of a great rock and falls glistening drop by drop upon the green and waving leaves that grow upon the margin of its source. These drops which, as they scatter, glitter like points of gold and tinkle like the notes of an instrument, gather among the stems and, whispering and murmuring with a sound like the bees that hum around the flowers, trickle onwards and gradually form a channel and struggle with the obstacles that oppose their course and curve again and leap and flow and run, now laughing, now sighing, till they fall into a lake. Into the lake the rivulet falls with a noise quite impossible to describe. Lamentations, words, names, songs, I know not what I heard in that sound as I sat alone and feverish on that rock at whose foot flowed the waters of the mysterious fountain to lose themselves in a dark pool whose motionless surface was scarcely crimped by the evening breeze.

"Everything there has a sense of grandeur. Solitude with its thousand unknown sounds dwells there and steeps the spirit in its inexpressible melancholy. Among the silvery leaves of the poplars, in the hollows of the rocks, in the waters of the lake, the invisible spirits of Nature seem to be speaking to us, recognizing a brother in the immortal spirit of man.

"When at dawn on the morrow you saw me take my bow and set out for the mountain, it was not to plunge into

its thickets in pursuit of game, no; I went to sit by the brink of the fountain to seek in its waters—I know not what; a foolish fancy! When I had leaped across it on my horse *Lightning* I had thought I saw shining in its depths something strange,—very strange—the eyes of a woman.

“It may have been a fugitive ray of sunlight that pierced the green scum; it may have been one of those flowers that float among the weeds on the bottom and whose petals look like emeralds. I know not: I thought however that I encountered a gaze that fastened on mine; a gaze that fired my heart with an absurd and unattainable desire: a desire to meet with a woman with eyes like those.

“Day after day I went to that spot in search of her.

“At last, one afternoon—I thought I must be dreaming—but no, it was reality, for I have talked with her many times since then, even as I am talking to you now, one afternoon, sitting in my accustomed seat I found a woman clad in a robe that swept to the water and floated above its haze, a woman beautiful beyond all imagination. Her tresses were like gold; her lashes glittered like little threads of light and beneath those lashes restlessly moved the eyes that I had seen,—yes; for the eyes of this woman were the eyes that had fastened on my soul; eyes of an impossible colour; eyes of——”

“Green!” cried Inigo in accents of terror, springing to his feet in his excitement.

Fernando gazed at him in his turn as though dreading what more he was about to reveal and asked with mingled anxiety and joy:—“Do you know her?”

“Oh! no,” said the hunter; “God preserve me from knowing her! But my parents, to keep me from going near the place, told me a thousand times that the spirit, fairy, demon, or woman that dwells in its waters has eyes of that colour. I conjure you by all that you hold dearest on earth never to return to the Fountain of the Poplars. Some day or other you will surely suffer from her vengeance and expiate with your life the offence of having disturbed her waters.”

“By all that I hold dearest!” murmured the youth with a sad smile.



“Yes,” continued the old man; by your parents, by your kindred, by the tears of her whom Heaven destines to be your bride, by those also of the old servant who has been with you from your birth——”

“Do you know whom I love most in this world? Do you know for whose sake I would forfeit the love of my father, the kisses of her who gave me birth and all the tenderness that all the women of the world could lavish upon me?—for one glance, for one single glance from those eyes! How could I cease to seek them?”

Fernando uttered these words with such an accent that the tear that was trembling on Inigo’s lid fell silently upon his cheek as he sorrowfully exclaimed: “Heaven’s will be done!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Who art thou? What is thy country? Where is thy dwelling? Day after day I come in search of thee but I see neither the steed that brings thee here, nor the servants that bear thy litter. Lay aside for once the veil of mystery that envelops thee like a dark night. I love thee, and, noble or plebeian, I will be thine, thine forever.”

The sun had sunk behind the summit of the mountain; the shadows were descending its sides with giant strides; the breeze was sighing among the leaves of the poplars of the fountain, and the mist, rising slowly from the surface of the lake, was beginning to enfold the rocks on its margin.

On one of those rocks which seemed ready to fall into the water whose surface tremblingly mirrored him, was the heir of Almenar kneeling at the feet of his mysterious love vainly seeking to learn the secret of her being.

She was beautiful, pale and beautiful as a statue of alabaster. One of her locks fell over her shoulders and lay shining among the folds of her veil like a sun-ray piercing dark clouds and within the oval of her red-gold eyelashes her pupils gleamed like two emeralds in a golden setting.

When the youth ceased speaking, her lips moved as if to utter some words; but a sigh alone escaped them, a sigh faint and sorrowful like the light wave that, impelled by a gentle zephyr, dies among the rushes.

“Thou dost not answer me!” exclaimed Fernando finding his hopes thus frustrated. “Dost thou wish me to believe what they have told me of thee? Oh! no. Speak to me: I want to know if thou lovest me; if I may love thee; if thou art a woman.” . . .

“Or a demon. . . . And if I were?”

The youth hesitated for a moment; a cold perspiration broke out all over him, his pupils dilated only to fasten with greater intensity on those of this woman, and fascinated by their phosphorescent brilliancy and almost out of his mind, he exclaimed in wild outburst of passion:—

“If thou wert . . . I would love thee . . . I would love thee then as I love thee now, as it is my fate to love thee in this life and beyond, if there is a beyond.”

“Fernando,” then said the lovely woman in a voice like music, “I love thee more even than thou lovest me, I, who have come down to a mortal yet being a pure spirit! I am not a woman like those that dwell on the earth; I am a woman worthy of thee who art superior to all other men. I dwell in the bosom of these waters, like them incorporeal, fugitive and transparent, I speak with their sounds and undulate with their folds.

“I do not punish him who dares to disturb the fountain in which I dwell; rather will I reward him with my love as being a mortal superior to the superstitions of the vulgar, as a lover capable of comprehending my strange and mysterious tenderness.”

While she was thus speaking, the youth, absorbed in the contemplation of her weird beauty and drawn as by some unknown power, approached nearer and nearer to the edge of the rock. The woman of the green eyes proceeded thus:—

“Look, look into the limpid depths of the lake; dost thou see those plants with large green leaves that are waving in the depths? They shall provide us with a couch of emerald and coral, and I, I will give thee a happiness without name, that happiness of which thou hast dreamed in thy hours of delirium and which no one else could ever offer thee. Come, the mist of the quiet lake is floating above our heads like a gauzy canopy, the waters are calling

to us with their unknown voices, the breeze is chanting its hymns of love among the poplars ; come, come ! ”

Night was beginning to extend and deepen her shadows, the moon was smiling on the surface of the lake, the mist rolled away before the breath of the breeze, and the green eyes glimmered in the obscurity like dancing fires among the exhalations of stagnant waters. “Come, come !” these words beat upon Ferdinand’s ears like an incantation. “Come !” and the mysterious woman lured him to the brink of the abyss where she was hovering and seemed to offer him her lips for a kiss . . . a kiss . . . Ferdinand took a step towards her . . . another . . . and felt her slender and flexible arms clinging about his neck and a cold sensation upon his burning lips, a kiss of snow . . . he tottered and lost his footing and fell into the lake with a mournful and deadly sound.

The waters leaped glistening in beads of light and closed above him, and their circles of silver went on enlarging and extending till they died among the rushes.

*(Obras, Madrid, 1877 ; translated from the Spanish by Arthur Shadwell Martin.)*

## A TIMID WOOER

CUTHBERT BEDE

THERE was a gate in the kitchen-garden of Honeywood Hall that led into an orchard; and in this orchard there was a certain apple-tree that had assumed one of those peculiarities of form to which the children of Pomona are addicted. After growing upright for about a foot and a half, it had suddenly shot out at right angles, with a gentle upward slope for a length of between three and four feet, and had then again struck up into the perpendicular. It thus formed a natural orchard seat, capable of holding two persons comfortably—provided that they regarded a close proximity as comfortable sitting.

One day Miss Patty directed Verdant's attention to this vagary of nature. "This is one of my favourite haunts," she said. "I often steal here on a hot day with some work or a book. You see this upper branch makes quite a little table, and I can rest my book upon it. It is so pleasant to be under the shade here, with the fruit or blossoms over one's head; and it is so snug and retired, and out of the way of every one."

"It *is* very snug—and very retired," said Mr. Verdant Green; and he thought that now would be the very time to put in execution a project that had for some days past been haunting his brain.

"When Kitty and I," said Miss Patty, "have any secrets we come here and tell them to each other while we sit at our work.—No one can hear what we say; and we are quite snug all to ourselves."

Very odd, thought Verdant, that they should fix on this particular spot for confidential communications, and take the trouble to come here to make them, when they could do so in their own rooms at the house. And yet it isn't such a bad spot either.

"Try how comfortable a seat it is," said Miss Patty.

Mr. Verdant Green began to feel hot. He sat down, however, and tested the comforts of the seat, much in the same way as he would try the spring of a lounging chair, and apparently with a like result, for he said, "Yes, it is very comfortable—very comfortable indeed."

"I thought you'd like it," said Miss Patty; "and you see how nicely the branches droop all round: they make it quite an arbour. If Kitty had been here with me I think you would have had some trouble to have found us."

"I think I should; it is quite a place to hide in," said Verdant. But the young lady and gentleman must have been speaking with the spirit of ostriches, and have imagined that, when they had hidden their heads, they had altogether concealed themselves from observation; for the branches of the apple-tree only drooped low enough to conceal the upper part of their figures, and left the rest exposed to view. "Won't you sit down also?" asked Verdant, with a gasp and a sensation in his head as though he had been drinking champagne too freely.

"I'm afraid there's scarcely room enough for me," pleaded Miss Patty.

"Oh yes, there is, indeed! pray sit down."

So she sat on the lower part of the trunk. Mr. Verdant Green glanced rapidly round and perceived that they were quite alone, and partly shrouded from view. The following highly interesting conversation then took place.

*He.* "Won't you change places with me? you'll slip off."

*She.* "No—I think I can manage."

*He.* "But you can come closer."

*She.* "Thanks." [*She comes closer.*]

*He.* "Isn't that more comfortable?"

*She.* "Yes—very much."

*He.* [*very hot, and not knowing what to say*]. "I—I think you'll slip."

*She.* "Oh no! it's very comfortable indeed."

[That is to say—thinks Mr. Verdant Green—that sitting BY ME is very comfortable. Hurrah!]

*She.* "It's very hot, don't you think?"

*He.* "How very odd! I was just thinking the same."





*Burne-Jones.*

CHANT D'AMOUR



*She.* "I think I shall take my hat off—it is so warm. Dear me! how stupid!—the strings are in a knot."

*He.* "Let me see if I can untie them for you."

*She.* "Thanks! no! I can manage." [*But she cannot.*]

*He.* "You'd better let me try! now do!"

*She.* "Oh, thanks! but I'm sorry you should have the trouble."

*He.* "No trouble at all. Quite a pleasure."

In a very hot condition of mind and fingers, Mr. Verdant Green then endeavoured to release the strings from their entanglement. But all in vain: he tugged, and pulled, and only made matters worse. Once or twice in the struggle his hands touched Miss Patty's chin; and no highly-charged electrical machine could have imparted a shock greater than that tingling sensation of pleasure which Mr. Verdant Green experienced when his fingers, for the fraction of a second, touched Miss Patty's soft dimpled chin. Then there was her beautiful neck, so white, and with such blue veins! he had an irresistible desire to stroke it for its very smoothness—as one loves to feel the polish of marble, or the glaze of wedding-cards—instead of employing his hands in fumbling at the brown ribands, whose knots became more complicated than ever. Then there was her happy rosy face, so close to which his own was brought; and her bright, laughing, hazel eyes, in which, as he timidly looked up, he saw little daguerreotypes of himself. Would that he could retain such a photographer by his side through life! Miss Bouncer's camera was as nothing compared with the *camera lucida* of those clear eyes, that shone upon him so truthfully, and mirrored for him such pretty pictures. And what with these eyes, and the face, and the chin, and the neck, Mr. Verdant Green was brought into such an irretrievable state of mental excitement that he was perfectly unable to render Miss Patty the service he had proffered. But, more than that, he had as yet lacked sufficient courage to carry out his darling project.

At length Miss Patty untied the rebellious knot, and took off her hat. The highly interesting conversation was then resumed.

*She.* "What a frightful state my hair is in!" [*Loops*

*up an escaped lock.*] "You must think me so untidy. But out in the country and in a place like this where no one sees us, it makes one careless of appearance."

*He.* "I like 'a sweet neglect,' especially in—in some people; it suits them so well. I—'pon my word, it's very hot!"

*She.* "But how much hotter it must be from under the shade. It is so pleasant here. It seems so dreamlike to sit among the shadows and look out upon the bright landscape."

*He.* "It is—very jolly—soothing, at least!" [*A pause.*] "I think you'll slip. Do you know, I think it will be safer if you will let me" [*here his courage fails him. He endeavours to say "put my arm round your waist," but his tongue refuses to speak the words; so he substitutes "change places with you."*]

*She* [*rises with a look of amused vexation*]. "Certainly! If you so particularly wish it." [*They change places.*] "Now you see, you have lost by the change. You are too tall for that end of the seat, and it did very nicely for a little body like me."

*He* [*with a thrill of delight and a sudden burst of strategy*]. "I can hold on to this branch, if my arm will not inconvenience you."

*She.* "Oh no! not particularly:" [*he passes his right arm behind her, and takes hold of a bough:*] "but I should think it's not very comfortable for you."

*He.* "I couldn't be more comfortable, I'm sure." [*Nearly slips off the tree, and doubles up his legs into an unpicturesque attitude highly suggestive of misery.—A pause.*] "And do you tell your secrets here?"

*She.* "My secrets? Oh, I see—you mean, with Kitty. Oh, yes! if this tree could talk, it would be able to tell such dreadful stories."

*He.* "I wonder if it could tell any dreadful stories of—me?"

*She.* "Of you? Oh, no! Why should it? We are only severe on those we dislike."

*He.* "Then you don't dislike me?"

*She.* "No!—why should we?"

*He.* "Well—I don't know—but I thought you might."



Well, I'm glad of that—I'm *very* glad of that. 'Pon my word, it's *very* hot! don't you think so?"

*She.* "Yes! I'm burning. But I don't think we should find a cooler place." [*Does not evince any symptoms of moving.*]

*He.* "Well, p'raps we shouldn't." [*A pause.*] "Do you know that I'm very glad you don't dislike me; because, it wouldn't have been pleasant to be disliked by you, would it?"

*She.* "Well—of course, I can't tell. It depends upon one's own feelings."

*He.* "Then you don't dislike me?"

*She.* "Oh dear, no! why should I?"

*He.* "And if you don't dislike me, you must like me?"

*She.* "Yes—at least—I suppose so."

At this stage of the proceedings, the arm that Mr. Verdant Green had passed behind Miss Patty thrilled with such a peculiar sensation that his hand slipped down the bough, and the arm consequently came against Miss Patty's waist, where it rested. The necessity for saying something, the wish to make that something the something that was bursting his heart and brain, and the dread of letting it escape his lips—these three varied and mingled sensations so distracted poor Mr. Verdant Green's mind, that he was no more conscious of what he was giving utterance to than if he had been talking in a dream. But there was Miss Patty by his side—a very tangible and delightful reality—playing (somewhat nervously) with those rebellious strings of her hat, which loosely hung in her hand, while the dappled shadows flickered on the waving masses of her rich brown hair,—so something must be said; and, if it should lead to *the* something, why so much the better.

Returning, therefore, to the subject of like and dislike, Mr. Verdant Green managed to say, in a choking, faltering tone, "I wonder how much you like me—very much?"

*She.* "Oh, I couldn't tell—how should I? What strange questions you ask! You saved my life; so, of course, I am very, very grateful; and I hope I shall always be your friend."



*He.* "Yes, I hope so indeed—always—and something more. Do you hope the same?"

*She.* "What do you mean? Hadn't we better go back to the house?"

*He.* "Not just yet—it's so cool here—at least, not cool exactly, but hot—pleasanter, that is—much pleasanter here. *You* said so, you know, a little while since. Don't mind me; I always feel hot when—when I am out of doors."

*She.* "Then we'd better go indoors."

*He.* "Pray don't—not yet—do stop a little longer." And the hand that had been on the bough of the tree, timidly seized Miss Patty's arm, and then naturally, but very gently, fell upon her waist. A thrill shot through Mr. Verdant Green, like an electric flash, and, after traversing from his head to his heels, probably passed out safely at his boots—for it did him no harm, but, on the contrary made him feel all the better.

"But," said the young lady, as she felt the hand upon her waist—not that she was really displeased at the proceeding, but perhaps she thought it best, under the circumstances, to say something that should have the resemblance of a veto—"but it is not necessary to hold me a prisoner."

"It is *you* that hold *me* a prisoner!" said Mr. Verdant Green, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm and blushes, and a great stress upon the pronouns.

"Now you are talking nonsense, and, if so, I must go!" said Miss Patty. And she also blushed; perhaps it was from the heat. But she removed Mr. Verdant Green's hand from her waist, and he was much too frightened to replace it.

"Oh! *do* stay a little!" gasped the young gentleman, with an awkward sensation of want of employment for his hands. "You said that secrets were told here. I don't want to talk nonsense; I don't indeed; but the truth. *I've* a secret to tell you. Should you like to hear it?"

"Oh yes!" laughed Miss Patty. "I like to hear secrets." Now, how absurd it was in Mr. Verdant Green wasting time in beating about the bush in this ridiculously timid way! Why could he not at once boldly secure his bird

by a straight-forward shot? She did not fly out of his range—did she? And yet, here he was making himself unnecessarily hot and unnecessarily uncomfortable, when he might, by taking it coolly, have been at his ease in a moment. What a foolish young man! Nay, he still further lost time, and evaded his purpose by saying once again to Miss Patty—instead of immediately replying to her observation—“‘Pon my word, it’s uncommonly hot! don’t you think so?”

Upon which Miss Patty replied, with some little chagrin, “And was that your secret?” If she had lived in the Elizabethan era she could have adjured him with a “Marry, come up!” which would have brought him to the point without any further trouble; but living in a Victorian age, she could do no more than say what she did, and leave the rest of her meaning to the language of the eyes.

“Don’t laugh at me!” urged the bashful and weak-minded young man; “don’t laugh at me! If you only knew what I feel when you laugh at me, you’d——”

“Cry, I dare say,” said Miss Patty, cutting him short with a merry smile, and (it must be confessed) a most wickedly-roguish expression about those bright, flashing, hazel eyes of hers. “Now, you haven’t told me this wonderful secret?”

“Why,” said Mr. Verdant Green, slowly and deliberately—feeling that his time was coming on, and cowardly anxious still to fight off the fatal words—“you said that you didn’t dislike me; and, in fact, that you liked me very much; and——”

But here Miss Patty cut him short again. She turned sharply round upon him with those bright eyes and that merry face, and said, “Oh! how *can* you say so? I never said anything of the sort!”

“Well,” said Mr. Verdant Green, who was now desperate, and mentally prepared to take the dreaded plunge into that throbbing sea that beats upon the strand of matrimony, whether *you* like *me* very much or not, *I* like *you* very much!—very much indeed! Ever since I saw you, since last Christmas, I’ve—I’ve liked you—very much indeed.”

Mr. Verdant Green in a very hot and excited state, had, while he was speaking, timidly brought his hand once more

to Miss Patty's waist; and she did not interfere with its position. In fact, she was bending down her head, and was gazing intently on another knot that she had wilfully made in her hat-strings; and she was working so violently at that occupation of untying the knot, that very probably she might not have been aware of the situation of Mr. Verdant Green's hand. At any rate, her own hands were too much busied to suffer her to interfere with his.

At last the climax had arrived. Mr. Verdant Green had screwed his courage to the sticking point, and had resolved to tell the secret of his love. He had got to the very edge of the precipice, and was on the point of jumping over head and ears into the stream of his destiny, and of bursting into any excited form of words that should make known his affection and his designs, when—when a vile perfume of tobacco, a sudden barking rush of Huz and Buz, and the horrid voice of little Mr. Bouncer, dispelled the bright vision, dispersed his ideas, and prevented the fulfilment of his purpose.

“Holloa, Giglamps!” roared the little gentleman, as he removed a short pipe from his mouth, and expelled an ascending curl of smoke; “I've been looking for you everywhere! Here we are,—as Hamlet's uncle said,—all in the horchard! I hope he's not been pouring poison in *your* ear, Miss Honeywood; he looks rather guilty. The Mum—I mean your mother—sent me to find you. The luncheon's been on the table more than an hour!”

Luckily for Mr. Verdant Green and Miss Patty Honeywood, little Mr. Bouncer rattled on without waiting for any reply to his observations, and thus enabled the young lady to somewhat recover her presence of mind, and to effect a hasty retreat from under the apple tree, and through the garden gate.

“I say, old feller,” said Mr. Bouncer, as he criticised Mr. Verdant Green's countenance over the bowl of his pipe, “you look rather in a stew! What's up? My gum!” cried the little gentleman, as an idea of the truth suddenly flashed upon him; “you don't mean to say you've been doing the spooney—what you call making love—have you?”

“Oh,” groaned the person addressed, as he followed out the train of his own ideas; “if you *had* but have come five minutes later—or not at all! It’s most provoking!”

“Well! you’re a grateful bird, I don’t think!” said Mr. Bouncer. “Cut after her into luncheon, and have it out over the cold mutton and pickles!”

“Oh no!” responded the luckless lover; “I can’t eat—especially before the others! I mean—I couldn’t talk to her before the others. Oh! I don’t know what I’m saying.”

“Well, I don’t think you do, old feller!” said Mr. Bouncer, puffing away at his pipe. “I’m sorry I was in the road, though! because though I fight shy of those sort of things myself, yet I don’t want to interfere with the little weaknesses of other folks. But come and have a pipe, old feller, and we’ll talk matters over, and see what pips are on the cards, and what’s the state of the game.”

*(The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, London, 1853.)*

## A GENEROUS LOVER

CHARLES DICKENS

I WAS going out at the door, when he asked me to stay a moment. Quickly turning round, I saw that same expression on his face again; and all at once, I don't know how, it flashed upon me as a new and far off possibility that I understood it.

"My dear Esther," said my Guardian, "I have long had something in my thoughts that I have wished to say to you."

"Indeed?"

"I have had some difficulty in approaching it, and I still have. I should wish it to be so deliberately said, and so deliberately considered. Would you object to my writing it?"

"Dear Guardian, how could I object to your writing anything for me to read?"

"Then see, my love," said he, with his cheery smile; "am I at this moment quite as plain and easy—do I seem as open, as honest and old-fashioned, as I am at any time?"

I answered, in all earnestness, "Quite." With the strictest truth, for his momentary hesitation was gone (it had not lasted a minute), and his fine, sensible, cordial, manner was restored.

"Do I look as if I suppressed anything, meant anything but what I said, had any reservation at all, no matter what?" said he, with his bright clear eyes on mine.

I answered most assuredly he did not.

"Can you fully trust me, and thoroughly rely on what I profess, Esther?"

"Most thoroughly," said I with my whole heart.

"My dear girl," returned my Guardian, "give me your hand."

He took it in his, holding me lightly with his arm, and, looking down into my face with the same genuine fresh-





*Coytel.*

FLORE ET ZEPHIR



ness and faithfulness of manner—the old protecting manner which had made that house my home in a moment—said, “You have wrought changes in me, little woman, since the winter day in the stage coach. First and last you have done me a world of good, since that time.”

“Ah, Guardian, what have you done for me since that time!”

“But,” said he, “that is not to be remembered now.”

“It never can be forgotten.”

“Yes, Esther,” said he with a gentle seriousness, “it is to be forgotten now; to be forgotten for a while. You are only to remember now that nothing can change me as you know me. Can you feel quite assured of that, my dear?”

“I can, and I do,” I said.

“That’s much,” he answered. “That’s everything. But I must not take that, at a word. I will not write this something in my thoughts, until you have quite resolved within yourself that nothing can change me as you know me. If you doubt that in the least degree I will never write it. If you are sure of that, on good consideration, send Charley to me this night week—‘for the letter.’ But if you are not quite certain, never send. Mind, I trust to your truth, in this thing as in everything. If you are not quite certain on that one point, never send!”

“Guardian,” said I, “I am already certain. I can no more be changed in that conviction, than you can be changed towards me. I shall send Charley for the letter.”

He shook my hand and said no more. Nor was any more said in reference to this conversation, either by him or me, through the whole week. When the appointed night came, I said to Charley as soon as I was alone, “Go and knock at Mr. Jarndyce’s door, Charley, and say you have come from me—‘for the letter.’” Charley went up the stairs, and down the stairs, and along the passages—the zig-zag way about the old-fashioned house seemed very long in my listening ears that night—and so came back, along the passages, and down the stairs, and up the stairs, and brought the letter. “Lay it on the table, Charley,” said I. So Charley laid it on the table and went to bed, and I sat looking at it without taking it up, thinking of many things.

I began with my overshadowed childhood, and passed through those timid days to the heavy time when my aunt lay dead, with her resolute face so cold and set; and when I was more solitary with Mrs. Rachael, than if I had had no one in the world to speak to or to look at. I passed to the altered days when I was so blest as to find friends in all around me, and to be beloved. I came to the time when I first saw my dear girl, and was received into that sisterly affection which was the grace and beauty of my life. I recalled the first bright gleam of welcome which had shone out of those very windows upon our expectant faces on that cold bright night, and which had never paled. I lived my happy life there over again, I went through my illness and recovery, I thought of myself so altered and of those around me so unchanged; and all this happiness shone like a light, from one central figure, represented before me by the letter on the table.

I opened it and read it. It was so impressive in its love for me, and in the unselfish caution it gave, and the consideration it showed for me in every word, that my eyes were too often blinded to read much at a time. But I read it through three times, before I laid it down. I had thought beforehand that I knew its purport, and I did. It asked me would I be the mistress of Bleak House.

It was not a love letter though it expressed so much love, but was written just as he would at any time have spoken to me. I saw his face, and heard his voice, and felt the influence of his kind protecting manner, in every line. It addressed me as if our places were reversed: as if all the good deeds had been mine, and all the feelings they had awakened, his. It dwelt on my being young, and he past the prime of life; on his having attained a ripe age, while I was a child; on his writing to me with a silvered head, and knowing all this so well as to set it in full before me for mature deliberation. It told me that I would gain nothing by such a marriage, and lose nothing by rejecting it; for no new relation could enhance the tenderness in which he held me, and whatever my decision was, he was certain it would be right. But he had considered this step anew, since our late confidence, and had decided on taking



it; if it only served to show me, through one poor instance, that the whole world would readily unite to falsify the stern prediction of my childhood. I was the last to know what happiness I could bestow upon him, but of that he said no more; for I was always to remember that I owed him nothing, and that he was my debtor, and for very much. He had often thought of our future; and, foreseeing that the time must come, and fearing that it might come soon, when Ada (now very nearly of age) would leave us, and when our present mode of life must be broken up, had become accustomed to reflect on this proposal. Thus he made it. If I felt that I could ever give him the best right he could have to be my protector, and if I felt that I could happily and justly become the dear companion of his remaining life, superior to all lighter chances and changes than death, even then he could not have me bind myself irrevocably, while this letter was yet so new to me; but, even then, I must have ample time for reconsideration. In that case, or in the opposite case, let him be unchanged in his old relation, in his old manner, in the old name by which I called him. And as to his bright Dame Durden and little housekeeper, she would ever be the same, he knew.

This was the substance of the letter; written throughout with a justice and a dignity, as if he were indeed my responsible Guardian, impartially representing the proposal of a friend against whom in his integrity he stated the full case.

But he did not hint to me, that when I had been better-looking, he had had this same proceeding in his thoughts, and had refrained from it. That when my old face was gone from me, and I had no attractions, he could love me just as well as in my fairer days. That the discovery of my birth gave him no shock. That his generosity rose above my disfigurement, and my inheritance of shame. That the more I stood in need of such fidelity, the more firmly I might trust in him to the last.

But I knew it, I knew it well now. It came upon me as the close of the benignant history I had been pursuing, and I felt that I had but one thing to do. To devote my



life to his happiness was to thank him poorly, and what had I wished for the other night but some new means of thanking him?

Still I cried very much; not only in the fulness of my heart after reading the letter, not only in the strangeness of the prospect—for it was strange though I had expected the contents—but as if something for which there was no name or distinct idea were indefinitely lost to me. I was very happy, very thankful, very hopeful; but I cried very much.

By and by I went to my old glass. My eyes were red and swollen, and I said, "O Esther, Esther, can that be you!" I am afraid the face in the glass was going to cry again at this reproach, but I held up my finger at it, and it stopped.

"That is more like the composed look you comforted me with, my dear, when you showed me such a change!" said I, beginning to let down my hair. "When you are mistress of Bleak House, you are to be as cheerful as a bird. In fact, you are always to be cheerful; so let us begin for once and for all."

I went on with my hair now, quite comfortably. I sobbed a little still, but that was because I had been crying; not because I was crying then.

"And so Esther, my dear, you are happy for life. Happy with your best friends, happy in your old home, happy in the power of doing a great deal of good, and happy in the undeserved love of the best of men."

I thought, all at once, if my Guardian had married some one else, how should I have felt, and what should I have done! That would have been a change indeed. It presented my life in such a new and blank form, that I rang my housekeeping keys and gave them a kiss before I laid them down in their basket again.

Then I went on to think, as I dressed my hair before the glass, how often had I considered within myself that the deep traces of my illness, and the circumstances of my birth, were only new reasons why I should be busy, busy, busy—useful, amiable, serviceable, in all honest unpretending ways. This was a good time, to be sure, to sit down morbidly and cry! As to its seeming at all strange to me

at first (if that were any excuse for crying, which it was not) that I was one day to be the mistress of Bleak House, why should it seem strange? Other people had thought of such things, if I had not. "Don't you remember, my plain dear," I asked myself, looking at the glass, "what Mrs. Woodcourt said before those scars were there, about your marrying——"

Perhaps the name brought them to my remembrance. The dried remains of the flowers. It would be better not to keep them now. They had only been preserved in memory of some thing wholly past and gone, but it would be better not to keep them now.

They were in a book, and it happened to be in the next room—our sitting-room, dividing Ada's chamber from mine. I took a candle, and went softly in to fetch it from its shelf. After I had it in my hand, I saw my beautiful darling, through the open door, lying asleep, and I stole in to kiss her.

It was weak in me, I know, and I could have no reason for crying; but I dropped a tear upon her dear face, and another, and another. Weaker than that, I took the withered flowers out, and put them for a moment to her lips. I thought about her love for Richard; though, indeed, the flowers had nothing to do with that. Then I took them into my own room, and burned them at the candle, and they were dust in an instant.

On entering the breakfast-room next morning, I found my Guardian just as usual; quite as frank, as open, and free. There being not the least constraint in his manner, there was none (or I think there was none) in mine. I was with him several times in the course of the morning, in and out, when there was no one there; and I thought it not unlikely that he might speak to me about the letter; but he did not say a word.

So, on the next morning, and the next, and for at least a week; over which time Mr. Skimpole prolonged his stay. I expected, every day, that my Guardian might speak to me about the letter; but he never did.

I thought then, growing uneasy, that I ought to write an

answer. I tried over and over again in my own room at night, but I could not write an answer that at all began like a good answer; so I thought each night I would wait one more day. And I waited seven more days, and he never said a word.

At last Mr. Skimpole having departed, we three were one afternoon going out for a ride; and I being dressed before Ada, and going down, came upon my Guardian, with his back towards me, standing at the drawing-room window looking out.

He turned on my coming in, and said, smiling, "Ay, it's you, little woman, is it?" and looked out again.

I had made up my mind to speak to him now. In short, I had come down on purpose. "Guardian," I said, rather hesitating and trembling, "when would you like to have the answer to the letter Charley came for?"

"When it's ready, my dear," he replied.

"I think it is ready," said I.

"Is Charley to bring it?" he asked, pleasantly.

"No. I have brought it myself, Guardian," I returned.

I put my two arms round his neck and kissed him; and he said was this the mistress of Bleak House; and I said yes; and it made no difference presently, and we all went out together, and I said nothing to my precious pet about it.

*(Bleak House, London, 1853.)*

## A LOVERS' JOURNEY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WHEN Miss Newcome and her maid entered the Brighton Station, did Mr. Clive, by another singular coincidence, happen also to be there? What more natural and dutiful than that he should go and see his aunt, Miss Honeyman? What more proper that Miss Ethel should pass the Saturday and Sunday with her sick father; and take a couple of wholesome nights' rest after those five weary past evenings, for each of which we may reckon a couple of *soirées* and a ball? And that relations should travel together, the young lady being protected by her *femme de chambre*; that surely, as every one must allow, was perfectly right and proper.

That a biographer should profess to know everything which passes, even in a confidential talk in a first-class carriage between two lovers, seems perfectly absurd; not that grave historians do not pretend to the same wonderful degree of knowledge—reporting meetings the most occult of conspirators; private interviews between monarchs and their ministers, even the secret thoughts and motives of those personages, which possibly the persons themselves did not know. All for which the present writer will pledge his known character for veracity is, that on a certain day certain parties had a conversation, of which the upshot was so and so. He guesses, of course, at a great deal of what took place; knowing the characters, and being informed at some time of their meeting. You do not suppose that I bribed the *femme de chambre*, or that those two City gents, who sat in the same carriage with our young friends, and could not hear a word they said, reported their talk to me? If Clive and Ethel had had a coupé to themselves, I would yet boldly tell what took place, but the coupé was taken by three young City gents, who smoked the whole way.

“Well, then,” the bonnet begins close up to the hat,

“tell me, sir, is it true that you were so very much *épris* of the Miss Freemans at Rome; and that afterwards you were so wonderfully attentive to the third Miss Balliol? Did you draw her portrait? You know you drew her portrait. You painters always pretend to admire girls with auburn hair, because Titian and Raphael painted it. Has the Fornarina red hair? Why, we are at Croydon, I declare!”

“The Fornarina”—the hat replies to the bonnet, “if that picture at the Borghese Palace be an original, or a likeness of her—is not a handsome woman, with vulgar eyes and mouth, and altogether a most mahogany-coloured person. She is so plain, in fact, I think that very likely it *is* the real woman; for it is with their own fancies that men fall in love,—or rather every woman is handsome to the lover. You know how old Helen must have been.”

“I don’t know any such thing, or anything about her. Who was Helen?” asked the bonnet. And indeed she did not know.

“It’s a long story, and such an old scandal now, that there is no use in repeating it,” says Clive.

“You only talk about Helen because you wish to turn away the conversation from Miss Freeman,” cries the young lady—“from Miss Balliol, I mean.”

“We will talk about whichever you please. Which shall we begin to pull to pieces?” says Clive. You see, to be in this carriage—to be actually with *her*—to be looking into those wonderful lucid eyes—to see her sweet mouth dimpling, and hear her sweet voice ringing with its sweet delicious laughter—to have that hour and a half his own in spite of all the world dragons, grandmothers, *convenances*, the future—made the young fellow so happy, filled his whole frame and spirit with a delight so keen, that no wonder he was gay, and brisk, and lively.

“And so you know of my goings on?” he asked. Oh me! they were at Reigate by this time; there was Gatton Park flying before them on the wings of the wind.

“I know of a number of things,” says the bonnet, nodding with ambrosial curls.

“And you would not answer the second letter I wrote to you?”





*Rembrandt.*

LA FIANCÉE



“We were in great perplexity. One cannot be always answering young gentleman’s letters. I had considerable doubt about answering a note I got from Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square,” says the lady’s chapeau. “No, Clive, we must not write to one another,” she continued more gravely, “or only very, very seldom. Nay, my meeting with you here to-day is by the merest chance, I am sure; for when I mentioned at Lady Fareham’s the other evening that I was going to see papa at Brighton to-day, I never for *one moment* thought of seeing *you* in the train. But as you are here, it can’t be helped; and I may as well tell you that there are obstacles.”

“What *other* obstacles?” Clive gasped out.

“Nonsense—you silly boy!—No other obstacles but those which always have existed and must. When we parted—that is, when you left us at Baden, you knew it was for the best. You had your profession to follow, and could not go on idling about—about a family of sick people and children. Every man has his profession, and you yours, as you would have it. We are so nearly allied that we may—we may like each other like brother and sister almost. I don’t know what Barnes would say if he heard me. Wherever you and your father are, how can I ever think of you but—but you know how? I always shall, always. There are certain feelings we have which I hope can never change; though, if you please, about them I never intend to speak any more. Neither you nor I can alter our conditions, but must make the best of them. You shall be a fine clever painter; and I,—who knows what will happen to me? I know what is going to happen to-day; I am going to see papa and mamma, and be as happy as I can till Monday morning.”

“I know what I wish would happen now,” said Clive, —they were going screaming through a tunnel.

“What?” said the bonnet in the darkness; and the engine was roaring so loudly, that he was obliged to put his head quite close to say —

“I wish the tunnel would fall in and close upon us, or that we might travel on forever and ever.”

Here there was a great jar of the carriage, and the lady’s-

maid, and I think Miss Ethel, gave a shriek. The lamp above was so dim that the carriage was almost totally dark. No wonder the lady's-maid was frightened! but the daylight came streaming in, and all poor Clive's wishes of rolling and rolling on forever were put an end to by the implacable sun in a minute.

Ah, why was it the quick train?—Suppose it had been the parliamentary train?—even that too would have come to an end. They came and said, "Tickets, please," and Clive held out the three of their party—his, and Ethel's, and her maid's. I think for such a ride as that he was right to give up Greenwich. Mr. Kuhn was in waiting with a carriage for Miss Ethel. She shook hands with Clive, returning his pressure.

"I may come and see you?" he said.

"You may come and see mamma—yes."

"And where are you staying?"

"Bless my soul—they were staying at Miss Honeyman's!" Clive burst into a laugh. Why, he was going there too! Of course Aunt Honeyman had no room for him, her house being quite full with the other Newcomes.

It was a most curious coincidence their meeting; but altogether Lady Ann thought it was best to say nothing about the circumstance to grandmamma. I myself am puzzled to say which would have been the better course to pursue under the circumstances; there were so many courses open. As they had gone so far, should they go on farther together? Suppose they were going to the same house at Brighton, oughtn't they to have gone in the same carriage, with Kuhn and the maid, of course? Suppose they met by chance at the station, ought they to have travelled in separate carriages? I ask any gentleman and father of a family, when he was immensely smitten with his present wife, Mrs. Brown, if he had met her travelling with her maid, in the mail, when there was a vacant place, what would he himself have done?

(*The Newcomes*, London, 1855.)

THE TORMENTS OF DESIRE

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

PHARAOH, disturbed and enraged at Tahoser's disappearance, had yielded to that need of moving about that agitates the heart that is tormented by an unsatisfied passion. To the great chagrin of his favourites, Amense, Hont Reche and Twea, who did their utmost to keep him in the summer pavilion by every resource of female coquetry, he took up his abode in the Northern Palace on the other bank of the Nile. His savage preoccupation was aggravated by the presence and chatter of women. Everything that was not Tahoser displeased him; those beauties who formerly appeared so charming to him he now found ugly. Their youthful, supple and graceful bodies that assumed such voluptuous attitudes; their eyes elongated with antimony and gleaming with desire; their crimson lips with white teeth and languishing smiles: everything about them, even to the sweet perfumes exhaled by their flesh as fresh as a bouquet of flowers, or a box of aromatics, had become hateful and intolerable to him. He seemed to have a grievance against them for having loved them, and to be no longer able to understand how he could have been attracted by such vulgar charms. When Twea laid the rosy and tapering fingers of her little hand that trembled with emotion upon his breast, as if to give new birth to the memory of past familiarity; when Hont Reche pushed in front of him the chess-board supported by two lions back to back, to induce him to play a game with her; or when Amense offered him a flower with respectful and suppliant grace, he could scarcely restrain himself from striking them with his sceptre, and his eagle eyes darted such lightnings of disdain that the poor women who had ventured to be so bold retired overwhelmed, with eyelids wet with tears, and leaned in silence against the painted wall, seeking by their immobility to have their forms confounded with those of the frescoes.



In order to escape from these scenes of tears and violence, he had retired to the Theban palace, alone, taciturn and savage; and there, instead of remaining seated upon his throne in the solemn attitude of the gods and kings, who, having all power, do not move nor gesticulate, he feverishly strode up and down the immense halls.

It was a strange sight to see this Pharaoh of lofty stature and imposing carriage, as formidable as his images, the granite colossi, making the stones resound beneath his curved sandals. As he passed by, the terrified guards seemed to crystallize into statues; they held their breath, and even the double ostrich-plume of their helmet ceased to wave. When he had gone, they scarcely dared to whisper to one another: "What ails Pharaoh to-day? If he had returned in defeat from his expedition, he could not be more sombre and morose."

The fortune of battle is changeable, a disaster may be repaired; but after having formed a wish that was not immediately fulfilled, having met with an obstacle between his will and its realization, and having cast a desire like a javelin that had not struck the mark:—this was what astonished this Pharaoh in the higher zones of his omnipotence! For a moment he had an idea that he was only a man!

Therefore he strode through the vast courts of gigantic columns, under enormous pylons, and between obelisks and colossi that gazed at him with great wondering eyes. A peculiar vitality seemed to animate the strange images. These gods, these ancestors, these chimerical monsters, in their eternal immobility, were surprised to see the Pharaoh, ordinarily as calm as themselves, striding to and fro as if his limbs were of flesh and not of porphyry or basalt.

Tired of walking in this monstrous forest of columns supporting a granite sky, Pharaoh at last ascended to a terrace of the palace, and sent for Timopht.

On bended knee, Timopht stretched out his arms towards the king with a supplicating gesture and cried: "O king, do not have me slain nor unmercifully beaten: the beautiful Tahoser will doubtless be found and come to take the place you will assign her."

“Have you questioned her servants and slaves? The stick loosens the most rebellious tongues!”

“Her favourite maid and her oldest servant told me that the bolts of her garden door were drawn, and probably she had gone out that way. The door opens on the river.”

“What say the Nile boatmen?”

“They had seen nothing: one only says that a poorly-clad woman crossed the river in the early dawn. But that could not be the beautiful and rich Tahoser.”

Timopht’s reasoning did not seem to convince Pharaoh. His lips moved as if talking to himself. “Perhaps there is some love affair at the bottom of this mystery!”

At this idea, Pharaoh’s face flushed like the glow of a conflagration and a dreadful pallor followed, his brows rose like the viper on his diadem and his features became so terrible that Timopht fell upon his face like a dead man.

But Pharaoh controlled himself; his features recovered their majestic, placid and wearied expression, and he contemptuously pushed Timopht with his foot, saying:

“Get up, Timopht, hurry and send forth emissaries in every direction, let them search the temples, palaces, houses, villas, and gardens down to the humblest huts and find Tahoser; send cars over every road, have the Nile furrowed with boats; go yourself and ask everybody you meet if they have seen a woman answering to her description; violate the tombs if she has taken refuge in the asylum of the dead, or in the depths of some syringe or hypogeum; seek her as Isis sought for her spouse Osiris torn away by Typhon, and, dead or alive, bring her here, or by the uræus on my pschent, by the lotus-bud on my sceptre, you shall perish under frightful tortures!”

Timopht sped away as swiftly as the ibex to execute the commands of Pharaoh who serenely assumed one of those attitudes of tranquil grandeur that the sculptors love to give to the colossi seated at the doors of the temples and palaces; and, calm as is meet for those whose sandals rest on the necks of nations, he waited.

Dull thunder sounded around the palace; it was the noise of chariots starting at a gallop in every direction. Pharaoh from his elevated terrace could soon see the boats

cleaving the river waters under the efforts of their rowers, and emissaries spreading through the country on the opposite bank.

Hour after hour passed: the sun had already disappeared behind the mountains, bathing Thebes in its last glow, and the messengers had not returned. Pharaoh still maintained his motionless attitude. Night spread over the city, calm and fresh and blue, the stars scintillated in the azure depths, and on the terrace the black contours of Pharaoh stood out silent and impassive like a statue of basalt set on the entablature. Several times the nocturnal birds hovered about his head to settle upon it, but, scared by his slow and deep respiration, they flapped their wings and flew away.

Letting his eyes and thoughts wander over the immense city of which he was the absolute master, Pharaoh reflected sadly on the limits of human power, and his desire, like a famished vulture, tore at his heart; he said to himself: "All these houses contain beings who bow their heads in the dust at my appearance, and to whom my will is an order of the gods. When I mount my golden chariot, or my litter borne by the Oeris, the virgins feel their bosoms palpitate as they follow me with long timid glances; the priests surround me with the smoke of incense; the people wave palms or scatter flowers before me; the hiss of one of my arrows makes the nations tremble; and the walls of the mountainous pylons scarcely suffice for the inscription of my victories; the quarries are exhausted in furnishing granite for my colossal images; and once, in my superb satiety, I form a wish, and cannot accomplish it! Timopht does not come: doubtless he has failed. O Tahoser, Tahoser, how much happiness you owe me for this long waiting!"

Meanwhile the emissaries, headed by Timopht visited the houses, searched the ways and made inquiries for the priest's daughter. But nobody could give them any information.

The first messenger arrived to tell Pharaoh that Tahoser could not be found. Pharaoh wielded his sceptre and the messenger fell dead. A second presented himself: he

stumbled over his comrade's body and trembled, for he saw that the Pharaoh was enraged.

"And Tahoser?" asked Pharaoh without changing his position.

"O Majesty! all trace of her is lost," replied the unfortunate man kneeling in the darkness before this black shadow that resembled an Osirian statue more than a living king.

The granite arm separated from the motionless trunk and the metal sceptre fell like a stroke of lightning. The second messenger rolled over beside the first.

A third met with the same fate.

Pharaoh muttered to himself: "I will find her even if I have to turn Egypt upside down from the cataracts to the Delta."

(*Le Roman de la Momie, Paris, 1856.*)



AN UNWELCOME SUITOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

SO through the Plymouth woods, John Alden went on  
his errand ;  
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over peb-  
ble and shallow,  
Gathering still as he went, the May-flower blooming around  
him,  
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful  
sweetness,  
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in  
their slumber.  
“ Puritan flowers,” he said, “ and the type of Puritan  
maidens,  
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla !  
So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the May-flower of  
Plymouth,  
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take  
them ;  
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and  
perish,  
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.”  
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his  
errand.  
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,  
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the  
east wind ;  
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow ;  
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of  
Priscilla  
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan an-  
them,  
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the  
Psalmist,  
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting  
many.





*Claude Lorraine.*

ACIS AND GALATEA



Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the  
maiden  
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-  
drift  
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous  
spindle,  
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in  
its motion.

\* \* \* \* \*

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and  
singing  
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the  
threshold,  
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of  
welcome,  
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the  
passage;  
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spin-  
ning."  
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him  
had been mingled  
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the  
maiden,  
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an  
answer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beauti-  
ful springtime,  
Talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower that  
sailed on the morrow.  
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan  
maiden,  
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-  
rows of England,—  
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a  
garden;  
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and  
the linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours  
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,  
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the  
    ivy  
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the  
    churchyard.  
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my re-  
    ligion;  
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old  
    England.  
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost  
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and  
    wretched.”  
Thereupon answered the youth :—“ Indeed I do not con-  
    demn you ;  
Stouter hearts than a woman’s have quailed in this terrible  
    winter,  
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;  
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of  
    marriage  
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain  
    of Plymouth ! ”

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of  
    letters,—  
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful  
    phrases,  
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a  
    schoolboy ;  
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more  
    bluntly.  
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan  
    maiden  
Looked into Alden’s face, her eyes dilated with wonder,  
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and ren-  
    dered her speechless ;  
“ If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed  
    me,  
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to  
    woo me ? ”



If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"

John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter, Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—

Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:

"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding? That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another, Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected, Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.

That is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection Is not a thing to be asked for, and had only for the asking. When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,

Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,

Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on unheeding the words of Priscilla, Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, explaining;

Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,

How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,



How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of  
Plymouth ;

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly  
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire,  
England,

Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston  
de Standish ;

Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,  
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock  
argent

Combed and wattled with gules, and all the rest of the blazon.  
He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature ;  
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how dur-  
ing the winter

He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's ;  
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and head-  
strong,

Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,  
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of  
stature ;

For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, cou-  
rageous ;

Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,  
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles  
Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent  
language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
Archly, the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-running  
with laughter,

Said, in a tremulous voice, " Why don't you speak for  
yourself, John ? "

(*The Courtship of Miles Standish, Boston, 1858.*)

## A LOVE IDYLL

GEORGE MEREDITH

**A**WAY with Systems! Away with a corrupt World!  
Let us breathe the air of the Enchanted Island.

Golden lie the meadows; golden run the streams; gold is on the pine-stems. The sun is coming down to earth, and walks the fields and the waters.

The sun is coming down to earth, and the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts. He comes, and his heralds run before him, and touch the leaves of oaks and planes and beeches lucid green, and the pine-stems redder gold; leaving brightest footprints upon thickly-weeded banks, where the foxglove's last upper bells incline, and bramble-shoots wander amid moist herbage. The plumes of the woodland are alight; and beyond them, over the open, 'tis a race with the long thrown shadows; a race across the heaths and up the hills, till, at the farthest bourne of mounted eastern cloud, the heralds of the sun lay rosy fingers, and rest.

Sweet are the shy recesses of the woodland. The ray treads softly there. A film athwart the pathway quivers many-hued against purple shade fragrant with warm pines, deep moss-beds, feathery ferns. The little brown squirrel drops tail, and leaps; the inmost bird is startled to a chance tuneless note. From silence into silence things move.

Peeps of the revelling splendour above and around enliven the conscious full heart within. The flaming West, the crimson heights, shower their glories through voluminous leafage. But these are bowers where deep bliss dwells, imperial joy, that owes no fealty to yonder glories, in which the young lamb gambols and the spirits of men are glad. Descend, great Radiance! embrace creation with beneficent fire, and pass from us! You and the vice-regal light that succeeds to you, and all heavenly pageants, are the ministers and the slaves of the throbbing content within.

For this is the home of the 'enchantment. Here, secluded from vexed shores, the prince and princess of the island meet: here like darkling nightingales they sit, and into eyes and ears and hands pour endless ever-fresh treasures of their souls.

Roll on, grinding wheels of the world: cries of ships going down in a calm, groans of a System which will not know its rightful hour of exultation, complain to the universe. You are not heard here.

He calls her by her name, Lucy: and she, blushing at her great boldness has called him by his, Richard. Those two names are the key-notes of the wonderful harmonies the angels sing aloft.

"Lucy! my beloved!"

"O Richard!"

Out in the world there, on the skirts of the woodland, a sheep-boy pipes to meditative eve on a penny-whistle.

Love's musical instrument is as old and as poor: it has but two stops; and yet, you see, the cunning musician does this much with it!

Other speech they have little; light foam playing upon waves of feeling, and of feeling compact, that bursts only when the sweeping volume is too wild, and is no more than their sigh of tenderness spoken.

Perhaps love played his tune so well because their natures had unblunted edges, and were keen for bliss, confiding in it as natural food. To gentlemen and ladies he fine-draws upon the viol, ravishingly; or blows into the mellow bassoon; or rouses the heroic ardours of the trumpet; or, it may be, commands the whole Orchestra for them. And they are pleased. He is still the cunning musician. They languish, and taste ecstasy: but it is, however sonorous, an earthly concert. For them the spheres move not to two notes. They have lost, or forfeited and never known, the first supersensual spring of the ripe senses into passion; when they carry the soul with them, and have the privileges of spirits to walk disembodied, boundlessly to feel. Or one has it, and the other is a dead body. Ambrosia let them eat, and drink the nectar: here sit a couple to whom Love's simple bread and water is a fine feast.

Pipe, happy sheep-boy, Love! Irradiated angels, unfold your wings and lift your voices!

They have outflown philosophy. Their instinct has shot beyond the ken of science. They were made for their Eden.

“And this divine gift was in store for me!”

So runs the internal outcry of each, clasping each: it is their recurring refrain to the harmonies. How it illumined the years gone by and suffused the living Future!

“You for me: I for you!”

“We were born for each other!”

They believe that the angels have been busy about them from their cradles. The celestial hosts have worthily striven to bring them together. And O victory! O wonder! after toil and pain, and difficulties exceeding the celestial hosts have succeeded.

“Here we two sit who are written above as one!”

Pipe, happy Love! pipe on to these dear innocents.

The tide of colour has ebbed from the upper sky. In the West the sea of sunken fire draws back; and the stars leap forth, and tremble, and retire before the advancing moon, who slips the silver train of cloud from her shoulders, and with her foot upon the pine-tops, surveys heaven.

“Lucy, did you never dream of meeting me?”

“O Richard! yes; for I remembered you.”

“Lucy! and did you pray that we might meet?”

“I did!”

Young as when she looked upon the lovers in Paradise, the fair Immortal journeys onward. Fronting her, it is not night but veiled day. Full half the sky is flushed. Not darkness: not day; but the nuptials of the two.

“My own! my own forever! You are pledged to me? Whisper!”

He hears the delicious music.

“And you are mine?”

A soft beam travels to the fern-covert under the pine-wood where they sit, and for answer he has her eyes: turned to him an instant, timidly fluttering over the depths of his, and then downcast; for through her eyes her soul is naked to him.

“Lucy! my bride! my life!”

The night-jar spins his dark monotony on the branch of the pine. The soft beam travels round them, and listens to their hearts. Their lips are locked.

Pipe no more, Love, for a time! Pipe as you will you cannot express their first kiss; nothing of its sweetness, and of the sacredness of it, nothing. St. Cecilia up aloft, before the silver organ-pipes of Paradise, pressing fingers upon all the notes of which Love is but one, from her you may hear it.

So Love is silent. Out in the world there, on the skirts of the woodland, the self-satisfied sheep-boy delivers a last complacent squint down the length of his penny-whistle, and, with a flourish correspondingly awry, he also marches into silence, hailed by supper. The woods are still. There is heard but the night-jar spinning on the pine-branch, circled by moonlight.

(*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, London, 1859.*)





*Guido Reni.*

BRADAMANTE E FIORDISFINA



THE LOVE OF A GAY SPIRIT

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

DONATELLO smiled; he laughed heartily, indeed, in sympathy with the mirth that gleamed out of Miriam's deep, dark eyes. But he did not seem quite to understand her mirthful talk, nor to be disposed to explain what kind of creature he was, or to inquire with what divine or poetic kindred his companion feigned to link him. He appeared only to know that Miriam was beautiful, and that she smiled graciously upon him; that the present moment was very sweet, and himself most happy, with the sunshine, the silvan scenery, and woman's kindly charm, which it enclosed within its small circumference. It was delightful to see the trust which he reposed in Miriam, and his pure joy in her propinquity; he asked nothing, sought nothing, save to be near the beloved object, and brimmed over with ecstasy at that simple boon. A creature of the happy tribes below us sometimes shows the capacity of this enjoyment; a man, seldom or never.

"Donatello," said Miriam, looking at him thoughtfully, but amused, yet not without a shade of sorrow, "you seem very happy; what makes you so?"

"Because I love you!" answered Donatello.

He made this momentous confession as if it were the most natural thing in the world; and on her part,—such was the contagion of his simplicity—Miriam heard it without anger or disturbance, though with no responding emotion. It was as if they had strayed across the limits of Arcadia, and come under a civil polity where young men might avow their passion with as little restraint as a bird pipes its note to a similar purpose.

"Why should you love me, foolish boy?" said she. "We have no points of sympathy at all. There are not two creatures more unlike, in this wide world, than you and I!"

"You are yourself, and I am Donatello," replied he. "Therefore I love you! There needs no other reason."

Certainly, there was no better or more explicable reason. It might have been imagined that Donatello's unsophisticated heart would be more readily attracted to a feminine nature of clear simplicity like his own, than to one already turbid with grief or wrong; as Miriam's seemed to be. Perhaps, on the other hand, his character needed the dark element, which it found in her. The force and energy of will, that sometimes flashed through her eyes, may have taken him captive; or, not improbably, the varying lights and shadows of her temper, now so mirthful, and anon so sad with mysterious gloom, had bewitched the youth. Analyze the matter as we may, the reason assigned by Donatello himself was as satisfactory as we are likely to attain.

Miriam could not think seriously of the avowal that had passed. He held out his love so freely, in his open palm, that she felt it could be nothing but a toy, which she might play with for an instant, and give back again. And yet Donatello's heart was so fresh a fountain, that, had Miriam been more world-worn than she was, she might have found it exquisite to slake her thirst with the feelings that welled up and brimmed over from it. She was far, very far, from the dusty mediæval epoch, when some women have a taste for such refreshment. Even for her, however, there was an inexpressible charm in the simplicity that prompted Donatello's words and deeds; though, unless she caught them in precisely the true light, they seemed but folly, the offspring of a maimed or imperfectly developed intellect. Alternately, she almost admired, or wholly scorned him, and knew not which estimate resulted from the deeper appreciation. But it could not, she decided for herself, be other than an innocent pastime, if they two—sure to be separated by their different paths in life, to-morrow—were to gather up some of the little pleasures that chanced to grow about their feet, like the violets and wood-anemones, to-day.

Yet an impulse of rectitude impelled Miriam to give him what she still held to be a needless warning against an imaginary peril.



"If you were wiser, Donatello, you would think me a dangerous person," said she. "If you follow my footsteps, they will lead you to no good. You ought to be afraid of me."

"I would as soon think of fearing the air we breathe," he replied.

"And well you may, for it is full of malaria," said Miriam; she went on, hinting at an intangible confession, such as persons with overburdened hearts often make to children or dumb animals, or to holes in the earth, where they think their secrets may be at once revealed and buried. "Those who come too near me are in danger of great mischiefs, I do assure you. Take warning, therefore! It is a sad fatality that has brought you from your home among the Apennines,—some rusty old castle I suppose, with a village at its foot, and an Arcadian environment of vineyards, fig-trees, and olive orchards,—a sad mischance, I say, that has transported you to my side. You have had a happy life, hitherto,—have you not, Donatello?"

"Oh, yes," answered the young man; and, though not of a retrospective turn, he made the best effort he could to send his mind back into the past. "I remember thinking it happiness to dance with the contadinas at a village feast; to taste the new sweet wine at vintage-time, and the old, ripened wine, which our *podere* is famous for, in the cold winter evenings; and to devour great luscious figs, and apricots, peaches, cherries, and melons. I was often happy in the woods, too, with hounds and horses, and very happy in watching all sorts of creatures and birds that haunt the leafy solitudes. But never half so happy as now!"

"In these delightful groves?" she asked.

"Here, and with you," answered Donatello. "Just as we are now."

"What a fulness of content in him! How silly and how delightful!" said Miriam to herself. Then addressing him again: "But, Donatello, how long will this happiness last?"

"How long!" he exclaimed; for it perplexed him even more to think of the future than to remember the past. Why should it have any end? "How long! Forever! forever! forever!"



"The child! the simpleton!" said Miriam, with sudden laughter and checking it as suddenly. "But is he a simpleton indeed? Here, in those few natural words, he has expressed that deep sense, that profound conviction of its own immortality, which genuine love never fails to bring. He perplexes me,—yes, and bewitches me,—wild, gentle, beautiful creature that he is! It is like playing with a young greyhound!"

Her eyes filled with tears, at the same time that a smile shone out of them. Then she first became sensible of a delight and grief at once, in feeling this zephyr of a new affection, with its untainted freshness, blow over her weary, stifled heart, which had no right to be revived by it. The very exquisiteness of the enjoyment made her know that it ought to be a forbidden one.

"Donatello," she hastily exclaimed, "for your own sake, leave me! It is not such a happy thing as you imagine it, to wander in these woods with me, a girl from another land, burdened with a doom that she tells to none. I might make you dread me,—perhaps hate me,—if I chose; and I must choose, if I find you loving me too well!"

"I fear nothing!" said Donatello, looking into her unfathomable eyes with perfect trust. "I love always!"

"I speak in vain," thought Miriam within herself. "Well, then, for this one hour, let me be such as he imagines me. To-morrow will be time enough to come back to my reality. My reality! what is it? Is the past so indestructible? the future so immitigable? Is the dark dream, in which I walk, of such solid, stony substance, that there can be no escape out of its dungeon? Be it so! There is, at least, that ethereal quality in my spirit, that it can make me as gay as Donatello himself,—for this one hour!"

And immediately she brightened up, as if an inward flame, heretofore stifled, were now permitted to fill her with its happy lustre, glowing through her cheeks and dancing in her eye-beams.

Donatello, brisk and cheerful as he seemed before, showed a sensibility to Miriam's gladdened mood breaking into still wilder and ever-varying activity. He frisked

around her, bubbling over with joy, which clothed itself in words that had little individual meaning, and in snatches of song that seemed as natural as bird-notes. Then they both laughed together, and heard their own laughter returning in the echoes, and laughed again at the response, so that the ancient and solemn grove became full of merriment for these two blithe spirits. A bird happening to sing cheerily, Donatello gave a peculiar call, and the little feathered creature came fluttering about his head, as if it had known him through many summers.

“How close he stands to nature!” said Miriam, observing this pleasant familiarity between her companion and the bird. “He shall make me as natural as himself for this one hour!”

*(The Marble Faun, Boston, 1860.)*

FRANK CONFESSIONS

GEORGE ELIOT

**T**ITO walked along with a light step, for the immediate fear had vanished: the usual joyousness of his disposition reassumed its predominance, and he was going to see Romola. . . .

As he trod the stone stairs, when he was still outside the door with no one but Maso near him, the influence seemed to have begun its work by the mere nearness of anticipation.

“Welcome, Tito mio,” said the old man’s voice, before Tito had spoken. There was a new vigour in the voice, a new cheerfulness in the blind face, since that first interview more than two months ago. “You have brought fresh manuscript, doubtless; but since we were talking last night I have had new ideas: we must take a wider scope—we must go back upon our footsteps.”

Tito, paying his homage to Romola as he advanced, went, as his custom was, straight to Bardo’s chair, and put his hand in the palm that was held to receive it, placing himself on the cross-legged leather seat with scrolled ends close to Bardo’s elbow.

“Yes,” he said, in his gentle way; “I have brought the new manuscript, but that can wait your pleasure. I have young limbs, you know, and can walk back up the hill without any difficulty.”

He did not look at Romola as he said this, but he knew quite well that her eyes were fixed on him with delight.

“That is well said, my son.” Bardo had already addressed Tito in this way once or twice of late. “And I perceive with gladness that you do not shrink from labour, without which, the poet has wisely said, life has given nothing to mortals. . . . You mark what I am saying, Tito?”

He had just stooped to reach his manuscript, which had

rolled down, and Bardo's jealous ear was alive to the slightest movement.

Tito might have been excused for shrugging his shoulders at the prospect before him, but he was not naturally impatient; moreover, he had been bred up in that laborious erudition, at once minute and copious, which was the chief intellectual task of the age; and with Romola near, he was floated along by waves of agreeable sensation that made everything seem easy.

"Assuredly," he said, "you wish to enlarge your comments on certain passages we have cited."

"Not only so; I wish to introduce an occasional *excursus*, where we have noticed an author to whom I have given special study . . . and therefore I would introduce an *excursus* on Thucydides, wherein my castigations of Valla's text may find a fitting place. My Romola, thou wilt reach the needful volumes—thou knowest them—on the fifth shelf of the cabinet."

Tito rose at the same moment with Romola, saying, "I will reach them, if you will point them out," and followed her hastily into the adjoining small room, where the walls were also covered with ranges of books in perfect order.

"There they are," said Romola, pointing upward; "every book is just where it was when my father ceased to see them."

Tito stood by her without hastening to reach the books. They had never been in this room together before.

"I hope," she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito, with a look of grave confidence—"I hope he will not weary you; this work makes him so happy."

"And me too, Romola—if you will only let me say, I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little."

His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

"I do love you," murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as ever, but her voice had never in her life before sunk to that murmur. It seemed to them both that they were looking at each other a long

while before her lips moved again; yet it was but a moment till she said, "I know *now* what it is to be happy."

The faces just met, and the dark curls mingled for an instant with the rippling gold. Quick as lightning after that, Tito set his foot on a projecting ledge of the bookshelves and reached down the needful volumes. They were both contented to be silent and separate, for that first blissful experience of mutual consciousness was all the more exquisite for being unperturbed by immediate sensation.

It had all been as rapid as the irreversible mingling of waters, for even the eager and jealous Bardo had not become impatient.

"You have the volumes, my Romola?" the old man said, as they came near him again. "And now you will get your pen ready; for, as Tito marks off the scholia we determine on extracting, it will be well for you to copy them without delay—numbering them carefully, mind, to correspond with the numbers in the text which he will write."

Romola always had some task which gave her a share in this joint work. Tito took his stand at the *leggio*, where he both wrote and read, and she placed herself at a table just in front of him, where she was ready to give into her father's hands anything that he might happen to want, or relieve him of a volume that he had done with. They had always been in that position since the work began, yet on this day it seemed new; it was so different now for them to be opposite each other; so different for Tito to take a book from her, as she lifted it from her father's knee. Yet there was no *finesse* to secure an additional look or touch. Each woman creates in her own likeness the love-tokens that are offered to her; and Romola's deep, calm happiness encompassed Tito like the rich but quiet evening light which dissipates all unrest. . . .

They had sat in silence, and in a deepening twilight for many minutes, when Romola ventured to say—

"Shall I light the lamp, father, and shall we go on?"

"No, my Romola, we will work no more to-night. Tito, come and sit by me here."







*Rossetti.*

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

Tito moved from the reading-desk, and seated himself on the other side of Bardo, close to his left elbow.

"Come nearer to me, figliuola mia," said Bardo again, after a moment's pause. And Romola seated herself on a low stool and let her arm rest on her father's right knee, that he might lay his hand on her hair, as he was fond of doing.

"Tito, I never told you that I had once a son," said Bardo, forgetting what had fallen from him in the emotion raised by their first interview. The old man had been deeply shaken, and was forced to pour out his feelings in spite of pride. "But he left me—he is dead to me. I have disowned him forever. He was a ready scholar as you are, but more fervid and impatient, and yet sometimes wrapt and self-absorbed, like a flame fed by some fitful source; showing a disposition from the very first to turn away his eyes from the clear lights of reason and philosophy, and to prostrate himself under the influences of a dim mysticism which eludes all rules of human duty as it eludes all argument. And so it ended. We will speak no more of him: he is dead to me. I wish his face could be blotted from that world of memory in which the distant seems to grow clearer and the near to fade."

Bardo paused, but neither Romola nor Tito dared to speak—his voice was too tremulous, the poise of his feelings too doubtful. But he presently raised his hand and found Tito's shoulder to rest it on, while he went on speaking, with an effort to be calmer.

"But *you* have come to me, Tito—not quite too late. I will lose no time in vain regret. When you are working by my side I seem to have found a son again."

The old man, preoccupied with the governing interest of his life, was only thinking of the much-meditated book which had quite thrust into the background the suggestion, raised by Bernardo del Nero's warning, of a possible marriage between Tito and Romola. But Tito could not allow the moment to pass unused.

"Will you let me be always and altogether your son? Will you let me take care of Romola—be her husband? I think she will not deny me. She has said she loves me.



I know I am not equal to her in birth—in anything; but I am no longer a destitute stranger.”

“Is it true, my Romola?” said Bardo, in a lower tone, an evident vibration passing through him and dissipating the saddened aspect of his features.

“Yes, father,” said Romola, firmly. “I love Tito—I wish to marry him, that we may both be your children and never part.”

Tito’s hand met hers in a strong clasp for the first time, while she was speaking, but their eyes were fixed anxiously on her father.

“Why should it not be?” said Bardo, as if arguing against any opposition to his assent, rather than assenting. “It would be a happiness to me; and thou, too, Romola, wouldst be the happier for it.”

He stroked her long hair gently and bent towards her.

“Ah, I have been apt to forget that thou needest some other love than mine. And thou wilt be a noble wife. Bernardo thinks I shall hardly find a husband fitting for thee. And he is perhaps right. For thou art not like the herd of thy sex: thou art such a woman as the immortal poets had a vision of when they sang the lives of the heroes—tender but strong, like thy voice, which has been to me instead of the light in the years of my blindness. . . . And so thou lovest him?”

He sat upright again for a minute, and then said, in the same tone as before, “Why should it not be? I will think of it; I will talk with Bernardo.”

Tito felt a disagreeable chill at this answer, for Bernardo del Nero’s eyes had retained their keen suspicion whenever they looked at him, and the uneasy remembrance of Fra Luca converted all uncertainty into fear.

“Speak for me, Romola,” he said, pleadingly. “Messer Bernardo is sure to be against me.”

“No, Tito,” said Romola, “my godfather will not oppose what my father firmly wills. And it is your will that I should marry Tito—is it not true, father? Nothing has ever come to me before that I have wished for strongly: I did not think it possible that I could care so much for anything that could happen to myself.”

It was a brief and simple plea; but it was the condensed story of Romola's self-repressing colourless young life, which had thrown all its passion into sympathy with aged sorrows, aged ambition, aged pride and indignation. It had never occurred to Romola that she should not speak as directly and emphatically of her love for Tito as of any other subject.

"Romola mia!" said her father fondly, pausing on the words, "it is true thou hast never urged on me any wishes of thy own. And I have no will to resist thine; rather, my heart met Tito's entreaty at its very first utterance. Nevertheless, I must talk with Bernardo about the measures needful to be observed. For we must not act in haste, or do anything unbecoming my name. I am poor, and held of little account by the wealthy of our family—nay, I may consider myself a lonely man—but I must nevertheless remember that generous birth has its obligations. And I would not be reproached by my fellow-citizens for rash haste in bestowing my daughter. Bartolommeo Scala gave his Alessandra to the Greek Marullo, but Marullo's lineage was well known, and Scala himself is of no extraction. I know Bernardo will hold that we must take time: he will, perhaps, reproach me with want of due forethought. Be patient, my children: you are very young."

No more could be said, and Romola's heart was perfectly satisfied. Not so Tito's. If the subtle mixture of good and evil prepares suffering for human truth and purity, there is also suffering prepared for the wrong-doer by the same mingled conditions. As Tito kissed Romola on their parting that evening, the very strength of the thrill that moved his whole being at the sense that this woman, whose beauty it was hardly possible to think of as anything but the necessary consequence of her noble nature, loved him with all the tenderness that spoke in her clear eyes, brought a strong reaction of regret that he had not kept himself free from that first deceit which had dragged him into the danger of being disgraced before her. There was a spring of bitterness mingling with that fountain of sweets.

(*Romola*, London, 1863.)



## IN THE GOLD OF AUGUST

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE

AND first I went, I know not why, to the crest of the broken highland, whence I had agreed to watch for any mark or signal. And, sure enough, at last I saw (when it was too late to see) that the white stone had been covered over with a cloth or mantle—the sign that something had arisen to make Lorna want me. For a moment I stood amazed at my evil fortune; that I should be too late in the very thing of all things on which my heart was set! Then, after eyeing sorrowfully every crick and cranny, to be sure that not a single flutter of my love was visible, off I set, with small respect either of my knees or neck, to make the round of the outer cliffs, and come up my old access.

Nothing could stop me; it was not long, although to me it seemed an age, before I stood in the niche of rock at the head of the slippery water-course, and gazed into the quiet glen, where my foolish heart was dwelling. Notwithstanding doubts of right, notwithstanding sense of duty, and despite all manly striving, and the great love of my home, there my heart was ever dwelling, knowing what a fool it was, and content to know it.

Many birds came twittering round me in the gold of August; many trees showed twinkling beauty as the sun went lower, and the lines of water fell, from wrinkles into dimples. Little heeding, there I crouched; though with sense of everything that afterwards should move me, like a picture or a dream, and everything went by me softly while my heart was gazing.

At last a little figure came, not insignificant (I mean), but looking very light and slender in the moving shadows, gently here and softly there, as if vague of purpose, with a gloss of tender movement, in and out the wealth of trees, and liberty of the meadow. Who was I to crouch, or doubt, or look at her from a distance; what matter if they

killed me now, and one tear came to bury me? Therefore I rushed out at once, as if shotguns were unknown yet; not from any real courage, but from prisoned love burst forth.

I know not whether my own Lorna was afraid of what I looked, or what I might say to her, or of her own thoughts of me; all I know is that she looked frightened when I hoped for gladness. Perhaps the power of my joy was more than maiden liked to own, or in any way to answer to; and, to tell the truth, it seemed as if I might now forget myself; while she would take good care of it. This makes a man grow thoughtful; unless, as some low fellows do, he believe all women hypocrites.

Therefore I went slowly towards her, taken back in my impulse; and said all I could come to say, with some distress in doing it.

"Mistress Lorna, I had hoped that you were in need of me."

"Oh, yes; but that was long ago; two months ago, or more, sir." And saying this she looked away, as if it all were over. But I was now so dazed and frightened that it took my breath away, and I could not answer, feeling sure that I was robbed and some one else had won her. And I tried to turn away, without another word, and go.

But I could not help one stupid sob, though mad with myself for allowing it, but it came too sharp for pride to stay it, and it told a world of things. Lorna heard it, and ran to me with her bright eyes full of wonder, pity, and great kindness, as if amazed that I had more than a simple liking for her. Then she held out both hands to me, and I took and looked at them.

"Master Ridd, I did not mean," she whispered, very softly—"I did not mean to vex you."

"If you would be loath to vex me, none else in this world can do it," I answered, out of my great love, but fearing yet to look at her, mine eyes not being strong enough.

"Come away from this bright place," she answered, trembling in her turn; "I am watched and spied of late. Come beneath the shadows, John."

I would have leaped into the valley of the shadow of death (as described by the late John Bunyan), only to hear her call me "John;" though Apollyon were lurking there, and Despair should lock me in.

She stole across the silent grass, but I strode hotly after her; fear was all beyond me now, except the fear of losing her. I could not but behold her manner, as she went before me, all her grace, and lovely sweetness, and her sense of what she was.

She led me to her own rich bower, which I told of once before; and if in spring it were a sight, what was it in summer-glory? But although my mind had notice of its fairness and its wonder, not a heed my heart took of it, neither dwelt it in my presence more than flowing water. All that in my presence dwelt, all that in my heart was felt, was the maiden moved gently, and afraid to look at me.

For now the power of my love was abiding on her, new to her; unknown to her, not a thing to speak about, nor even to think clearly; only just to feel and wonder, with a pain of sweetness. She could look at me no more, neither could she look away, with a studied manner—only to let fall her eyes, and blush, and be put out with me, and still more with herself.

I left her quite alone; though close, though tingling to have hold of her. Even her right hand was dropped and lay among the mosses. Neither did I try to steal one glimpse below her eyelids. Life and death were hanging on the first glance I should win; yet I let it be so.

After long or short—I know not, yet ere I was weary, ere I yet began to think or wish for any answer—Lorna slowly raised her eyelids, with a gleam of dew below them, and looked at me doubtfully. Any look with so much in it never met my gaze before.

"Darling, do you love me?" was all that I could say to her.

"Yes, I like you very much," she answered, with her eyes gone from me, and her dark hair falling over, so as not to show me things.

"But do you love me, Lorna, Lorna; do you love me more than all the world?"

"No, to be sure not. Now why should I?"

"In truth, I know not why you should. Only I hoped that you did, Lorna. Either love me not at all, or as I love you, forever."

"John, I love you very much; and I would not grieve you. You are the bravest, and the kindest, and the simplest of all men—I mean of all people—I like you very much, Master Ridd, and I think of you almost every day."

"That will not do for me, Lorna. Not almost every day I think, but every instant of my life, of you. For you I would give up my home, my love of all the world beside, my duty to my dearest ones; for you I would give up my life, and hope of life beyond it. Do you love me so?"

"Not by any means," said Lorna; "no; I like you very much when you do not talk so wildly; and I like to see you come as if you would fill our valley up, and I like to think that even Carver would be nothing in your hands—but as to liking you like that, what should make it likely? especially when I have made the signal, and for some two months or more you have never even answered it. If you like me so ferociously, why do you leave me for other people to do just as they like with me?"

"To do as they liked! Oh, Lorna, not to make you marry Carver?"

"No, Master Ridd, be not frightened so; it makes me fear to look at you."

"But you have not married Carver yet? Say quick. Why keep me waiting so?"

"Of course I have not, Master Ridd. Should I be here if I had, think you, and allowing you to like me so, and to hold my hand, and make me laugh, as I declare you almost do sometimes? And at other times you frighten me."

"Did they want you to marry Carver? Tell me all the truth of it."

"Not yet, not yet. They are not half so impetuous as you are, John. I am only just seventeen, you know, and who is to think of marrying? But they wanted me to give my word, and be formally betrothed to him in the presence of my grandfather. It seems that something frightened them. There is a youth named Charleworth



Doone, every one calls him 'Charlie;' a headstrong and gay young man, very gallant in his looks and manner; and my uncle, the Counselor, chose to fancy that Charlie looked at me too much coming by my grandfather's cottage."

Here Lorna blushed so that I was frightened, and began to hate this Charlie more, a great deal more than even Carver Doone.

"He had better not," said I; "I will fling him over it, if he dare. He shall see thee through the roof, Lorna, if at all he see thee."

"Master Ridd, you are worse than Carver! I thought you were so kind-hearted. Well, they wanted me to promise, and even to swear a solemn oath (a thing I have never done in my life) that I would wed my eldest cousin, this same Carver Doone, who is twice as old as I am, being thirty-five and upward. That was why I gave the token that I wished to see you, Master Ridd. They pointed out how much it was for the peace of all the family, and for mine own benefit; but I would not listen for a moment, though the Counselor was most eloquent, and my grandfather begged me to consider, and Carver smiled his pleasantest, which is a truly frightful thing. Then both he and his crafty father were for using force with me; but Sir Ensor would not hear of it; and they have put off that extreme until he shall be past its knowledge, or at least beyond preventing it. And now I am watched, and spied, and followed, and half my little liberty seems to be taken from me. I could not be here speaking with you, even in my own nook and refuge, but for the aid, and skill, and courage of dear little Gwenny Carfax. She is now my chief reliance, and through her alone I hope to baffle all my enemies, since others have forsaken me."

Tears of sorrow and reproach were lurking in her soft dark eyes, until in fewest words I told her that my seeming negligence was nothing but my bitter loss and wretched absence far away, of which I had so vainly striven to give any tidings without danger to her. When she heard all this, and saw what I had brought from London (which was nothing less than a ring of pearls with a sapphire, in the midst of them, as pretty as could well be found), she let





*Botticelli.*

MARS AND VENUS



the gentle tears flow fast, and came and sat so close beside me, that I trembled like a folded sheep at the bleating of her lamb. But recovering comfort quickly, without more ado I raised her left hand and observed it with a nice regard, wondering at the small blue veins, and curves, and tapering whiteness, and the points it finished with. My wonder seemed to please her much, herself so well accustomed to it, and not fond of watching it. And then, before she could say a word, or guess what I was up to, as quick as ever I turned my hand at a bout of wrestling, on her finger was my ring—sapphire for the veins of blue, and pearls to match white fingers.

“Oh, you crafty Master Ridd!” said Lorna, looking up at me and blushing now a far brighter blush than when she spoke of Charlie; “I thought that you were much too simple ever to do this sort of thing. No wonder you can catch the fish, as when first I saw you.”

“Have I caught you, little fish? Or must all my life be spent in hopeless angling for you?”

“Neither one nor the other, John? You have not caught me yet altogether, though I like you dearly, John; and if you will only keep away, I shall like you more and more. As for hopeless angling, John, that all others shall have until I tell you otherwise.”

With the large tears in her eyes—tears which seemed to me to rise partly from her want to love me with the power of my love—she put her pure bright lips, half smiling, half prone to reply to tears, against my forehead lined with trouble, doubt, and eager longing. And then she drew my ring from off that snowy twig her finger, and held it out to me; and then, seeing how my face was falling, thrice she touched it with her lips, and sweetly gave it back to me. “John, I dare not take it now; else I should be cheating you. I will try to love you dearly, even as you deserve and wish. Keep it for me just till then. Something tells me I shall earn it in a very little time. Perhaps you will be sorry then, sorry when it is all too late, to be loved by such as I am.”

What could I do, at her mournful tone, but kiss a thousand times the hand which she put up to warn me, and



vow that I would rather die with one assurance of her love, than without it live forever with all beside that the world could give? Upon this she looked so lovely, with her dark eyelashes trembling, and her soft eyes full of light, and the colour of clear sunrise mounting on her cheeks and brow, that I was forced to turn away, being overcome with beauty.

“Dearest darling, love of my life,” I whispered through her clouds of hair; “how long must I wait to know—how long must I linger doubting whether you can ever stoop from your birth and wondrous beauty to a poor coarse hind like me, an ignorant, unlettered yeoman——”

“I will not have you revile yourself,” said Lorna, very tenderly—just as I had meant to make her. “You are not rude and unlettered, John. You know a great deal more than I do; you have learned both Greek and Latin, as you told me long ago, and you have been at the very best school in the West of England. None of us but my grandfather and the Counselor (who is a great scholar) can compare with you in this. And though I have laughed at your manner of speech, I only laughed in fun, John; I never meant to vex you by it, nor knew that I had done so.”

“Naught you say can vex me, dear,” I answered, as she leaned toward me, in her generous sorrow; “unless you say: ‘Begone, John Ridd: I love another more than you.’”

“Then I shall never vex you, John—never, I mean, by saying that. Now, John, if you please, be quiet——”

For I was carried away so much by hearing her call me “John” so often, and the music of her voice, and the way she bent toward me, and the shadow of soft weeping in the sunlight of her eyes, that some of my great hand was creeping in a manner not to be imagined, and far less explained, toward the lithesome, wholesome curving underneath her mantle-fold, and out of sight and harm, as I thought; not being her front waist. However, I was dashed with that, and pretended not to mean it; only to pluck some lady-fern, whose elegance did me no good.

“Now, John?” said Lorna, being so quick that not even a lover could cheat her, and observing my confusion

more intently than she need have done. "Master John Ridd, it is high time for you to go home to your mother. I love your mother very much from what you have told me about her, and I will not have her cheated."

"If you truly love my mother," said I, very craftily, "the only way to show it is by truly loving me."

Upon that she laughed at me in the sweetest manner, and with such provoking ways, and such come-and-go of glances, and beginning of quick blushes, which she tried to laugh away, that I knew, as well as if she herself had told me, by some knowledge (void of reasoning, and the surer for it), I knew quite well, while all my heart was burning hot within me, and mine eyes were shy of hers, and her eyes were shy of mine; for certain and forever this I knew—as in a glory—that Lorna Doone had now begun and would go on to love me.

*(Lorna Doone, London, 1869.)*



PYGMALION AND GALATEA

WILLIAM S. GILBERT

*Pygmalion's studio.*

**GAL.** Pygmalion!

*Pyg.*

Who called?

*Gal.*

Pygmalion!

[*PYG. tears away curtain and discovers GAL. alive.*

*Pyg.* Ye gods. It lives!

*Gal.* Pygmalion!

*Pyg.*

It speaks.

I have my prayer! My Galatea breathes!

*Gal.* Where am I? Let me speak, Pygmalion:

Give me thy hand—both hands—how soft and warm!

Whence came I?

[*Descends.*

*Pyg.* Why, from yonder pedestal!

*Gal.* That pedestal? Ah, yes, I recollect,

There was a time when it was part of me.

*Pyg.* That time has passed forever, thou art now  
A living breathing woman, excellent

In every attribute of womankind.

*Gal.* Where am I then?

*Pyg.* Why, born into the world

By miracle!

*Gal.* Is this the world?

*Pyg.*

It is.

*Gal.* This room?

*Pyg.*

This room is portion of a house;

The house stands in a grove; the grove itself

Is one of many, many hundred groves

In Athens.

*Gal.* And is Athens then the world?

*Pyg.* To an Athenian—Yes—

*Gal.*

And am I one?

*Pyg.* By birth and parentage, not by descent.

*Gal.* But how came I to be?

*Pyg.* Well—let me see.

Oh—you were quarried in Pentelicus ;  
I modelled you in clay—my artisans  
Then roughed you out in marble—I, in turn,  
Brought my artistic skill to bear on you,  
And made you what you are—in all but life—  
The gods completed what I had begun,  
And gave the only gift I could not give !

*Gal.* Then this is life ?

*Pyg.* It is.

*Gal.* And not long since

I was a cold, dull stone. I recollect  
That by some means I knew that I was stone :  
That was the first dull gleam of consciousness ;  
I became conscious of a chilly self,  
A cold immovable identity,  
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more !  
Then, by an imperceptible advance,  
Came the dim evidence of outer things,  
Seen—darkly and imperfectly—yet seen  
The walls surrounding me, and I, alone.  
That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice  
That called on Galatea ! At that word,  
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,  
That which was dim before, came evident.  
Sounds, that had hummed around me, indistinct,  
Vague, meaningless—seemed to resolve themselves  
Into a language I could understand ;  
I felt my frame pervaded by a glow  
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh ;  
Its cold hard substance throbbed with active life,  
My limbs grew supple and I moved—I lived !  
Lived in the ecstasy of new-born life !  
Lived in the love of him that fashioned me !  
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope,  
Love, gratitude—thoughts that resolved themselves  
Into one word, that word, Pygmalion ! [*Kneels to him.*]

*Pyg.* I have no words to tell thee of my joy,  
O woman—perfect in thy loveliness !

*Gal.* What is that word ? Am I a woman ?

- Pyg. Yes.
- Gal. Art thou a woman?
- Pyg. No, I am a man.
- Gal. What is a man?
- Pyg. A being strongly framed,  
To wait on woman, and protect her from  
All ills that strength and courage can avert;  
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;  
To weep and mourn for her, that she may laugh;  
To fight and die for her, that she may live!
- Gal. [after a pause]. I'm glad I am a woman.
- Pyg. So am I. [They sit.]
- Gal. That I escape the pains thou hast to bear?
- Pyg. That I may undergo those pains for thee.
- Gal. With whom then wouldst thou fight?
- Pyg. With any man  
Whose deed or word gave Galatea pain.
- Gal. Then there are other men in this strange world?
- Pyg. There are, indeed!
- Gal. And other women?
- Pyg. [taken aback]. Yes;  
Though for the moment I'd forgotten it!  
Yes, other women.
- Gal. And for all of these  
Men work, and toil, and mourn, and weep, and fight?
- Pyg. It is man's duty, if he's called upon,  
To fight for all—he works for those he loves.
- Gal. Then by thy work I know thou lovest me.
- Pyg. Indeed, I love thee. [Embraces her.]
- Gal. With what kind of love?
- Pyg. I love thee [recollecting himself and releasing her] as  
a sculptor loves his work!
- [Aside.] There is a diplomacy in that reply.
- Gal. My love is different in kind to thine:  
I am no sculptor, and I've done no work,  
Yet I do love thee: say—what love is mine?
- Pyg. Tell me its symptoms, then I'll answer thee.
- Gal. Its symptoms? Let me call them as they come.  
A sense that I am made by thee for thee;  
That I've no will that is not wholly thine;

That I've no thought, no hope, no enterprize  
That does not own *thee* as its sovereign ;  
That I have life, that I may live for thee,  
That I am thine—that thou and I are one.  
What kind of love is that ?

*Pyg.* A kind of love

That I shall run some risk in dealing with !

*Gal.* And why, Pygmalion ?

*Pyg.* Such love as thine

A man may not receive, except indeed  
From one who is, or is to be, his wife.

*Gal.* Then *I* will be thy wife !

*Pyg.* That may not be ;

I have a wife—the gods allow but one.

*Gal.* Why did the gods then send me here to thee ?

*Pyg.* I cannot say—unless to punish me

For unreflecting and presumptuous prayer !

I prayed that thou shouldst live—I have my prayer,

And now I see the awful consequence

That must attend it !

*Gal.* Yet thou lovest me ?

*Pyg.* Who could look on that face and stifle love ?

*Gal.* Then I am beautiful ?

*Pyg.* Indeed thou art.

*Gal.* I wish that I could look upon myself,

But that's impossible.

*Pyg.* Not so indeed,

This mirror will reflect thy face. Behold !

[*Hands her a mirror.*]

*Gal.* How beautiful ! I'm very glad to know

That both our tastes agree so perfectly ;

Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think

That aught could be more beautiful than thou,

Till I beheld myself. Believe me, love,

I could look in this mirror all day long—

So I'm a woman !

*Pyg.* There's no doubt of that !

*Gal.* Oh happy maid to be so passing fair !

And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze,

At will, upon so beautiful a face !

*Pyg.* Hush! Galatea—in thine innocence  
Thou sayest things that others would reprove.

*Gal.* Indeed, Pygmalion; then it is wrong  
To think that one is exquisitely fair?

*Pyg.* Well, Galatea, it's a sentiment  
That every other woman shares with thee;  
They *think* it—but they keep it to themselves.

*Gal.* And is thy wife as beautiful as I?

*Pyg.* No, Galatea, for in forming thee  
I took her features—lovely in themselves—  
And in the marble made them lovelier still.

*Gal.* [*disappointed*]. Oh! then I'm not original?

*Pyg.* Well—no—  
That is—thou hast indeed a prototype  
But though in stone thou didst resemble her,  
In life the difference is manifest.

*Gal.* I'm very glad I'm lovelier than she.  
And am I better?

*Pyg.* That I do not know.

*Gal.* Then she has faults?

*Pyg.* But very few indeed;  
Mere trivial blemishes, that serve to show  
That she and I are of one common kin.  
I love her all the better for such faults!

*Gal.* [*after a pause*]. Tell me some faults and  
I'll commit them now.

*Pyg.* There is no hurry; they will come in time;  
Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin  
To sit as lovingly as we sit now.

*Gal.* Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk  
As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,  
Why I could sin all day! But tell me love,  
Is this great fault that I'm committing now,  
The kind of fault that only serves to show  
That thou and I are one of common kin?

*Pyg.* Indeed, I'm very much afraid it is.

*Gal.* And dost thou love me better for such fault?

*Pyg.* Where is the mortal that could answer "no"?

*Gal.* Why then I'm satisfied, Pygmalion;  
Thy wife and I can start on equal terms.







*Jan Steen.*

THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT

She loves thee ?

*Pyg.* Very much.

*Gal.* I'm glad of that.

I like thy wife.

*Pyg.* And why ?

*Gal.* Our tastes agree.

We love Pygmalion well, and what is more,

Pygmalion loves us both. I like thy wife ;

I'm sure we shall agree.

*Pyg.* [*aside*]. I doubt it much !

*Gal.* Is she within ?

*Pyg.* No, she is not within.

*Gal.* But she'll come back ?

*Pyg.* Oh, yes, she will come back.

*Gal.* How pleased she'll be to know, when she returns,  
That there was some one here to fill her place !

*Pyg.* [*drily*]. Yes, I should say she'd be extremely  
pleased.

*Gal.* Why, there is something in thy voice which says  
That thou are jesting ! Is it possible  
To say one thing and mean another ?

*Pyg.* Yes,

It's sometimes done.

*Gal.* How very wonderful ;

So clever !

*Pyg.* And so very useful.

*Gal.* Yes.

Teach me the art.

*Pyg.* The art will come in time.

My wife will *not* be pleased ; there—that's the truth.

*Gal.* I do not think that I *shall* like thy wife.

Tell me more of her.

*Pyg.* Well—

*Gal.* What did she say

When last she left thee ?

*Pyg.* Humph ! Well let me see :

Oh ! true, she gave thee to me as my wife,—

Her solitary representative ;

She feared I should be lonely till she came,

And counselled me, if thoughts of love should come,



MAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S LOVE

WILLIAM S. GILBERT

*The Garden of a pretty Country Villa.* MR. HENRY SPREADBROW [aged 51], MISS JENNY NORTHCOTT [aged 48].

**S**PREAD. Not changed a bit! My dear Jane, you really must allow me [*they shake hands again*]. And now tell me, how is Mr. Braybrook?

*Jen.* [*rather surprised*]. Oh, Mr. Braybrook is very well; I expect him home presently; he will be very glad to see you, for he has often heard me speak of you.

*Spread.* Has he, indeed? It will give me the greatest—the very greatest possible pleasure, believe me [*very emphatically*], to make his acquaintance.

*Jen.* [*still surprised at his emphatic manner*]. I'm sure he will be delighted.

*Spread.* Now tell me all about yourself. Any family?

*Jen.* [*puzzled*]. I beg your pardon?

*Spread.* Any family?

*Jen.* Mr. Braybrook?

*Spread.* Well—yes.

*Jen.* Mr. Braybrook is a bachelor.

*Spread.* A bachelor? Then let me understand—am I not speaking to Mrs. Braybrook?

*Jen.* No, indeed you are not! Ha! ha! [*Much amused*]. Mr. Braybrook is my nephew; the place belongs to him now.

*Spread.* Oh! then my dear Jane, may I ask who you are?

*Jen.* I am not married.

*Spread.* Not married!

*Jen.* No; I keep house for my nephew.

*Spread.* Why, you don't mean to sit there and look me in the face and tell me, after thirty years, that you are still Jane Northbrook?



*Jen.* [*rather hurt at the mistake*]. Northcott.

*Spread.* Northcott, of course. I beg your pardon—I should have said Northcott. And you are not Mrs. Braybrook? You are not even married! Why, what were they about—what were they about? Not married! Well, now, do you know, I am very sorry to hear that. I am really more sorry and disappointed than I can tell you. [*She looks surprised and hurt.*] You'd have made an admirable wife, Jane, and an admirable mother. I can't tell you how sorry I am to find that you are still Jane Northcott—I should say, Northcott.

*Jen.* The same in name—much changed in everything else. [*Sighing.*]

*Spread.* Changed? Not a bit—I won't hear of it. I knew you the moment I saw you! We are neither of us changed. Mellowed perhaps—a little mellowed, but what of that? Who shall say that the blossom is pleasanter to look upon than the fruit? Not I for one, Jane—not I for one.

*Jen.* Time has dealt very kindly with us, but we're old folks now, Henry Spreadbrow. [*Rises.*]

*Spread.* I won't allow it, Jane—I won't hear of it. [*Rises.*] What constitutes youth? A head of hair? Not at all; I was as bald as an egg at five and twenty—babies are always bald. Eyesight? Some people are born blind. Years? Years are an arbitrary impertinence. Am I an old man, are you an old woman, because the earth continues to hurry round the sun in three hundred and sixty-five days? Why, Saturn can't do it in thirty years. If I had been born on Saturn I should be two years old, ma'am—a public nuisance in petticoats. Let us be thankful that I was not born on Saturn. No—no, as long as I can ride to cover twice a week, walk my five and twenty miles without turning a hair, go to bed at twelve, get up at six, turn into a cold tub and like it, I'm a boy, Jane—a boy—a boy!

*Jen.* And you are still unmarried?

*Spread.* I? Oh, dear, yes—very much so. No time to think of marriage. Plenty of opportunity, mind, but no leisure to avail myself of it. I've had a bustling time

of it, I assure you, Jane, working hard at the Bar and on the Bench, with some success—with some success; [*sits again*] and now that I've done my work, I throw myself back in my easy chair, fold my hands, cross my legs, and prepare to enjoy myself. Life is before me, and I'm going to begin it. Ha, ha! And so we are really Jane Northcott still?

*Jen.* Still Jane Northcott.

*Spread.* I'm indignant to hear it—I assure you that I am positively indignant to hear it. You would have made some fellow so infernally happy; [*rises*] I'm sorry for that fellow's sake—I don't know him, but still I am sorry. Ah, I wish I had remained in England. I do wish, for the very first time since I left it, that I had remained in England.

*Jen.* Indeed! And why?

*Spread.* Why? Because I should have done my best to remove that reproach from society. I should indeed, Jane! Ha, ha! After all, it don't much matter, for you wouldn't have had me. Oh yes! you had no idea of it; but, do you know, I've a great mind to tell you—I *will* tell you. Do you know, I was in love with you at one time. Boy and girl, you know—boy and girl. Ha, ha! *You'd* no idea of it, but I was!

*Jen.* [*in wonder*]. Oh, yes; I knew it very well.

*Spread.* [*much astonished*]. You knew it? You knew that I was attached to you!

*Jen.* Why, of course I did.

*Spread.* Did you, indeed! Bless me, you don't say so! Now that's amazingly curious. Leave a woman alone to find *that* out! It's instinctive, positively instinctive. Now, my dear Jane, I'm a very close student of human nature, and in pursuit of that study I should like above all things to know by what signs you detected my secret admiration for you. [*Takes her hand.*]

*Jen.* Why, bless the man! There was no mystery in the matter! You told me all about it!

*Spread.* I told you all about it!

*Jen.* Certainly you did—here, in this garden.

*Spread.* That I admired you—loved you?

*Jen.* Most assuredly! Surely you've not forgotten it.  
 [*He drops her hand.*] I haven't.

*Spread.* I remember that I had the impertinence to be very fond of you. I forgot that I had the impertinence to tell you so. I remember it now. I made a fool of myself. I remember it by that. I told you that I adored you, didn't I?—that you were as essential to me as the air I breathed—that it was impossible to support existence without you—that your name should be the most hallowed of earthly words, and so forth. Ha, ha! my dear Jane, before I'd been a week on board I was saying the same thing to a middle-aged governess whose name has entirely escaped me. [*She has exhibited signs of pleasure during the earlier part of this speech, and disappointment at the last two lines.*] What fools we make of ourselves!

*Jen.* And of others!

*Spread.* Oh, I meant it, Jane; I meant every word I said to you.

*Jen.* And the governess?

*Spread.* And the governess! I would have married you, Jane.

*Jen.* And the governess?

*Spread.* And the governess! I'd have married *her*, if she had accepted me—but she didn't. Perhaps it was as well—she was a widow with five children—I cursed my destiny at the time, but I've forgiven it since. I talked of blowing out my brains. I'm glad I didn't do it, as I've found them useful in my profession. Ha! ha! [*Looking round; JENNY stands watching him.*] The place has changed a good deal since my time—improved—improved—we've all three improved. I don't quite like this tree, though—it's in the way. What is it? A kind of beech, isn't it?

*Jen.* No, it's a sycamore.

*Spread.* Ha! I don't understand English trees—but it's a curious place for a big tree like this, just outside the drawing-room window. Isn't it in the way?

*Jen.* It is rather in the way.

*Spread.* I don't like a tree before a window, it checks the current of fresh air, don't you find that?

*Jen.* It *does* check the current of fresh air.

*Spread.* Then the leaves blow into the house in autumn, and that's a nuisance—and besides, it impedes the view.

*Jen.* It is certainly open to these objections.

*Spread.* Then cut it down, my dear Jane. Why don't you cut it down?

*Jen.* Cut it down! I wouldn't cut it down for worlds! That tree is identified in my mind with many happy recollections.

*Spread.* Remarkable the influence exercised by associations over a woman's mind. Observe—you take a house, mainly because it commands a beautiful view. You apportion the rooms principally with reference to that view. You lay out your garden at great expense to harmonize with that view, and, having brought that view into the very best of all possible conditions for the full enjoyment of it, you allow a gigantic and wholly irrelevant tree to block it all out for the sake of the sentimental ghost of some dead and gone sentimental reality! Take my advice and have it down. If I had had anything to do with it, you would never have planted it. I shouldn't have allowed it!

*Jen.* You had so much to do with it that it was planted at your suggestion.

*Spread.* At mine? Never saw it before in my life.

*Jen.* We planted it together thirty years ago—the day you sailed for India.

*Spread.* It appears to me that that was a very eventful day in my career. We planted it together! I have no recollection of ever having planted a gigantic sycamore anywhere. And we did it together! Why, it would take a dozen men to move it.

*Jen.* It was a sapling then—you cut it for me.

*Spread.* [*suddenly and with energy*]. From the old sycamore in the old garden at Hampstead! Why, I remember; I went to London expressly to get it for you. [*Laughing—sitting on her left.*] And the next day I called to say good-bye, and I found you planting it, and I helped; and as I was helping I found an opportunity to seize your hand. [*Does so.*] I grasped it—pressed it to my lips—[*does so*], and

said, "My dear, dear Jenny" [*he drops her hand suddenly*] and so forth. Never mind *what* I said—but I meant it—I meant it! [*Laughs heartily—she joins him, but her laughter is evidently forced—eventually she shows signs of tears, which he doesn't notice.*] It all comes back with a distinctness which is absolutely photographic. I begged you to give me a flower—you gave me one—a sprig of geranium.

*Jen.* Mignonette.

*Spread.* Was it mignonette? I think you're right—it was mignonette. I seized it—pressed it to my trembling lips—placed it next my fluttering heart, and swore that come what might I would never, never part with it!—I wonder what I did with that flower!—And then I took one from my buttonhole—begged you to take it—you took it, and—ha, ha, ha!—you threw it down carelessly on the table and thought no more about it, you heartless creature—ha, ha, ha! Oh, I was very angry! I remember it perfectly; it was a camellia.

*Jen.* [*half crying aside*]. Not a camellia, I think.

*Spread.* Yes, a camellia, a large white camellia.

*Jen.* I'm sure it was a rose!

*Spread.* No, I'm sure it was a camellia.

*Jen.* [*in tears*]. Indeed—indeed it was a rose. [*Produces a withered rose from a pocket-book—he is very much impressed—looks at it and her, and seems much affected.*]

*Spread.* Why Jane, my dear Jane, you don't mean to say that this is the very flower?

*Jen.* That is the very flower. [*Rising.*]

*Spread.* Strange! You seemed to attach no value to it when I gave it to you, you threw it away as something utterly insignificant; and when I leave, you pick it up, and keep it for thirty years! [*Rising.*] My dear Jane, how like a woman!

*Jen.* And you seized the flower I gave you—pressed it to your lips, and swore that wherever your good or ill fortune might carry you, you would never part with it; and—and you quite forget what became of it! My dear Harry, how like a man!

*Spread.* I was deceived, my dear Jane,—deceived! I had no idea that you attached so much value to my flower.



*Jen.* We were both deceived, Harry Spreadbrow.

*Spread.* Then is it possible that in treating me as you did, Jane, you were acting a part?

*Jen.* We were both acting parts—but the play is over, and there's an end of it. [*With assumed cheerfulness.*] Let us talk of something else.

*Spread.* No, no, Janet, the play is *not* over—we will talk of nothing else—the play is not nearly over. [*Music in orchestra, "John Anderson my Jo."*] My dear Jane—[*rising and taking her hand*], My very dear Jane—believe me, for I speak from my very hardened old heart, so far from the play being over, the serious interest is only just beginning. [*He kisses her hand—they walk toward the house.*]

(*Sweethearts, London, 1874.*)

TU QUOQUE

AUSTIN DOBSON

AN IDYLL IN THE CONSERVATORY

“— romprons—nous  
*Ou ne romprons—nous pas ?*”  
—*Le D pit Amoureux.*

*NELLIE.* If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,  
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,  
I would not turn abstractedly away sir,  
If I were you !

*Frank.* If I were you, when persons I affected  
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,  
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,  
If I were you !

*Nellie.* If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,  
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,  
I would not dance with *odious* Miss McTavish  
If I were you !

*Frank.* If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer  
Whiff of the best, the mildest “honey-dew,”  
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,  
If I were you !

*Nellie.* If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,  
Even to write the “Cynical Review !”

*Frank.* No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,  
If I were you !

*Nellie.* Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful,—

Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;  
Borrow my fan, I would not look so *frightful*,  
If I were you!

*Frank.* "It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is  
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!  
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,  
If I were you!

*Nellie.* Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir!  
Where shall it be? To China—or Peru?  
*Go.* I should leave inquirers my address, sir,  
If I were you!

*Frank.* No,— I remain. To stay and fight a duel  
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do —  
Ah, you are strong,— I would not then be cruel,  
If I were you!

*Nellie.* One does not like one's feelings to be doubted, —

*Frank.* One does not like one's friends to misconstrue, —

*Nellie.* I confess that I a wee-bit pouted? —

*Frank.* I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

*Nellie.* Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,  
If I were you! [Waltz—*Exeunt.*

(*Old World Idylls, London, 1884.*)

THE LANG COORTIN'

LEWIS CARROLL

THE lady she stood at her lattice high,  
Wi' her doggie at her feet;  
Thorough the lattice she can spy  
The passers in the street.

"There's one that standeth at the door,  
And tirlleth at the pin:  
Now speak and say, my popinjay,  
If I sall let him in."

Then up and spake the popinjay  
That flew abune her head:  
"Gae let him in that tirls the pin:  
He cometh thee to wed."

O when he cam' the parlour in,  
A woeful man was he!  
"And dinna ye ken your lover agen,  
Sae well that loveth thee?"

"And how wad I ken ye loved me, Sir,  
That have been sae lang away?  
And how wad I ken ye loved me, Sir?  
Ye never telled me sae."

Said—"Ladye dear," and the salt, salt tear  
Cam' runnin' doon his cheek,  
"I have sent thee tokens of my love  
This many and many a week.

"O didna ye get the rings, Ladye,  
The rings o' the gowd sae fine?  
I wot that I have sent to thee  
Four score, four score and nine."





*Burne-Jones.*

CUPID AND PSYCHE





"They cam' to me," said that fair ladye.

"Wow they were flimsie things!"

Said—"that chain o' gowd, my doggie to howd,

It is made o' thae self-same rings."

"And didna ye get the locks, the locks,

The locks o' my ain black hair,

Whilk I sent by post, whilk I sent by box,

Whilk I sent by the carrier?"

"They cam' to me," said that fair ladye;

"And I prithee send nae mair!"

Said—"that cushion sae red, for my doggie's head,

It is stuffed wi' thae locks of hair."

"And didna ye get the letter, Ladye,

Tied wi' a silken string,

Whilk I sent to thee frae the far countrie,

A message of love to bring?"

"It cam' to me frae the far countrie

Wi' its silken string and a';

But it wasna prepaid," said that high-born maid,

"Sae I gar'd them tak' it awa'."

"O ever alack that ye sent it back,

It was written sae clerkly and well!

Now the message it brought, and the boon that  
it sought,

I must even say it mysel'."

Then up and spake the popinjay,

Sae wisely counselled he.

"Now say it in the proper way:

Gae doon upon thy knee!"

The lover he turned baith red and pale,

Went doon upon his knee:

"O Ladye, hear the waesome tale

That must be told to thee!

“ For five lang years, and five lang years,  
I coorted thee by looks;  
By nods and winks, by smiles and tears,  
As I had read in books.

“ For ten lang years, O weary hours!  
I coorted thee by signs;  
By sending game, by sending flowers,  
By sending Valentines.

“ For five lang years, and five lang years,  
I have dwelt in the far countrie,  
Till that thy mind should be inclined  
Mair tenderly to me.

“ Now thirty years are gane and past,  
I am come frae a foreign land:  
I am come to tell thee my love at last —  
O Ladye, gie me thy hand!”

The ladye she turned not pale nor red,  
But she smiled a pitiful smile:  
“ Sic’ a coortin’ as yours, my man,” she said,  
“ Takes a lang and weary while!”

And out and laughed the popinjay,  
A laugh of bitter scorn:  
“ A coortin’ done in sic’ a way,  
It ought not to be borne!”

Wi’ that the doggie barked aloud,  
And up and doon he ran,  
And tugged and strained his chain o’ gowd,  
All for to bite the man.

“ O hush thee, gentle popinjay!  
Oh hush thee, doggie dear!  
There is a word I fain wad say,  
It needeth he should hear!”

Aye louder screamed that ladye fair  
To drown her doggie's bark :  
Ever the lover shouted mair  
To make that ladye hark :

Shrill and more shrill the popinjay  
Upraised his angry squall :  
I trow the doggie's voice that day  
Was louder than them all !

The serving-men and serving-maids  
Sat by the kitchen fire :  
They heard sic' a din the parlour within  
As made them much admire.

Out spake the boy in buttons  
(I ween he wasna thin),  
"Now wha will tae the parlour gae,  
And stay this deadlie din ?"

And they have taen a kerchief,  
Casted their keivils in,  
For wha should tae the parlour gae  
And stay that deadlie din.

When on the boy the kevil fell  
To stay the fearsome noise,  
"Gae in," they cried, "whate'er betide,  
Thou prince of button-boys !"

Syne, he hath taen a supple cane  
To swinge that dog sae fat :  
The doggie yowled, the doggie howled  
The louder for aye that.

Syne, he hath taen a mutton-bane—  
The doggie ceased his noise,  
And followed doon the kitchen stair  
That prince of button-boys !

Then sadly spake that ladye fair,  
Wi' a frown upon her brow :  
" O dearer to me is my sma' doggie  
Than a dozen sic' as thou !

" Nae use, nae use for sighs and tears :  
Nae use at all to fret :  
Sin' ye've bided sae well for thirty years,  
Ye may bide a wee langer yet ! "

Sadly, sadly he crossed the floor  
And tirdled at the pin :  
Sadly went he through the door  
Where sadly he cam' in.

" O gin I had a popinjay  
To fly abune my head,  
To tell me what I ought to say,  
I had by this been wed.

" O gin I find anither ladye,"  
He said wi' sighs and tears,  
" I wot my coortin' sall not be  
Anither thirty years :

" For gin I find a ladye gay,  
Exactly to my taste,  
I'll pop the question, aye or nay,  
On twenty years at maist."

*(Rhyme and Reason, London, 1884.)*



## A SOLDIER'S WOOING

RUDYARD KIPLING

“DID I ever tell you how Dinah Shadd came to be wife av mine?”

I dissembled a burning anxiety that I had felt for some months—ever since Dinah Shadd, the strong, the patient, and the infinitely tender, had, of her own good love and free will, washed a shirt for me, moving in a barren land where washing was not.

“I can’t remember,” I said, casually. “Was it before or after you made love to Annie Bragin, and got no satisfaction?”

The story of Annie Bragin is written in another place. It is one of the many episodes in Mulvaney’s checkered career.

“Before—before—long before was that business av Annie Bragin an’ the corp’ril’s ghost. Never woman was the worse for me whin I had married Dinah. There’s a time for all things, an’ I know how to kape all things in place—barrin’ the dhrink, that kapes me in my place, wid no hope av comin’ to be aught else.”

“Begin at the beginning,” I insisted. “Mrs. Mulvaney told me that you married her when you were quartered in Krab Bokhar barracks.”

“An’ the same is a cess-pit,” said Mulvaney, piously. “She spoke throe, did Dinah. ’Twas this way. . . . Wanst, bein’ a fool, I went into the married lines, more for the sake of speakin’ to our ould colour-sergint Shadd than for any thruck wid wimmen-folk. I was a corp’ril then—rejuiced afterwards; but a corp’ril then. I’ve got a photograft av mesilf to prove ut. ‘You’ll take a cup av tay wid us?’ sez he. ‘I will that,’ I sez; ‘tho’ tay is not my divarsion.’ ‘’Twud be better for you if ut were,’ sez ould Mother Shadd. An’ she had ought to know, for Shadd, in the ind av his service, dhrank bung-full each night.

“Wid that I tuk off my gloves—there was pipe-clay in thim so that they stud alone—an’ pulled up my chair, lookin’ round at the china ornamentals an’ bits av things in the Shadds’ quarters. They were things that belonged to a woman, an’ no camp kit, here to-day and dishipated next. ‘You’re comfortable in this place, sergint,’ sez I. ‘’Tis the wife that did ut, boy,’ sez he, pointin’ the stem av his pipe to ould Mother Shadd, an’ she smacked the top av his bald head upon the compliment. ‘That manes you want money,’ sez she.

“An’ thin—an’ thin whin the kettle was to be filled, Dinah came in—my Dinah—her sleeves rowled up to the elbow, an’ her hair in a gowlden glory over her forehead, the big blue eyes beneath twinklin’ like stars on a frosty night, an’ the tread of her two feet lighter than waste paper from the colonel’s basket in ord’ly-room when ut’s emptied. Bein’ but a shlip av a girl, she went pink at seein’ me, an’ I twisted me mustache an’ looked at a picture forninst the wall. Never show a woman that ye care the snap av a finger for her, an’ begad she’ll come bleatin’ to your boot heels.”

“I suppose that’s why you followed Annie Bragin till everybody in the married quarters laughed at you,” said I, remembering that unhallowed wooing, and casting off the disguise of drowsiness.

“I’m layin’ down the general theory av the attack,” said Mulvaney, driving his foot into the dying fire. “If you read the ‘Soldier’s Pocket-Book,’ which never any soldier reads, you’ll see that there are exceptions. When Dinah was out av the door (an’ ’twas as tho’ the sunlight had gone too), ‘Mother av Hiven, sergint!’ sez I, ‘but is that your daughter?’ ‘I’ve believed that way these eighteen years,’ sez ould Shadd, his eyes twinklin’. ‘But Mrs. Shadd has her own opinion, like ivry other woman.’ ‘’Tis wid yours this time, for a mericle,’ sez Mother Shadd. ‘Then why, in the name av fortune, did I never see her before?’ sez I. ‘Bekaze you’ve been thraipsin’ round wid the married women these three years past. She was a bit av a child till last year, an’ she shot up wid the spring,’ sez ould Mother Shadd. ‘I’ll thraipse no more,’ sez I. ‘D’you mane that?’

sez ould Mother Shadd, lookin' at me sideways, like a hen looks at a hawk whin the chickens are runnin' free. 'Try me, an' tell,' sez I. Wid that I pulled on my gloves, dhrank off the tea, an' wint out av the house as stiff as at general p'rade, for well I knew that Dinah Shadd's eyes were in the small av my back out av the scullery window. Faith, that was the only time I mourned I was not a cav'ryman, for the sake av the spurs to jingle.

"I wint out to think, an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that shlip av a girl in the dotted blue dhress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarters or near by on the chanst av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her? Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise, an' my heart goin' like a farrier's forge on a Saturday mornin'! 'Twas 'Good-day to ye, Miss Dinah,' an' 'Good-day t'you, corp'ril,' for a week or two, an' divil a bit further could I get, bekase av the respict I had to that girl that I cud ha' broken betune finger an' thumb."

Here I giggled as I recalled the gigantic figure of Dinah Shadd when she handed me my shirt.

"Ye may laugh," grunted Mulvaney. "But I'm speakin' the trut', an' 'tis you that are in fault. Dinah was a girl that wud ha' taken the imperiousness out av the Duchess of Clonmel in those days. Flower hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the mornin' she had. That is my wife to-day—ould Dinah, an' never aught else than Dinah Shadd to me.

"'Twas after three weeks standin' off an' on, an' niver makin' headway excipt through the eyes, that a little drummer-boy grinned in me face whin I had admonished him wid the buckle av my belt for riotin' all over the place. 'An' I'm not the only wan that doesn't kape to barracks,' sez he. I tuk him by the scruff av his neck—my heart was hung on a hair-trigger those days, you will understand—an' 'Out wid ut,' sez I, 'or I'll lave no bone av you unbruk.' 'Speak to Dempsey,' sez he, howlin'. 'Dempsey which,' sez I, 'ye unwashed limb av Satan?' 'Of the Bobtailed Dhragoons,' sez he. 'He's seen her home from

her aunt's house in the civil lines four times this fortnight.' 'Child,' sez I, dhroppin' him, 'your tongue's stronger than your body. Go to your quarters. I'm sorry I dhressed you down.'

"At that I went four ways to wanst huntin' Dempsey. I was mad to think that wid all my airs among women I shud ha' been ch'ated by a basin-faced fool av a cav'lry-man not fit to trust on a mule thrunk. Presintly I found him in our lines—the Bobtails was quartered next us—an' a tallowy, top-heavy son av a she-mule he was, wid his big brass spurs an' his plastrons on his epigastons an' all. But he niver flinched a hair.

"'A word wid you, Dempsey,' sez I. 'You've walked wid Dinah Shadd four times this fortnight gone.'

"'What's that to you?' sez he. 'I'll walk forty times more, an' forty on top av that, ye shovel-futted, clod-breakin', infantry lance-corp'ril.'

"Before I cud gyard, he had his gloved fist home on me cheek, an' down I went full sprawl. 'Will that content you?' sez he, blowin' on his knuckles for all the world like a Scots Grays orf'cer. 'Content?' sez I. 'For your own sake, man, take off your spurs, peel your jackut, and onglove. 'Tis the beginnin' av the overture. Stand up!'

"He stud all he knew, but he niver peeled his jackut, an' his shoulders had no fair play. I was fightin' for Dinah Shadd an' that cut on me cheek. What hope had he forninst me? 'Stand up!' sez I, time an' again, when he was beginnin' to quarter the ground, an' gyard high an' go large. 'This isn't ridin'-school,' sez I. 'Oh, man, stand up, an' let me get at ye!' But whin I saw he wud be runnin' about, I grup his shtock in me left an' his waist-belt in me right, an' swung him clear to me right front, head undher, he hammerin' me nose till the wind was knocked out av him on the bare ground. 'Stand up,' sez I, 'or I'll kick your head into your chest.' An' I wud ha' done ut, too, so ragin' mad I was.

"'Me collar-bone's bruk,' sez he. 'Help me back to lines. I'll walk wid her no more.' So I helped him back."

"And was his collar-bone broken?" I asked, for I



fancied that only Learoyd could neatly accomplish that terrible throw.

“He pitched on his left shoulder-point. It was. Next day the news was in both barracks; an’ whin I met Dinah Shadd wid a cheek like all the reg’mental tailors’ samples, there was no ‘Good-mornin’, corp’ril,’ or aught else. ‘An’ what have I done, Miss Shadd,’ sez I, very bould, plantin’ mesilf forninst her, ‘that ye should not pass the time of day?’”

“‘Ye’ve half killed rough-rider Dempsey,’ sez she, her dear blue eyes fillin’ up.

“‘Maybe,’ sez I. ‘Was he a friend av yours that saw ye home four times in a fortnight?’”

“‘Yes,’ sez she, very bould; but her mouth was down at the corners. ‘An’—an’ what’s that to you?’”

“‘Ask Dempsey,’ sez I, purtendin’ to go away.

“‘Did you fight for me then, ye silly man?’ she sez, tho’ she knew ut all along.

“‘Who else?’ sez I; an’ I tuk wan pace to the front.

“‘I wasn’t worth ut,’ sez she, fingerin’ her apron.

“‘That’s for me to say,’ sez I. ‘Shall I say ut?’”

“‘Yes,’ sez she, in a saint’s whisper; an’ at that I explained mesilf; an’ she tould me what ivry man that is a man, an’ many that is a woman, hears wanst in his life.

“‘But what made ye cry at startin’, Dinah, darlin’?’ sez I.

“‘Your—your bloody cheek,’ sez she, duckin’ her little head down on my sash (I was on duty for the day), an’ whimperin’ like a sorrowful angel.

“Now, a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best, an’ my first kiss wid it. Mother av innocence! but I kissed her on the tip av the nose an’ undher the eye, an’ a girl that lets a kiss come tumbleways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we wint, hand in hand, to ould Mother Shadd, like two little childher, an’ she said it was no bad thing; an’ ould Shadd nodded behind his pipe, an’ Dinah ran away to her own room. That day I throd on rollin’ clouds. All earth was too small to hould me. Begad, I cud ha’ picked the sun out av the sky for a live coal to me pipe, so mag-



nificent I was. But I tuk recruities at squad-drill, an' began with general battalion advance whin I shud ha' been balance-steppin' 'em. Eyah! that day! that day!"

(*The Courting of Dinah Shadd, 1888.*)





*Morlon.*

LOUIS XIV. AND MLE. DE LA VALLIÈRE

## A HAPPY ENDING

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

THE finest thing in the world is that a woman can pass through anything, and remain pure. Mary had never been put to the test, but she could have stood it. Her soul spoke in her face, and as Rob looked at her the sound of his own voice seemed a profanation. Yet Mary was not all soul. She understood, for instance, why Rob stammered so much as he took her hand, and she was glad that she had on her green habit instead of the black one.

Sir Clement Downton rode forward smartly to make up on Miss Abinger, and saw her a hundred yards before him from the top of a bump which the road climbs. She was leaning forward in her saddle talking to a man whom he recognized at once. The baronet's first thought was to ride on, but he drew rein.

"I have had my chance and failed," he said to himself grimly. "Why should not he have his?"

With a last look at the woman he loved, Sir Clement turned his horse, and so rode out of Mary Abinger's life. She had not even seen him.

"Papa has been out shooting," she said to Rob, who was trying to begin, "and I am on my way to meet him. Sir Clement Downton is with me."

She turned her head to look for the baronet, and Rob, who had been aimlessly putting his fingers through her horse's mane, started at the mention of Sir Clement's name.

"Miss Abinger," he said, "I have come here to ask you one question. I have no right to put it, but Sir Clement, he ——"

"If you want to see him," said Mary, "you have just come in time. I believe he is starting for a tour of the world in a week or so."

Rob drew a heavy breath, and from that moment he



liked Dowton. But he had himself to think of at present. He remembered that he had another question to ask Miss Abinger.

"It is a very long time since I saw you," he said.

"Yes," said Mary, sitting straight in her saddle, "you never came to the houseboat those last weeks. I suppose you were too busy."

"That was not what kept me away," Rob said. "You know it was not."

Mary looked behind her again.

"There was nothing else," she said; "I cannot understand what is detaining Sir Clement."

"I thought —" Rob began.

"You should not," said Mary looking at the school-house.

"But your brother —" Rob was saying, when he paused, not wanting to incriminate Dick.

"Yes, I know," said Mary, whose intellect was very clear to-day. She knew why Rob stopped short, and there was a soft look in her eyes as they were turned upon him.

"Your brother advised me to come north," Rob said, but Mary did not answer. "I would not have done so," he continued, "if I had known that you knew I stayed away from the houseboat."

"I think I must ride on," Mary said.

"No," said Rob, in a voice that put it out of the question. So Mary must have thought, for she remained there. "You thought it better," he went on huskily, "that, whatever the cause, I should not see you again."

Mary was bending her riding-whip into a bow.

"Did you not?" cried Rob a little fiercely.

Mary shook her head.

"Then why did you do it?" he said.

"I didn't do anything," said Mary.

"In all London," said Rob, speaking at a venture, "there has not been one person for the last two months so miserable as myself."

Mary's eyes wandered from Rob's face far over the heather. There might be tears in her eyes at any moment. The colonel was looking.



"That stream," said Rob with a mighty effort, pointing to the distant Whunny, "twists round the hill on which we are now standing, and runs through Thrums. It turns the wheel of a sawmill there, and in that sawmill I was born and worked with my father for the great part of my life."

"I have seen it," said Mary, with her head turned away. "I have been in it."

"It was on the other side of the hill that my sister's child was found dead. Had she lived I might never have seen you."

"One of the gamekeepers," said Mary, "showed me the place where you found her with her foot in the water."

"I have driven a cart through this glen a hundred times," continued Rob doggedly. "You see that wooden shed at the schoolhouse; it was my father and I who put it up. It seems but yesterday since I carted the boards from Thrums."

"The dear boards," murmured Mary.

"Many a day my mother has walked from the sawmill into this glen with my dinner in a basket."

"Good mother," said Mary.

"Now," said Rob, "now when I come back here and see you, I remember what I am. I have lived for you from the moment I saw you, but however hard I might toil for you there must always be a difference between us."

He was standing on the high bank, and their faces were very close. Mary shuddered.

"I only frighten you," cried Rob.

Mary raised her head, and, though her face was wet, she smiled. Her hand went out to him, but she noticed it and drew it back. Rob saw it too, but did not seek to take it. They were looking at each other bravely. His eyes proposed to her, while he could not say a word, and hers accepted him. On the hills men were shooting birds.

Rob knew that Mary loved him. An awe fell upon him. "What am I?" he cried, and Mary put her hand in his. "Don't dear," she said, as his face sank on it; and he raised his head and could not speak.

The colonel sighed, and his cheeks were red. His head sank upon his hands. He was young again, and walking

down an endless lane of green with a maiden by his side, and her hand was in his. They sat down by the side of a running stream. Her fair head lay on his shoulder, and she was his wife. The colonel's lips moved as if he were saying to himself words of love, and his arms went out to her who had been dead this many a year, and a tear, perhaps the last he ever shed, ran down his cheek.

"I should not," Mary said at last, "have let you talk to me like this."

Rob looked up with sudden misgiving.

"Why not?" he cried.

"Papa," she said, "will never consent, and—I knew that; I have known it all along."

"I am not going to give you up now," Rob said passionately, and he looked as if he would run away with her that moment.

"I had no right to listen to you," said Mary. "I did not mean to do so, but I—I"—her voice sank into a whisper—"I wanted to know——"

"To know that I loved you! Ah, you have known all along."

"Yes," said Mary, "but I wanted—I wanted to hear you say so yourself."

Rob's arms went over her like a hoop.

"Rob, dear," she whispered, "you must go away, and never see me any more."

"I won't," cried Rob; "you are to be my wife. He shall not part us."

"It can never be," said Mary.

"I shall see him—I shall compel him to consent." Mary shook her head.

"You don't want to marry me," Rob said fiercely, drawing back from her. "You do not care for me. What made you say you did?"

"I shall have to go back now," Mary said, and the softness of her voice contrasted strangely with the passion in his.

"I shall go with you," Rob answered, "and see your father."

"No, no," said Mary; "we must say good-bye here, now."

Rob turned on her with all the dourness of the Anguses in him.

“Good-bye,” he said, and left her. Mary put her hand to her heart, but he was already turning back.

“Oh,” she cried, “do you not see that it is so much harder to me than to you?”

“Mary, my beloved,” Rob cried. She swayed in her saddle, and if he had not been there to catch her she would have fallen to the ground.

Rob heard a footstep at his side, and, looking up, saw Colonel Abinger. The old man’s face was white, but there was a soft look in his eye, and he stooped to take Mary to his breast.

“No,” Rob said, with his teeth closed, “you can’t have her. She’s mine.”

“Yes,” the colonel said sadly; “she’s yours.”

*(When a Man’s Single, London, 1888.)*

## TENDER MEMORIES

ANTHONY HOPE

“TO hear you talk,” remarked Mrs. Hilary Musgrave—and, if any one is surprised to find me at her house, I can only say that Hilary, when he asked me to take pot-luck, was quite ignorant of any ground of difference between his wife and myself, and that Mrs. Hilary could not very well eject me on my arrival in evening dress at ten minutes to eight—“to hear you talk one would think that there was no such thing as real love.”

She paused. I smiled.

“Now,” she continued, turning a fine, but scornful eye upon me, “I have never cared for any man in the world except my husband.”

I smiled again. Poor Hilary looked very uncomfortable. With an apologetic air he began to stammer something about Parish Councils. I was not to be diverted by any such manœuvre. It was impossible that he could really wish to talk on that subject.

“Would a person who had never eaten anything but beef make a boast of it?” I asked.

Hilary grinned covertly. Mrs. Hilary pulled the lamp nearer, and took up her embroidery.

“Do you always work the same pattern?” said I.

Hilary kicked me gently. Mrs. Hilary made no direct reply, but presently she began to talk.

“I was just about Phyllis’s age—(by the way, little Miss Phyllis was there)—when I first saw Hilary. You remember, Hilary? At Bournemouth?”

“Oh—er—was it Bournemouth?” said Hilary, with much carelessness.

“I was on the pier,” pursued Mrs. Hilary. “I had a red frock on, I remember, and one of those big hats they wore that year. Hilary wore ——”

"Blue serge," I interpolated, encouragingly.

"Yes, blue serge," said she fondly. "He had been yachting, and he was beautifully burnt. I was horribly burnt—wasn't I, Hilary?"

Hilary began to pat the dog.

"Then we got to know one another."

"Stop a minute," said I. "How did that happen?"

Mrs. Hilary blushed.

"Well, we were both always on the pier," she explained. "And—and somehow Hilary got to know father, and—and father introduced him to me."

"I'm glad it was no worse," said I. I was considering Miss Phyllis, who sat listening, open-eyed.

"And then, you know, father wasn't always there; and once or twice we met on the cliff. Do you remember that morning, Hilary?"

"What morning?" asked Hilary, patting the dog with immense assiduity.

"Why, the morning I had my white serge on. I'd been bathing, and my hair was down to dry, and you said I looked like a mermaid."

"Do mermaids wear white serge?" I asked; but nobody took the least notice of me—quite properly.

"And you told me such a lot about yourself; and then we found we were late for lunch."

"Yes," said Hilary, suddenly forgetting the dog, "and your mother gave me an awful glance."

"Yes, and then you told me that you were very poor, but that you couldn't help it; and you said you supposed I couldn't possibly ——"

"Well, I didn't think ——!"

"And I said you were a silly old thing; and then ——" Mrs. Hilary stopped abruptly.

"How lovely!" remarked little Miss Phyllis in a wistful voice.

"And do you remember," pursued Mrs. Hilary, laying down her embroidery and clasping her hands on her knees, "the morning you went to see father?"

"What a row there was!" said Hilary.

"And what an awful week it was after that! I was



never so miserable in all my life. I cried till my eyes were quite red, and then I bathed them for an hour, and then I went to the pier, and you were there—and I mightn't speak to you!"

"I remember," said Hilary, nodding gently.

"And then, Hilary, father sent for me and told me it was no use; and I said I'd never marry any one else. And father said, 'There, there, don't cry. We'll see what mother says.'"

"Your mother was a brick," said Hilary, poking the fire.

"And that night—they never told me anything about it, and I didn't even change my frock, but came down, looking horrible, just as I was, in an old black rag—— Now, Hilary, don't say it was pretty!"

Hilary, unconvinced, shook his head.

"And when I walked into the drawing-room there was nobody there but just you; and we neither of us said anything for ever so long. And then father and mother came in and—do you remember after dinner, Hilary?"

"I remember," said Hilary.

There was a long pause. Mrs. Hilary was looking into the fire; little Miss Phyllis's eyes were fixed, in rapt gaze, on the ceiling; Hilary was looking at his wife—I, thinking it safest, was regarding my own boots.

At last Miss Phyllis broke the silence.

"How perfectly lovely!" she said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hilary. "And we were married three months afterwards."

"Tenth of June," said Hilary, reflectively.

"And we had the most charming little rooms in the world! Do you remember those first rooms, dear? So tiny!"

"Not bad little rooms," said Hilary.

"How awfully lovely!" cried little Miss Phyllis.

I felt that it was time to interfere.

"And is that all?" I asked.

"All? How do you mean?" said Mrs. Hilary, with a slight start.

"Well, I mean, did nothing else happen? Weren't

---

there any complications? Weren't there any more troubles, or any more opposition, or any misunderstanding, or anything?"

"No," said Mrs. Hilary.

"You never quarrelled, or broke it off?"

"No."

"Nobody came between you?"

"No. It all went just perfectly. Why, of course it did."

"Hilary's people made themselves nasty, perhaps?" I suggested, with a ray of hope.

"They fell in love with her on the spot," said Hilary.

Then I rose and stood with my back to the fire.

"I do not know," I observed, "what Miss Phyllis thinks about it——"

"I think it was just perfect, Mr. Carter."

"But for my part, I can only say that I never heard of such a dull affair in all my life."

"Dull!" gasped Miss Phyllis.

"Dull!" murmured Mrs. Hilary.

"Dull!" chuckled Hilary.

"It was," said I severely, "without a spark of interest from beginning to end. Such things happen by thousands. It's commonplaceness itself. I had some hopes when your father assumed a firm attitude, but——"

"Mother was such a dear," interrupted Mrs. Hilary.

"Just so. She gave away the whole situation. Then I did trust that Hilary would lose his place, or develop an old flame, or do something just a little interesting."

"It was a perfect time," said Mrs. Hilary.

"I wonder why in the world you told me about it," I pursued.

"I don't know why I did," said Mrs. Hilary dreamily.

"The only possible excuse for an engagement like that," I observed, "is to be found in intense post-nuptial unhappiness."

Hilary rose, and advanced toward his wife.

"Your embroidery's falling on the floor," said he.

"Not a bit of it," said I.

"Yes, it is," he persisted; and he picked it up and gave

it to her. Miss Phyllis smiled delightedly. Hilary had squeezed his wife's hand.

"Then we don't excuse it," said he.

I took out my watch. I was not finding much entertainment.

"Surely it's quite early, old man?" said Hilary.

"It's nearly eleven. We've spent half-an-hour on the thing," said I peevishly, holding out my hand to my hostess.

"Oh, are you going? Good-night, Mr. Carter."

I turned to Miss Phyllis.

"I hope you won't think all love-affairs are like that," I said; but I saw her lips begin to shape into "lovely," and I hastily left the room.

Hilary came to help me on with my coat. He looked extremely apologetic, and very much ashamed of himself.

"Awfully sorry, old chap," said he, "that we bored you with our reminiscences. I know, of course, that they can't be very interesting to other people. Women are so con-foundedly romantic."

"Don't try that on with me," said I, much disgusted. "You were just as bad yourself."

He laughed, as he leant against the door.

"She did look ripping in that white frock," he said, "with her hair——"

"Stop," said I, firmly. "She looked just like a lot of other girls."

"I'm hanged if she did!" said Hilary.

Then he glanced at me with a puzzled sort of expression.

"I say, old man, weren't you ever that way yourself?" he asked.

I hailed a hansom cab.

"Because, if you were, you know, you'd understand how a fellow remembers every——"

"Good-night," said I. "At least I suppose you're not coming to the club?"

"Well, I think not," said Hilary. "Ta-ta, old fellow. Sorry we bored you. Of course, if a man has never——"

"Never!" I groaned. "A score of times!"



*Alma-Tadema.*

PROMISE OF SPRING







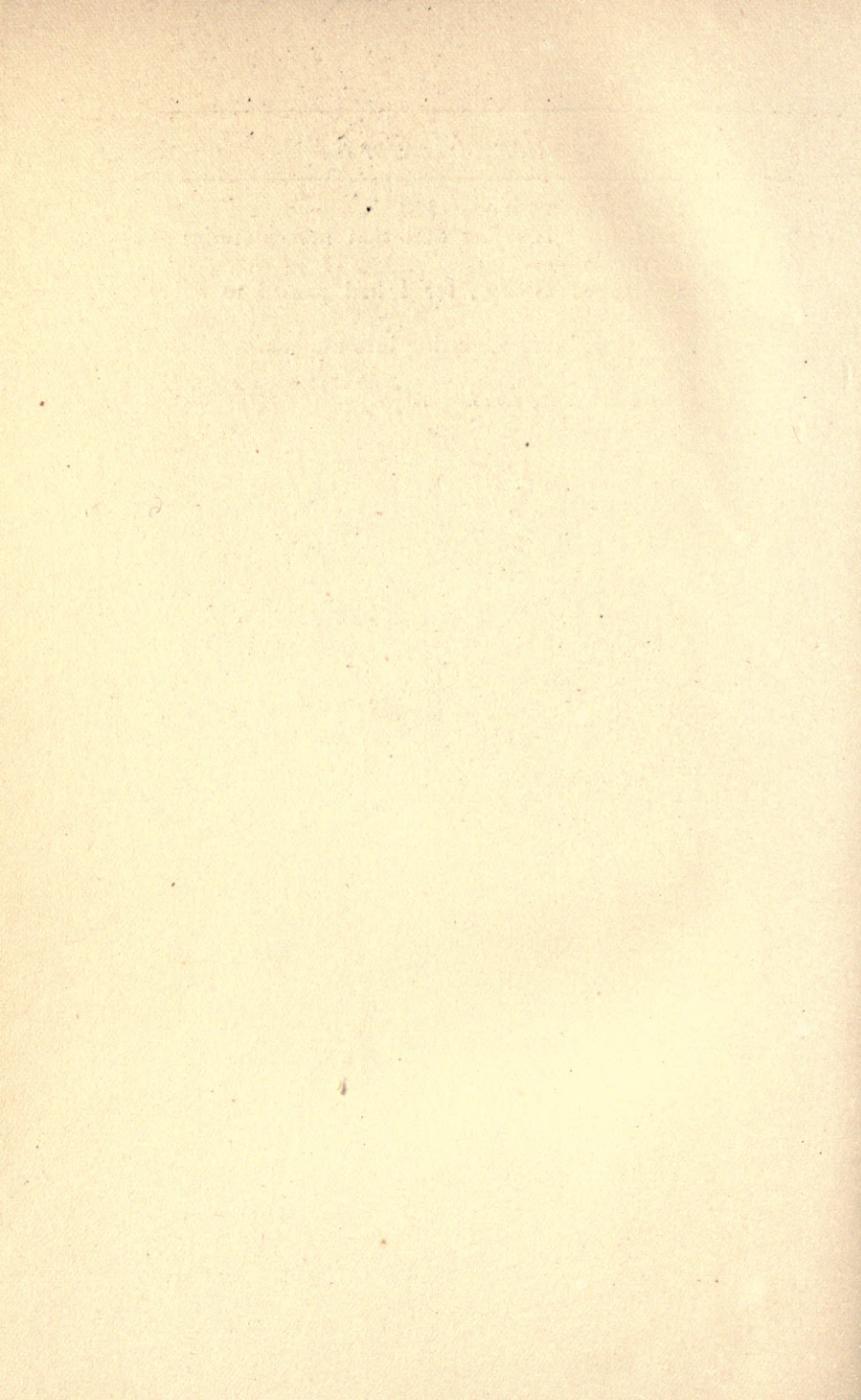
“Well, then, doesn't it —— ?”

“No,” said I. “It's just that that makes stories like yours so infernally ——”

“What?” asked Hilary ; for I had paused to light a cigarette.

“Uninteresting,” said I, getting into my cab.

*(The Dolly Dialogues, London, 1894.)*



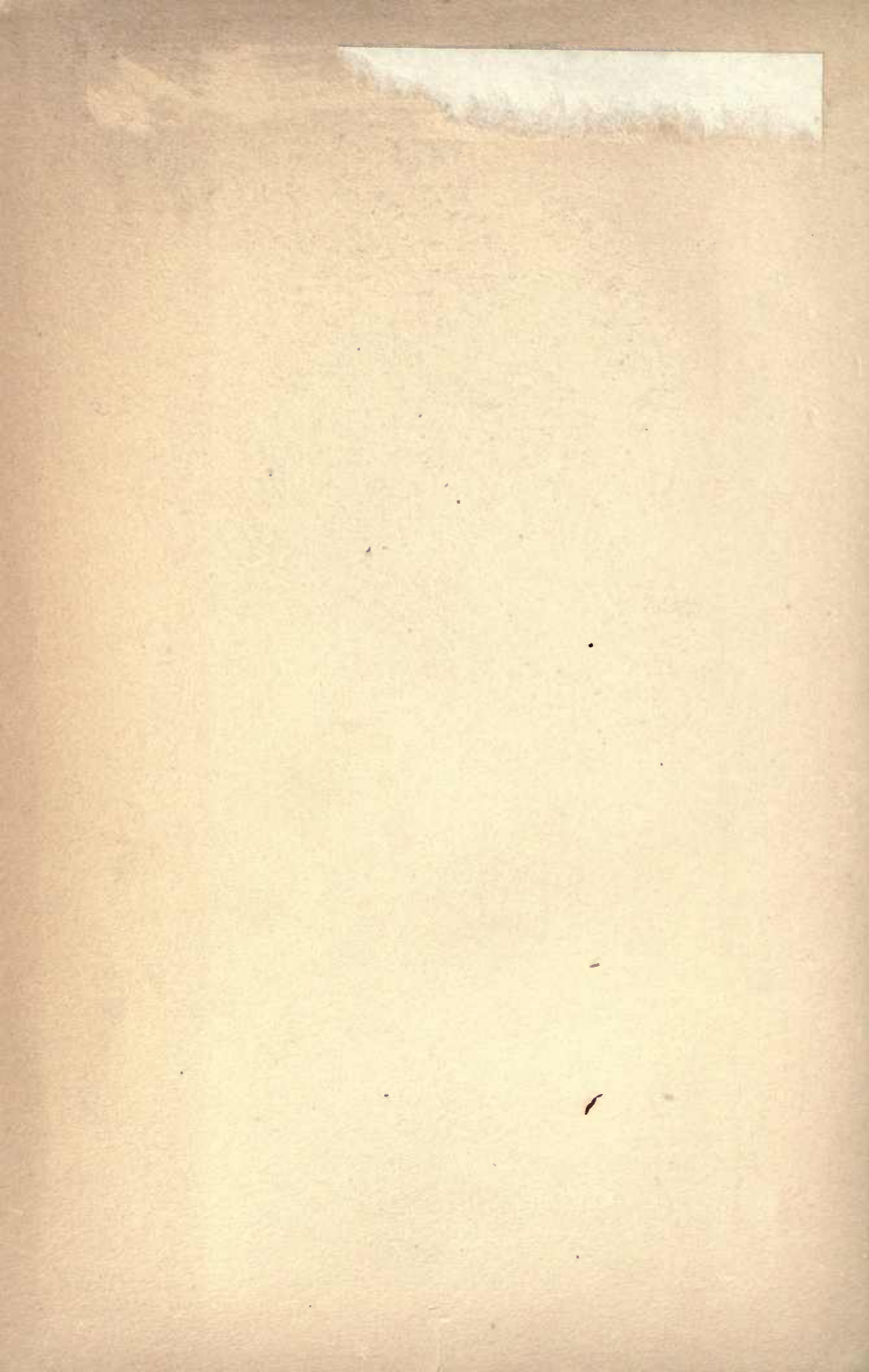












UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**A** 000 045 544 4

